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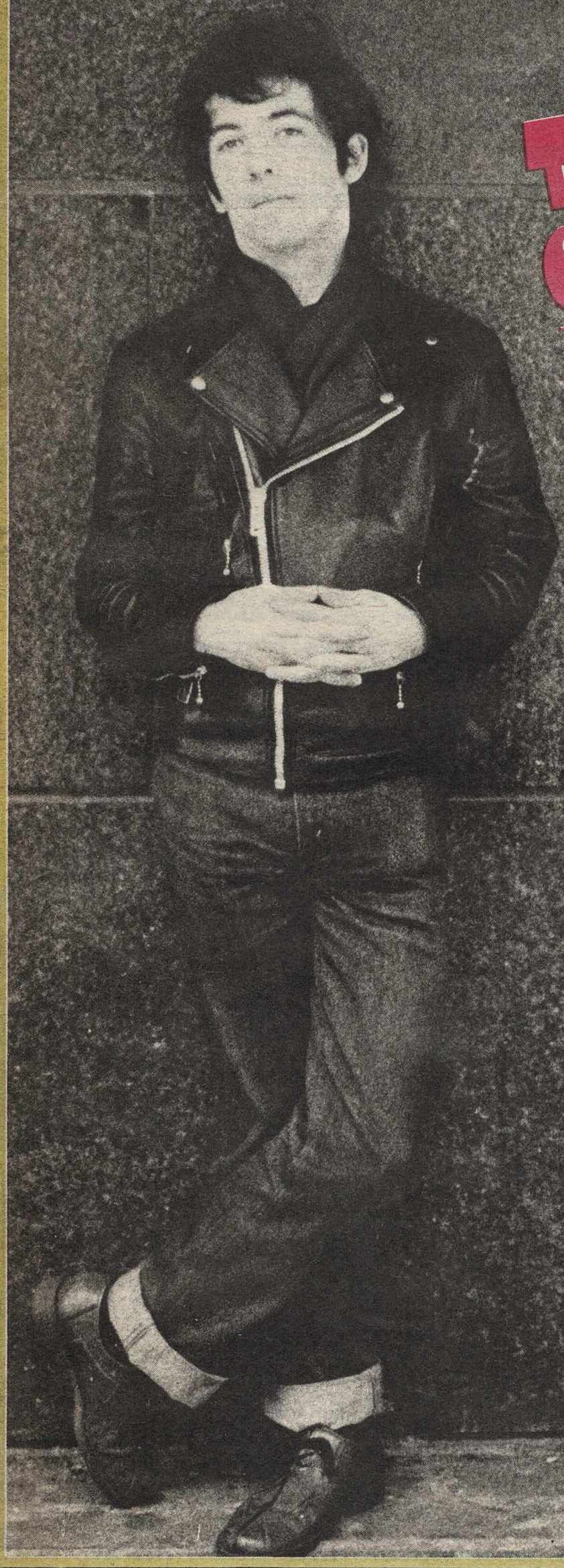

THE SECRET LIFE OF PETE SHELLEY!

A BUZZCOCK REVEALED pages 30-31

THE SECRET SINS OF HOWARD DEVOTO!

A MAGAZINE UNPEELED pages 28-29

Pete Shelley Up Against The Wall Pic: PENNIE SMITH

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MAX WEBSTER!
ON TOUR WITH RUSH
APRIL 23 to MAY 15

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending April 30, 1974

Last Week	This Week		
4	1	WATERLOO	Abba (CBS)
2	2	SEASONS IN THE SUN	Terry Jacks (Bell)
1	3	THE CAT CREPT IN	Mud (Rak)
3	4	REMEMBER YOU'RE A WOMBLE	Wombles (CBS)
9	5	HOMELY GIRL	Chi-Lites (Brunswick)
7	6	DOCTORS ORDERS	Sunny (CBS)
10	7	A WALKIN' MIRACLE	Limmie & The Family Cookin' (Avco)
5	8	ANGEL FACE	Glitter Band (Bell)
6	9	YOU ARE EVERYTHING	Diana Ross & Marvin Gaye (Tamla Motown)
8	10	EVERYDAY	Slade (Polydor)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending April 30, 1979

Last Week	This Week		
3	1	GET BACK	Beatles (Parlophone)
2	2	GOODBYE	Mary Hopkin (Apple)
1	3	THE ISRAELITES	Desmond Dekker (Pyramid)
6	4	PINBALL WIZARD	Who (Track)
10	5	COME BACK AND SHAKE ME	Clodagh Rodgers (RCA)
9	6	CUPID	Johnny Nash (Major Minor)
5	7	GENTLE ON MY MIND	Dean Martin (Reprise)
11	8	HARLEM SHUFFLE	Bob and Earl (Island)
4	9	I HEARD IT THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE	Marvin Gaye (Tamla Motown)
19	10	ROAD RUNNER	Junior Walker and the All Stars (Tamla Motown)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending May 1, 1964

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	WORLD WITHOUT LOVE	Peter and Gordon (Columbia)
3	2	DON'T THROW YOUR LOVE AWAY	Searchers (Pye)
2	3	I BELIEVE	Bachelors (Decca)
5	4	MY BOY LOLLIPOP	Millie (Fontana)
3	5	CAN'T BUY ME LOVE	Beatles (Parlophone)
6	6	I LOVE YOU BECAUSE	Jim Reeves (RCA)
11	7	DON'T LET THE SUN CATCH YOU CRYING	Peter and Gordon (Columbia)
8	8	MOVE OVER DARLING	Doris Day (CBS)
19	9	JULIET	Four Pennies (Philips)
14	10	WALK ON BY	Dionne Warwick (Pye Int.)

CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending April 28, 1979

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	BRIGHT EYES	Art Garfunkel (CBS)	5	1
2	(3)	SOME GIRLS	Racey (RAK)	4	2
3	(2)	COOL FOR CATS	Squeeze (A & M)	5	2
4	(26)	HALLELUJAH	Milk & Honey (Polydor)	2	4
5	(7)	SHAKE YOUR BODY	Jacksons (Epic)	4	5
6	(15)	I DON'T WANNA LOSE YOU	Kandidate (RAK)	3	6
7	(5)	SILLY THING/WHO KILLED BAMBI	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	3	5
8	(4)	HE'S THE GREATEST DANCER	Sister Sledge (Atlantic)	4	4
9	(21)	POP MUZIK	M (MCA)	2	9
10	(8)	THE RUNNER	Three Degrees (Ariola)	4	8
11	(9)	IN THE NAVY	Village People (Mercury)	6	1
12	(18)	GOODNIGHT TONIGHT	Wings (Parlophone)	3	12
13	(6)	I WILL SURVIVE	Gloria Gaynor (Polydor)	12	1
14	(14)	WOW	Kate Bush (EMI)	5	14
15	(28)	FOREVER IN BLUE JEANS	Neil Diamond (CBS)	7	15
16	(10)	SULTANS OF SWING	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	7	7
17	(—)	KNOCK ON WOOD	Amii Stewart (Atlantic/Hansa)	1	17
18	(16)	THE LOGICAL SONG	Supertramp (A&M)	3	16
19	(23)	REMEMBER THEN	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	2	19
20	(11)	I WANT YOUR LOVE	Chic (Atlantic)	9	3
21	(27)	LOVE YOU INSIDE OUT	Bee Gees (RSO)	2	21
22	(—)	HAVEN'T STOP DANCIN' YET	Gonzalez (Sidewalk)	1	22
23	(12)	SOMETHING ELSE	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	8	4
24	(17)	QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS	Sham 69 (Polydor)	3	17
25	(—)	OFFSHORE BANKING BUSINESS	Members (Virgin)	7	13
26	(13)	STRANGE TOWN	Jam (Polydor)	6	13
27	(—)	MONEY IN MY POCKET	Dennis Brown (Atlantic)	7	12
28	(—)	ONE WAY TICKET	Eruption (Atlantic)	1	28
28	(19)	TURN THE MUSIC UP	Players Association (Vanguard)	7	8
30	(—)	HERE COMES THE NIGHT	Beach Boys (Caribou)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

GUILTY — Mike Oldfield (Virgin); REUNITED — Peaches and Herb (Polydor); HIGHLY INFLAMMABLE — X-Ray Spex (EMI Int); SWINGIN' — Light of the World (Ensign).

ALBUMS

Week ending April 28, 1979

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(2)	THE VERY BEST OF LEO SAYER	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	4	1
2	(1)	BARBRA STREISAND'S GREATEST HITS VOL 2	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	7	1
3	(3)	C'EST CHIC	Chic (Atlantic)	12	1
4	(4)	DIRE STRAITS	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	8	4
5	(9)	BREAKFAST IN AMERICA	Supertramp (A & M)	5	2
6	(7)	PARALLEL LINES	Blondie (Chrysalis)	4	2
7	(6)	SPIRITS HAVING FLOWN	Bee Gees (RSO)	12	1
8	(8)	THE GREAT ROCK 'N' ROLL SWINDLE	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	8	5
9	(19)	COLLECTION OF THEIR 20 GREATEST HITS	Three Degrees (Epic)	9	9
10	(21)	COUNTRY LIFE	Various (EMI)	3	10
11	(13)	DISCO INFERNO	Various (K-Tel)	3	11
12	(25)	VAN HALEN II	Van Halen (Warner Bros)	3	12
13	(10)	LIONHEART	Kate Bush (EMI)	13	10
14	(16)	FEEL NO FRET	Average White Band (RCA)	6	14
15	(11)	COUNTRY PORTRAITS	Various (Warwick)	3	11
16	(5)	MANILOW MAGIC	Barry Manilow (Arista)	8	2
17	(18)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meatloaf (Epic)	33	6
17	(—)	FATE FOR BREAKFAST	Art Garfunkel (CBS)	1	17
19	(—)	LAST THE WHOLE NIGHT THROUGH	James Last (Polydor)	1	19
20	(12)	ARMED FORCES	Elvis Costello (Radar)	15	2
21	(20)	IMPERIAL WIZARD	David Essex (Mercury)	3	20
22	(15)	MANIFESTO	Roxy Music (Polydor)	5	14
23	(—)	L.A. (LIGHT ALBUM)	Beach Boys (Caribou)	1	23
24	(—)	MARK II PURPLE SINGLES	Deep Purple (Purple)	1	24
25	(24)	DESOLATION ANGELS	Bad Company (Swansong)	6	11
26	(29)	52nd STREET	Billy Joel (CBS)	14	10
27	(—)	YOU DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS	Neil Diamond (CBS)	10	14
28	(—)	STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT	UFO (Chrysalis)	6	8
29	(27)	CARS	Cars (Elektra)	3	27
30	(14)	MARTY ROBBINS COLLECTION	Marty Robbins (Lotus)	11	5

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

OUTLANDOS D'AMOUR — Police (A&M); AT THE CHELSEA NIGHT CLUB — Members (Virgin); BLACK ROSE — Thin Lizzy (Phonogram); THANKS I'LL EAT IT HERE — Lowell George (Warner Bros).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending April 21, 1979

This Week	Last Week		
1	(4)	HEART OF GLASS	Blondie
2	(5)	REUNITED	Peaches and Herb
3	(1)	KNOCK ON WOOD	Amii Stewart
4	(3)	WHAT A FOOL BELIEVES	Doobie Brothers
5	(2)	MUSIC BOX DANCER	Frank Mills
6	(6)	STUMBLIN' IN	Suzi Quatro/Chris Norman
7	(9)	IN THE NAVY	Village People
8	(14)	GOODNIGHT TONIGHT	Wings
9	(12)	HE'S THE GREATEST DANCER	Sister Sledge
10	(10)	I WANT YOUR LOVE	Chic
11	(13)	SHAKE YOUR BODY (DOWN TO THE GROUND)	The Jacksons
12	(8)	I WILL SURVIVE	Gloria Gaynor
13	(7)	TRAGEDY	Bee Gees
14	(19)	BLOW AWAY	George Harrison
15	(17)	LOVE BALLAD	George Benson
16	(11)	I JUST FALL IN LOVE AGAIN	Anne Murray
17	(18)	PRECIOUS LOVE	Bob Welch
18	(20)	TAKE ME HOME	Cher
19	(16)	LIVIN' IT UP (FRIDAY NIGHT)	Bell & James
20	(23)	LOVE IS THE ANSWER	England Dan & John Ford Coley
21	(15)	SULTANS OF SWING	Dire Straits
22	(27)	LOVE TAKES TIME	The Orleans
23	(24)	I GOT MY MIND MADE UP	Instant Funk
24	(—)	DISCO NIGHTS (ROCK FREAK)	GQ
25	(—)	LOVE YOU INSIDE OUT	Bee Gees
26	(30)	JUST WHEN I NEEDED YOU MOST	Randy van Warmer
27	(29)	SUCH A WOMAN	Tycoon
28	(22)	LADY	Little River Band
29	(—)	HOT STUFF	Donna Summer
30	(—)	HAPPINESS	Pointer Sisters

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending April 28, 1979

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	SPIRITS HAVING FLOWN	Bee Gees
2	(2)	MINUTE BY MINUTE	Doobie Brothers
3	(4)	2 HOT!	Peaches and Herb
4	(7)	BREAKFAST IN AMERICA	Supertramp
5	(5)	DESOLATION ANGELS	Bad Company
6	(3)	DIRE STRAITS	Dire Straits
7	(6)	LIVIN' INSIDE YOUR LOVE	George Benson
8	(14)	GO WEST	Village People
9	(11)	PARALLEL LINES	Blondie
10	(9)	BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN	Rod Stewart
11	(8)	ENLIGHTENED ROGUES	Allman Brothers Band
12	(23)	VAN HALEN II	Van Halen
13	(16)	WE ARE FAMILY	Sister Sledge
14	(10)	52nd STREET	Billy Joel
15	(13)	AT THE BUDOKAN	Cheap Trick
16	(12)	GEORGE HARRISON	George Harrison
17	(17)	LEGEND	Poco
18	(15)	DESTINY	The Jacksons
19	(27)	EVOLUTION	Journey
20	(20)	INSTANT FUNK	Instant Funk
21	(21)	THE CARS	The Cars
22	(24)	KNOCK ON WOOD	Amii Stewart
23	(19)	LOVE TRACKS	Gloria Gaynor
24	(25)	OUTLANDOS D'AMOUR	The Police
25	(30)	MUSIC BOX DANCER	Frank Mills
26	(22)	CRUISIN'	Village People
27	(—)	DISCO NIGHTS	GQ
28	(29)	SHEIK YERBOUTI	Frank Zappa
29	(18)	BRIEFCASE FULL OF BLUES	Blues Brothers
30	(—)	TAKE ME HOME	Cher

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

THE LOCH LOMOND MONSTER

THIRD WORLD, Dave Edmunds Rockpile with Nick Lowe, Motorhead, Violinski and Blue have been added to the line-up of Scotland's biggest-ever open-air rock festival, taking place on the banks of Loch Lomond for two days over Spring Bank Holiday weekend. As previously reported, The Stranglers top the bill on the opening night (May 26) with Dr. Feelgood also set for that date; and the Average White Band headline on May 27, for which Fairport Convention are also set. But it's not yet been decided on which of the days the newly-confirmed acts will appear.

As NME closed for press on Tuesday, it was learned that The Boomtown Rats have been confirmed to co-headline with the Average Whites on the Sunday night (27).

One or two other acts are still under negotiation, among them Scottish band Simple Minds. Several local outfits — including Sneeky Pete, Underhand Jones and Charley Browne — will fill the remaining support spots.

Dumbarton District Council finally gave permission for local businessman John Caulfield to go ahead with the project, and ticket applications are now being accepted. Admission is £9 for the weekend or £5.50 per day, and bookings should be sent to the Festival Office, Cameron Bear Park, Loch Lomond, Dumbartonshire. Please note that Postal Orders only will be accepted (not cheques or cash) and a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed. The organisers say that applications have already been recieved from as far away as France, Spain and Belgium.

As the name of the site implies, it is normally a drive-through wildlife bear park, although we are assured that the bears will be removed in time for the festival! The Saturday show starts at 4.30 pm and the Sunday start is 3 pm, with a 10 pm finish on both nights.

A spokesman told NME there is room for at least 2,000 tents at the site, and many more on adjacent land. There will be a complete village for merchandising as well as a resident doctor and hospital facilities. And all food and drink will be sold only at regular prices. "There will be no rip-offs", said the spokesman.

The regular train service from Glasgow to Balloch, a journey of about 35 minutes, will be stepped up for the duration of the event — and a disused station adjoining the site's gates will be specially opened. Negotiations are taking place with British Rail for a special train to run from London to the festival.

Rats confirmed for biggest-ever rock festival in Scotland

● The Rats' appearance will be their first UK date following their three-month tour of the States, which ends in early May with two New York concerts, both already sold out. Negotiations are under way for the band to play two major Irish venues at the end of May, and these would involve TV and radio link-ups with Britain. They then spend the whole of June rehearsing, prior to recording a new album.

● The Average Whites travel to London immediately after Loch Lomond, to play a charity concert at Drury Lane Theatre Royal on Bank Holiday Monday, May 28, which is also being covered by Capital Radio. This will be their only other British date.

● Third World's appearance will be the first date in their European tour, and immediately afterwards they fly to the Continent, where they are gigging until mid-June. They then return to Britain to tour here for two or three weeks.

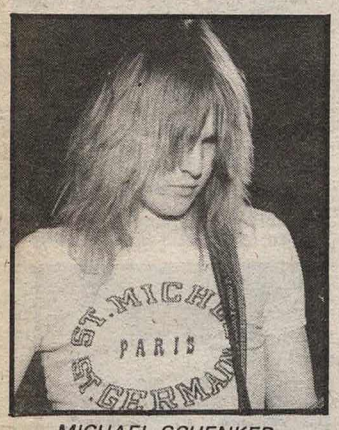
● Another open-air show in Scotland takes place on Sunday, July 8, at Greenock Cappielow Park with Showaddywaddy and Rosetta Stone, among others. Admission is £2.

THE BOOMTOWN RATS

NEWS DESK

SCORPIONS INVADE UK

THE SCORPIONS, arguably Germany's premier hard-rock outfit, play a series of major British concerts next month — at Sheffield City Hall (May 11), Birmingham Odeon (13), Hanley Victoria Hall (14), Derby Assembly Rooms (15), Liverpool Empire (17), Manchester Free Trade Hall (19) and London Hammersmith Odeon (20). A date in Scotland has still to be confirmed.



MICHAEL SCHENKER

During their eight-year career, The Scorpions have recorded seven albums, but have also undergone a number of personnel changes. Most interesting aspect of their current line-up is that guitarist Michael Schenker, who was with them in their early days, has now re-joined the band after his four years with UFO.

Their latest LP 'Lovedrive' was issued last month by Harvest, who are putting out a new single by the band this weekend — titled 'Is There Anybody There?', it comes in translucent green vinyl.

Alice still uncertain

PLANS FOR Alice Cooper to play a couple of nights at London's giant Wembley Arena in late May were still speculative at press-time, according to promoter Harvey Goldsmith. He told NME: "Alice wanted to come over and perform his post-alcoholism show 'Stories From The Inside', and we've been holding a couple of Wembley dates for him, but he still hasn't confirmed his visit." WEA Records are not exactly enthusiastic about the proposed gigs, as Alice has no new product to promote. And as Goldsmith pointed out — "Wembley is a big place to fill, and if we haven't had any definite news from Alice within a few days, we'll have to scrap the whole thing."

Invaders on the warpath —AND MORE COUNTY DATES

THE INVADERS, who are signed to Jimmy Pursey's JP Productions, are going out on a short headlining tour to support their new Polydor single 'Girls In Action' — issued this weekend in a limited edition full-colour picture sleeve.

They play London Camden Music Machine (May 1), Sheffield Limit Club (4), Norwich Boogie House (7), Kirklevington Country Club (11), Reading University (12), Leeds Fan Club (15), Dudley J.B.'s (18), Bradford College (26), Derby College (30) and Manchester The Factory (31).

The band have now added keyboards player Phil Manchester to their line-up and subtracted guitarist Geoff Haran, so they remain a four-piece.

THE POP GROUP'S support acts on their UK tour, reported two weeks ago, are now confirmed as The Good Missionaries (formerly Alternative TV) and reggae outfits Dambala (until May 15) and Exodus (after May 15). And for their London show on May 7 at Leicester Square's Empire Ballroom, Matumbi will also be appearing. The band's Bristol Locarno date has been changed from April 30 to May 21.

WAYNE COUNTY & The Electric Chairs have added five more dates to their gig list reported last week — at London Strand Lyceum (May 6), Port Talbot Troubadour (10), Manchester The Factory (18), Brighton Sussex University (25), and York De Grey Rooms (28).

Squeeze cool British cats

SQUEEZE are to headline a string of dates in their own right next month — and these are in addition to their previously-reported guest spot in all The Tubes' concerts. They play two shows at Sheffield Limit Club on May 10, followed by Redcar Coatham Bowl (13), Leeds Polytechnic (16), Manchester Ardri Club (17), Birmingham University (18), Bournemouth Stateside Centre (20), and St Albans City Hall (28).

With their A&M single 'Cool For Cats' currently one of the nation's top sellers, Squeeze are at present touring America with The Tubes. And in Britain, they appear with them at Glasgow Apollo (May 11), Edinburgh Odeon (12), Liverpool Empire (15). Bristol Colston Hall (19), London Hammersmith Odeon (21-27), Leicester De Montford Hall (29), Southampton Gaumont (30) and Brighton Centre (31).

● Supporting Squeeze on their headlining dates will be Brian James & The Brains, the new band which — as reported last week — has just been launched by the former Damned leader. The line-up has now been confirmed as James (guitar and vocals), Alan Leeshaw (ex-Physicals) on guitar and back-up vocals, Kid Rae Rogers (ex-Noise) on bass and Malcolm Mortimer (ex-G.T. Moore & The Reggae Guitars) on drums- Original plan to use Police drummer Stuart Copeland has had to be dropped, due to his other commitments. James & The Brains have their own gig at London Camden Music Machine on May 3.

Debut dates for Bruford's outfit

BRUFORD — the new band launched by former King Crimson, Yes and U.K. drummer Bill Bruford — set out on their debut tour next month, visiting Manchester Polytechnic (May 5), London Victoria The Venue (8), Uxbridge Brunel University (9), Durham University (11), Glasgow Strathclyde University (12), Birkenhead Hamilton Club (14), Newcastle University (16), Lincoln Drill Hall (17), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (18), Birmingham University (19) and Leicester Phoenix Theatre (20). The band's line-up comprises Allan Holdsworth (guitar), Jeff Berlin (bass), Dave Stewart (keyboards) and Bruford (drums), and their first album 'One Of A Kind' was released recently through Polydor.

Kate, Gabriel, Harley special

KATE BUSH is to wind up her current debut tour by playing an additional London concert — a special benefit show at the Hammersmith Odeon on Saturday, May 12. And her guests in this event will be Peter Gabriel and, making his first UK appearance for over two years, Steve Harley.

All the artists are giving their services free, with all proceeds going to the Bill Duffield Trust Fund. Duffield was the lighting designer who was fatally injured in an accident at the beginning of Kate's tour — and Gabriel and Harley are joining her in the concert, as they have both worked extensively with him. Tickets are on sale now.

DR. FEELGOOD GIGS ARE SET

DR. FEELGOOD have now confirmed the itinerary of their late-spring UK tour, plans for which were revealed three weeks ago. As previously reported, they guest with The Stranglers in Scotland's Loch Lomond Festival on May 26, and their two gigs on the Isle of Man during T.T. week are now set for Douglas Lido on June 7 and 8.

Other dates are Colchester Essex University (May 24), Blackburn King George's Hall (27), Sheffield Top Rank (28), Sunderland Locarno (29), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (30), Swindon Oasis Leisure Centre (June 1). Oldham Saddleworth Arts Festival (2), Guildford Civic Hall (3), Dunstable California (4) and London Hammersmith Palais (5).

There's a prospect of one of two more gigs being added to this list, and United Artists will release the band's newly recorded 'Live' album in mid-May to coincide with the tour. As reported, their new single 'As Long As The Price Is Right' comes out this weekend.

MAYALL GIGS

JOHN MAYALL and Dobie Gray are each set for a string of concerts at London's The Venue in Victoria. Gray gives one performance nightly from May 25 to 27 inclusive, and Mayall follows with two shows nightly on May 29 and 30.

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RAFFERTY RELEASES

GERRY RAFFERTY, who met with so much success last year in terms of both awards and chart placings, has his new single and album issued by United Artists next month. The album is 'Night Owl', recorded over the last six months at Chipping Norton Studios and released on May 18 — and it comprises ten self-penned tracks, and guests on the LP include Barbara Dickson and Richard & Linda Thompson. The single is the title track from the album and features guests Raphael Ravenscroft (lyricon) and Pete Wingfield (organ), with release set for May 11.

● **Jerry Lee Lewis'** debut album for Elektra, with his name as its title, comes out on May 4. A single taken from it, called 'Don't Let Go', is issued the same day. There are plans for Lewis to visit Britain later in the year.

● 'Mindless Boogie' is the latest Rak single by **Hot Chocolate**, released on May 4. Out the same day are 'Sound System' by **Steel Pulse** (Island) and 'Woortcha' by **Chas & Dave** (EMI).

● Fast Product, Tune Noise Ltd. and **The Human League** announce an exclusive long-term agreement with Virgin Records for the manufacture and promotion of the League's activities in the musical future.

● To tie in with their upcoming UK tour, reported last week, **Renaissance** have their new album 'azure d'or' released by Warner Brothers on May 4. (Due to an inadvertent transposition of copy, this LP was mistakenly attributed to The Dickies last week). The set includes the band's recently issued single 'Winter Tree'.

● On **John Renbourn's** new solo album 'Black Balloon' (Logo Records) the title track is his longest and most ambitious composition to date, occupying most of one side.

● The new **David Essex** single, issued on Mercury on May 4, is a track from his 'Imperial Wizard' album titled '20 Flights Up'. It comes in a limited edition colour bag, and Essex will be performing the song on Kenny Everett's TV show next Monday. B-side is a folk ballad called 'Are You Still My True Love', featuring traditional Scottish band The Whistle-Binkies!

● United Artists release their first picture disc on May 11, a new single by **Fischer-Z** titled 'The Worker', though only the first 20,000 copies come in picture form. The previous week, May 4, sees the release of the band's first album — it's called 'Word Salad' and contains 12 original compositions.

● **Bandit**, currently touring Britain with John Miles, have their LP 'Partners In Crime' issued this week. It's their first for Ariola since leaving the Arista label.

● RCA have signed four-piece band **The Monos**, who've been making a name for themselves on the London gig circuit during the past 18 months. Their first single 'Eric A Fire' is now being recorded for summer release.

● Always looking for a play on words, **Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias** announce that their next release will be an EP called 'Ha Ha Said The Clone', due out shortly. It will be followed in late summer by their album titled (wait for it) 'Never Mind The Bullocks'!

Record News

DYLAN AT BUDOKAN: UK RELEASE IS SET

BOB DYLAN'S live double album — recorded at the Budokan in Japan at the outset of his world tour last year, and previously only available by import — is officially issued in Britain next week by CBS. Release had previously been confined only to Japan due to contractual restrictions, but these have now been resolved. This means that, instead of the import price of £16.50, it will now be available at £7.49.

The British package will duplicate the Japanese album — including a 16-page booklet with lyrics in English and Japanese, as well as photos and a four-colour poster of Dylan. Tracks are almost identical to those performed by Dylan at Earls Court and Blackbushe last summer, and include his controversial re-vamped versions of 'Mr. Tambourine Man', 'The Times They Are Changing' and 'All Along The Watchtower'. There are 23 tracks in all.

● The previously-reported **Willy Barrett** single 'Let's Play Schools', released by Polydor on May 4, will have as its B-side the already notorious **'I Did It Otway'** — featuring Willy sawing up the guitar of his former partner! Barrett's first solo album is due in June.

● A live album is being recorded over the next few days at London's Moonlight Club, Railway Hotel, West Hampstead. Acts featured are **Sore Throat** and **The Q.T.'s** (tomorrow, Friday), **Local Operator** and **The Soul Boys** (Saturday), **School Bullies** and **Lightning Raiders** (next Monday), **Kameras** and surprise guests (Tuesday) and **The Specials** and **The Passions** (Wednesday). It's being recorded by Decca, whose studios are adjacent to the club.

● Four-piece Leeds band **25 Rifles** release their first single next week, a 12-inch comprising 'World War III' 'Revolution Reds', 'Hey Little Girl' and 'Dance About Now'. Price is £1.50 (including post and packing) from 25 Leicester Grove, Leeds LS7 LN1.

● **Fran Barrie** is a white witch who claims to be the reincarnation of a High Priestess, and she's just recorded her debut UK single titled 'Stole All May Love'. It's on the Vibes Records label — 3 Princess Parade, Bury, Lancs.

● **Peter Tosh's** latest single 'I'm The Toughest' is now available on Rolling Stones Records as a limited edition 12-inch, featuring an extended version of the original release and packaged in a colour bag.

● Following last week's item about a single in support of Arsenal, U-A announce the release of the official **Arsenal** song, sung by the team themselves — with Liam Brady taking the lead vocals. Titled 'Super Arsenal F.C.', it's set to the tune of the Irish folk song 'Wild Rover', with lyrics re-written to incorporate the players' names.

● Regarded by Motown as their hottest 12-inch single to date, 'Get It Up For Love' by **Tata Vega** is out this weekend. It's taken from her recently released album 'Try My Love.'

● Capitol Records are going to town in a big way on **Max Webster**, the Canadian band who support Rush on their British tour which started this week. They plan a huge campaign on the band's album 'A Million Vacations' and single 'Paradise Skies'/'The Party' (with an extra track called 'Let Your Man Fly' on the 12-inch version), both released this week. And they'll be giving away 60,000 copies of a 'Max Webster Album Taster' flexi-disc at the outfit's concerts.

THE NEXT COSTELLO

ELVIS COSTELLO has a new single coming out on Radar on May 4 — titled 'Accidents Will Happen', it's one of the tracks from his hit album 'Armed Forces'. However, the two songs on the B-side are previously unreleased — they are the tracks which were handed out free in flexi-disc form at Costello's Christmas concerts in London, 'Talking In The Dark' and 'Wednesday Week'.

● Kent band **Wasteland's** debut EP 'Want Not' contains three tracks — 'Our Radio Nation Burns', 'Oh No!' and 'Bombsite Baby'. Copies at £1.20 (including p&p) from Disaster Records, 15a Temple Road, Canterbury, Kent.

● New York label Ze Records are moving into the UK market, with distribution through Spartan Records. First release comprises eight 12-inch singles, among which are '3E' by **Mars**, 'Jimmy Igo' by **The Last Men**, 'The Closet' by **Teenage Jesus & The Jerks** and 'Contort Yourself' by **James White & The Blacks.**

● New Manchester label Rhesus Records debuts this month with a 12-inch EP by **The Tunes.** The overall title for the four tracks is 'Truth, Justice And The Mancunian Way'. The sleeve feature an original Ray Lowry cartoon.

● The Tyger label (distributed through Small Wonder, Virgin, Rough Trade, etc) have signed Leeds four-piece **Agony Column** and release their debut single 'I Had It All Workd Out'' this week. Upcoming is an EP by new rockabilly band **The Rhythm Cats.**

● JSP Records have acquired UK rights to Chicago's Bandera label. Release plans include a rockabilly compilation LP (featuring **Bob Perry, James Mask, Merle Ray** and **Benny Ingram,** among others); a three-track single from **Jerry Butler** and **The Impressions,** and a blues album with **Dusty Brown, Jimmy Lee Robinson** and **Doc Terry.**

NEWS ROUND-UP

SON SEALS BAND now begin a European tour on May 18, climaxing in Britain with a string of dates from June 23 onwards. Their last two projected UK tours were called off — the first (last autumn) after they had been involved in a train crash, and the second (March) because they didn't like the look of the British winter!

JOHN RENBOURN, Stefan Grossman and Five Hand Reel will be touring Britain together in May. Dates are being finalised, and details will be announced shortly, but it's known that their schedule will include two London concerts.

MARY O'HARA plays two concerts at London's Royal Festival Hall on Bank Holiday Monday, May 28 (6.15 and 9 pm), supported by Frank Patterson. Tickets go on sale this Saturday priced £5, £4, £3 and £2. She is also playing a short series of dates at provincial venues.

RADIO LUXEMBOURG have acquired sole rights to the Elvis Presley Commemorative Medallion, approved by Colonel Tom Parker. It's packed in a collectors wallet and costs £1.50 (£2 if ordering from outside the UK) from Elvis Medallion Offer, PO Box 4, Leicester.

BOYS OF THE LOUGH, The Spinners, Five Hand Reel, Midnite Follies Orchestra, Japanese Toy, Jackie Lynton's H.D. Band, Jed Ford, Kentucky County and Harvey Andrews are among acts who will be appearing during the course of this year's Greenwich Festival in South London, from June 9 to 24.

JOE ELY BAND have switched their gig on May 4 from North Staffs Polytechnic to Manchester University. And they have added an extra date at St. Helens Theatre Royal on May 1.

ROBER FRIPP makes a rare London appearance tonight (Thursday) at 6 pm, when he performs 'Frippertronics' in the basement of the Virgin store at 108, New Oxford Street.

BLACK SLATE, Capital Letters and C. P. Lee & Friends appear in a Legalise Cannabis Campaign gig at London Mile Queen Mary College this Saturday (28). Pressure Shocks have LCC benefits at Leeds University (May 4), Swansea University (5) and Keele University (23). And Capital Letters play Reading Bulmershe College on May 19.

U.K. SUBS and Wayne County & The Electric Chairs co-headline the Sunday night bill at London Strand Lyceum on May 6, when the new-look Spizz Energi (stemming from Spizz Oil) also appear. Tickets are on sale now at £2.50.

WILKO JOHNSON's Solid Senders will be the support act when the J. Geils Band play their one-off gig at London Hammersmith Odeon on May 3. This replaces original plans for the Lew Lewis Reformer to appear, as apparently they are unavailable.

JOHN MILES headlines an open-air concert at Wolverhampton West Park on the afternoon of Sunday, June 3, supported by Little Acre and Jameson Raid. Advance tickets at 75p each from Wolverhampton Sundown Records and Civic Hall.

THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS have extra dates at Manchester The Factory with Jilted John (tonight, Thursday), Aberdeen Robert Gordon Institute (Friday), Edinburgh Heriot Watt University (May 2), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (5) and Blackpool Norbreck Castle (16).

JOSE FELICIANO pays a rare visit to Britain to headline a one-off concert at London Drury Lane Theatre Royal on Wednesday, May 16. The show is being recorded by Capital Radio for subsequent broadcast.

RICK WILLS — leading British bassist who has worked with Peter Frampton, Roxy Music and the reformed Small Faces, among others — has joined Foreigner, replacing Ed Gagliardi. He and the other five members are now recording the band's third LP.

XTC have added Poole Wessex Hall on May 14 to their current UK tour. And their gig on May 4 is switched from Maidstone College to Cromer West Runton Pavilion.

DENNIS BROWN has added Liverpool Empire on May 10 to his British tour, reported two weeks ago. He will not play Birmingham Odeon on May 6, but instead visits Birmingham Barbarella's on May 13.

BETHNAL headline at London Victoria The Venue this Saturday (28), in what's expected to be their last UK date until autumn, due to U.S. and recording commitments.

ELO's television special, filmed at Wembley during their last series of concerts, is repeated by BBC-1 at 11.10 pm next Monday (30).

GARY HOLTON's Gems have three gigs this weekend — London Marquee (tonight, Thursday), Newport The Village (Friday) and Dudley J.B.'s (Saturday). Having recently lost lead guitarist Denis Forbes who's joined the Bram Tchaikovsky band, they are temporarily using Bruce Irvine of Tyla Gang fame, while Holton seeks a permanent replacement.

NO DICE have added another two dates to their previously-reported upcoming tour, at Redcar Coatham Bowl (May 20) and Liverpool Oscar's (June 2). It has now been confirmed that Straight 8 are the support act for the whole tour.

THE PIRANHAS headline a Rock Against Racism gig at London Islington Hope & Anchor this Saturday (28), with admission £1. It's intended to voice the movement's opposition to the local National Front candidate, who is standing at the General Election.

Rainbow recruit

JOHN AIREY (keyboards) is the latest musician to join Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow, following last week's news that Roger Glover had joined the line-up. Airey was formerly with Colosseum II and Cozy Powell's Hammer. He also played on the last Black Sabbath album, and on Andrew Lloyd Webber's hit LP 'Variations'.

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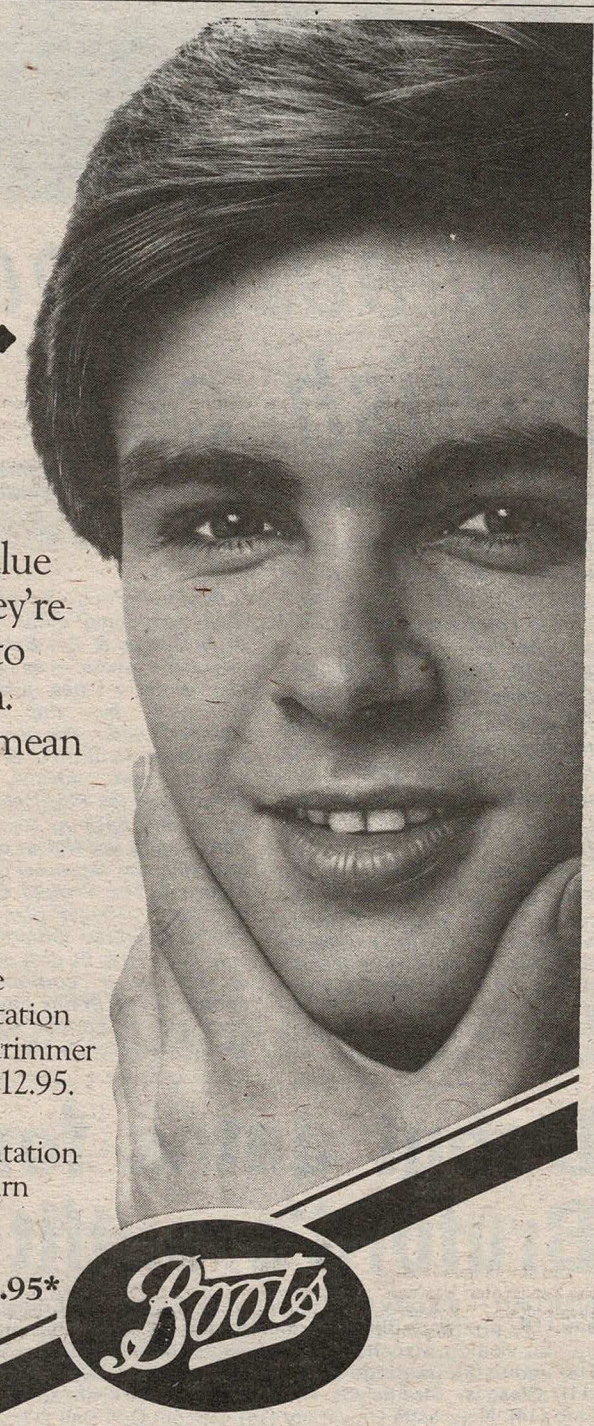

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Extra dates for:

DIRE STRAITS

DIRE STRAITS have added a third night at London Hammersmith Odeon to their June tour of the UK — it's on Thursday, June 21. The previous two gigs at this venue (17 and 20) were an immediate sell-out, and a spokesman said the band could easily have filled Hammersmith for a week, if they weren't committed to festival appearances in Europe. Two venues where tickets have not yet gone on sale have just announced box-office opening dates — they are Bristol Colston Hall (May 10 for the June 16 gig) and Brighton Dome (May 18 for the June 18 show). Release of Straits' second album 'Communique' has been put back by Vertigo to June 8, to coincide with the tour opening.

STATUS QUO

STATUS QUO have added a third night at the Wembley Arena in North London to their upcoming UK tour itinerary. The two concerts originally scheduled (May 10 and 11) sold out soon after the box-office opened, so Quo have now agreed to play an extra show on Wednesday, May 9, for which tickets are currently available. Their new album will hopefully be released to coincide with the tour, though details aren't yet available. The authorised biography of Status Quo, written by John Shearlaw, is published by Sidgewick & Jackson on May 10.

VOILINSKI

VIOLINSKI have added a further ten dates to their debut British tour, reported two weeks ago, which now build into a comprehensive 21-venue itinerary — and additionally, as reported elsewhere, they are appearing in the Loch Lomond Festival over Spring Bank Holiday. In fact, the tour now kicks off this weekend with gigs at Torquay 400 Club (tonight, Thursday), Newton Abbot Seale Hayne Colle (Friday) and Worcester Hideaway (next Monday), and other newly confirmed dates are Preston Polytechnic (May 2), Port Talbot Troubadour (3), London Mile End Queen Mary College (4), Keele University (15), Sheffield Polytechnic (16), St. Albans City Hall (19) and Birkenhead Hamilton Club (24).

FAIRPORT

FAIRPORT CONVENTION have added ten more dates to their farewell tour (reported three weeks ago), which opens at London Drury Lane Theatre Royal this Saturday. The extra gigs are at Bristol Colston Hall (May 4), Hull New Theatre (8), London Chelsea College (12), London Mile End Queen Mary's College (14), Derby Assembly Rooms (21), Shrewsbury Music Hall (23), Northampton Guildhall (24), Stirling Albert Hall (28), Brighton Dome (June 4) and Margate Winter Gardens (5). Their show at Exeter Routes moves from May 2 to April 30, while Plymouth Woods switches from April 30 to May 1, and Penzance Winter Gardens (originally planned for May 1) is cancelled. Cardiff Sophia Gardens moves from May 3 to 10.

Bob Story back again

LITTLE BOB STORY pay their first visit to Britain for over a year next week, when they undertake a short series of five London gigs — at Kensington Nashville (May 3), the Marquee Club (4), Fulham Greyhound (5 and 6) and West Hampstead Moonlight Club (7). They'll be touring around Britain at the end of June and in early July, when they'll also be recording a live album.

MANFREDS CONCERTS

MANFRED MANN'S Earth Band headline 11 major concerts in June, their first here for 18 months, as the culmination of an extensive European tour aimed at boosting their recently-released Bronze album 'Angel Station'.

They visit Bristol Colston Hall (June 7), Brighton Dome (8), Portsmouth Guildhall (12), London Hammersmith Odeon (13), Oxford New Theatre (14), Birmingham Odeon (16), Croydon Fairfield Hall (17), Edinburgh Usher Hall (19), Newcastle City Hall (20), Sheffield City Hall (21) and Manchester Apollo (22). Tickets are on sale now — priced £3.50, £3 and £2.50 at all venues — and the tour is promoted by Alec Leslie Entertainments.

It will be the band's first UK outing since original members Mann (keyboards), Chris Thompson (vocals and guitar) and Pat King (bass) were joined by newcomers Steve Waller (vocals and guitar) and John Lingwood (drums). Their new stage show includes an intricate back projection system, loosely based around a central cartoon character.

PALLADIUM CONCERTS BY McLEAN, SHADOWS

DON McLEAN flies in to play a one-off concert at the London Palladium on Friday, May 4. Tickets for the show, which starts at 8pm and is promoted by Derek Block, are on sale now priced £4.50, £4, £3.25 and £2.50. He's coming over primarily to promote his current album 'Chain Lightning' (EMI International), from which a single titled 'Words And Music' has just been released. And his TV special 'Don McLean And Friends', filmed in this country at the end of last year, is being screened by BBC-2 on May 5 at 9.50 pm.

THE SHADOWS are not planning an immediate tour, despite the success of their single 'Don't Cry For Me, Argentina' — but they are playing a one-off concert at the London Palladium on Sunday, May 20. It starts at 7.30 pm and tickets are on sale now (and reportedly going fast).

ON THE ROAD

THE BISHOPS

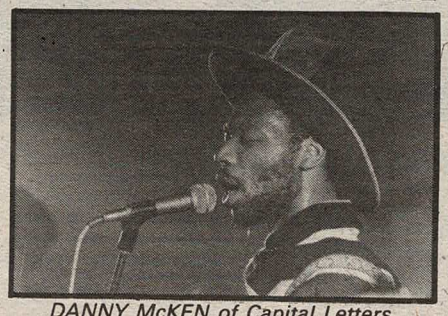
have changed their UK tour itinerary almost completely and, rather than give you all the alterations, it's probably better simply to list their revised schedule: **Bishops Stortford** Triad Centre (April 30), **Harlow** Tiffany's (May 1), **Northampton** Acme Club (2), **Leeds** Fforde Green (3), **Nottingham** University (4), **Southend** Technical College (5), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (6), **Cleethorpes** Winter Gardens (7), **Sheffield** Limit (8), **Aberdeen** University (10), Dundee College (11), **Edinburgh** Heriot Watt University (12), **Fife** St. Andrew's University (13), **Chester** Smartyz (14), **Manchester** Factory (15), **Newport** Stowaway (16), **Portsmouth** Poly (17), **Stafford** North Staffs Poly (18), **Dudley** J.B.'s (19), **Jacksdale** Grey Topper (20), **Worcester** Hideaway (21), **Birmingham** Digbeth Hall (22), **Blackpool** Norbreck Castle (24), **Wakefield** Bretton Hall (25) 0799and **Retford** Porterhouse (26).

THE DICKIES

have been forced to re-vamp their tour because, owing to U.S. commitments, they will not now be arriving here until a week later than planned. The first four dates of their original schedule, starting tonight (Thursday) are now cancelled — and the tour starts at **Cheltenham** Technical College on May 2. The tour then continues as announced last week, except that **Manchester** Ardri Cinema (May 3) is cancelled, and **Leeds** Polytechnic switches from May 12 to 10. The band have new gigs at **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (May 3), **Port Talbot** Troubadour (5), **Manchester** Factory (12) and **Birmingham** Barbarella's (17). A **London** date has still to be announced.

THE SPINNERS

undertake a lengthy tour, tied in with the upcoming release by Warwick Records of their new LP 'Meet The Spinners'. They play **Brighton** Dome (tonight, Thursday), **Weymouth** Pavilion (Friday), **Paignton** Festival Theatre (Saturday), **Truro** Plaza (Sunday), **Portsmouth** Guildhall (May 4), **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (5), **Chatham** Central Hall (6), **Liverpool** Philharmonic Hall (13), **Douglas I.O.M.** Villa Marina (18), **Manchester** Free Trade Hall (20), **London** Royal Festival Hall (June 1), **Eastbourne** Congress (2), **Harrogate** Royal Hall (13), **Congleton** Park (16), **London Woolwich** Odeon (24), **Gt. Yarmouth** ABC (July 1), **Gt. Bookham** Polesdon Lacey Theatre (8) and **Southend** Cliffs Pavilion (13 and 14). Further dates are being slotted into their schedule.



DANNY McKEN of Capital Letters

CAPITAL LETTERS

visit **London Mile End** Queen Mary College (this Saturday), **Warrington** Padgate College (May 4), **Martletwy** Cross Hands (5), **Stafford** North Staffs Polytechnic (11), **Wolverhampton** Polytechnic (12), **Norwich** Boogie House (17), **Bournemouth** Capone's (18), **Reading** Bulmershe College (19), **London Kesington** Nashville (22), **Torquay** 400 Club (25), **Plymouth** Fiesta (28), **Newton Abbot** Seale Hayne College (30), **Lincoln** A.J.'s (June 1), **Birmingham** Rialto (8) and **Rugby** Emmalines (15). The Greensleeves label issues the reggae band's new single 'U.K. Skankin' on May 18 in both seven-inch and 12-inch forms, with their debut album 'Captial Letters' following in June.

FISCHER-Z

promote their new album and single (see Record News) with gigs at **London Kensington** Nashville (tonight, Thursday), **Birmingham** Polytechnic (Friday), **Sheffield** Limit Club (May 1), **Bradford** University (2), **Middlesbrough** Teesside Polytechnic (3), **Durham** University (4), **Halifax** Good Mood Club (5), **Chester** Smartyz (7), **London Islington** Hope & Anchor (9), **High Wycombe** Nags Head (10), **Manchester** Factory (12), **London** Marquee (16), Hope & Anchor again (17), **Stoke** North Staffs Polytechnic (18), **Blackpool** Norbreck Castle (19) and **Milton Keynes** Craufurd Club (21).

ALAN PRICE

begins a series of 12 concerts in mid-May, when he'll be visiting areas omitted from his tour earlier this year. Dates are **Bath** University (May 18), **Margate** Winter Gardens (19), **London Lewisham** Concert Hall (20), **Plymouth** Hoe Theatre (21), **Portsmouth** Guildhall (22), **Camberley** Civic Hall (23), **Newcastle** City Hall (25), **Hayes** Alfred Beck Centre (27), **Oakengates** Town Hall (29), **Warrington** Parr Hall (30) and **Horsham** Capitol (June 1).

GONZALEZ

are out on the road to boost their fast-selling Sidewalk single 'Haven't Stopped Dancing Yet', and they'll be making an appearance at **London Camden** Music Machine on May 5. Other confirmed gigs are **Sunderland** Fusion (tonight, Thursday), **Ayr** Darlington Hotel (Friday), **Glasgow** Queen Margaret Union (Saturday), **Dumfries** Stagecoach (Sunday), **Middlesbrough** Madisons (April 30), **Newcastle** Madisons (May 1), **Coventry** City Centre (3), **Salford** Willows (6), **Peterborough** Wirrina Stadium (7), **Southend** Talk Of The South (8), **Walsall** Town Hall (11) and **Dunstable** California (12).

GEORGE HAMILTON IV

is on the road at **Chelmsford** Odeon (May 17), **Ipswich** Gaumont (18), **London** Royal Festival Hall (19), **Norwich** Theatre Royal (20), **Peterborough** ABC (21), **Coventry** Theatre (22), **Oxford** New Theatre (23), **Southampton** Gaumont (24), **Eastbourne** Congress (25), **Plymouth** New Palace Theatre (26), **Nottingham** Theatre Royal (27), **Belfast** (28), **Middlesbrough** Town Hall (June 1), **Aberdeen** Capitol (3), **Inverness** Eden Court (4), **Taunton** Odeon (7) and **Chatham** Central Hall (9). More concerts are being set before Hamilton opens his own summer season at **Blackpool** Winter Gardens (June 25-October 1).

SORE THROAT

have been signed by Hurricane Records (distributed by WEA) to an exclusive deal for the UK and Europe, and they have a single titled 'Kam-i-kaz-e Kid' issued on May 11. They play a series of dates to promote it — **London Strand** Kings College (May 3), **London Kensington** Nashville (4), **Dudley** J.B.'s (5), **York** Revolution (9), **Langley** College (11), **London Strand** Lyceum with Iggy Pop (13), **Liverpool** Eric's (17), **Sheffield** Limit (18) and **Retford** Eaton Hall (19) — then go into the studios to record their debut album.

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ARISTA

THE POLICE in custody — New York Precinct 28. Pic: PETER BAYLIS.

Pulling in America for questioning

The cops got THE POLICE in the cooler — but that's just a cheap publicity shot. The reality is different: these guys look like succeeding where The Clash, Stranglers, Pistols et al failed — and pulling off the big one.

WOULD THEY drop the bomb on us while we made love on the beach?

"I think this song's gonna be a classic," bawls the publicist, her voice just audible above the strains of The Police belting full-tilt through their frantic 'Born In The 50's'.

We were the class they couldn't teach 'cause we knew better . . .

"It's gonna be used in films," she enthuses with speed-freak gusto. "It's gonna be recognised as a sociological document, you knowww???"

We-ell, the thought hadn't occured to me.

We were born, born in the 50s.

The scene is New York's famed Bottom Line. Though bigger, the joint has approximately the same ambience as Islington's Hope and Anchor, so you can forget any ideas about glamour — and The Police are into their fourth and final set of their two-sets-a-night stay.

Robert Fripp, Darryl Hall and Lenny White of Return To Forever fame are in the audience. Mick Jagger, apparently a Police fan ever since Ian McLagen turned him onto their magnum opus 'Roxanne', has failed to show, despite talk that he'd asked for tickets.

Also present are The B52s, the city's hottest — and hippest — yet-to-be-signed new wave combo. Such a varied bunch of celebs out on the town to catch The Police is perhaps an indication of the group's eclecticism. For The Police have fused together a heady mixture of reggae, punk, pop and heavy rock to create one of the most refreshing sounds of the late '70s; like any other major act, they have their *own sound*.

Impressed as I was last year by the fore-mentioned 'Roxanne' and its likewise reggae-imbued successor, 'Can't Stand Losing You', a cut which just managed to scrape the charts, nothing had prepared me for the complete demolition job The Police are doing on my head tonight.

They positively exude greatness. I'd caught last night's show, an enjoyable though not totally inspired affair smitten by bouts of self-indulgence and cockiness, where the group not only had the handicap of an ailing drummer — Stewart Copeland was recovering from a bad dose of flu — but also a crowd composed largely of New York music biz.

Yes, Lisa Robinson was there, as were the city's leading rock writers, identified by their somewhat solemn cool.

Tonight's crowd is similarly aged (I reckon that at least half would be glad to see 25 again) and the predominant 'fashion' is plaid shirts and jeans. One is also aware of an excess, compared to Britain, of long hair, and I spotted at least one male pony tail. There is but a sprinkling of punk haute couture.

Still, The Police are no April ducklings themselves.

Sting (ne Gordon Sumner), whose Aryan good looks have already won him parts in several movies, is the group's front man.

In *Quadrophenia* he plays the part of Ace, the kingpin mod idolised by the film's central character, Jimmy, and in his most recent film, Chris Petit's *Radio On*, he has a cameo role as a garage mechanic who thinks he's Eddie Cochran.

Onstage he cuts a charismatic figure , his Geordie gift of the gab holding him in good stead to establish a winning rapport. Both offstage and on, Sting bears a remarkable resemblence to Snips, he of the late lamented Sharks and more recently The Video Kings.

His vocals are consistently outstanding — ranging from an R&B holler sometimes reminiscent of Paul McCartney doing his Little Richard workouts to a pure almost-soprano redolent of Jon Anderson. And his bassmanship shouldn't be overlooked, either. Stanley Clarke, for one, gave it the thumbs up when he visited The Police backstage.

Like his songs (he's written 99 per cent of The Police's material), his bass playing is effectively simple.

Complementing Sting's streamlining phrases is guitarist Andy Summers, who, as Sting puts it, has "a reservoir of talent" at his fingertips.

The set's highlight is 'So Lonely', featuring a truly superlative solo from Summers that's anything but cliched.

Perhaps the freshness of his approach is because he rarely, if at all, listens to rock guitarists, instead preferring to listen to jazzers — "If you want to play guitar and make it fresh it's best not to listen to other guitarists."

Play the album version of 'So Lonely' and you'll get a good idea of the scope of Summer's ability.

Which leaves The Police's sticksman, Stewart Copeland, whose onstage gait rekindles memories of Ginger Baker. He sits low and forward, paying a lot of attention to his cymbals. His drumming has the incendiary quality necessary for potent hard rock and the deftness of touch required for credible reggae.

"OUR SETS can last anything from an hour to two hours," Sting informs me. "And we didn't form just to play songs. That's why we wanted a three-piece — the old idea of the jazz trio improvising."

■ *Continues over*

■ *From previous page*

Improvising here doesn't just mean some numbskull heavy metal guitarist soloing his platform heels off for 15 minutes at a stretch while the rhythm section lays down banal riffs. With not one of their songs clocking in under ten minutes The Police have reintroduced — or should I say revolutionised? — the idea of a rock band improvising.

Their improvisations don't just rely on solos. In fact they probably rely less on solos than on ensemble playing — rhythms, textures and vocals.

"I want to swamp our sound with vocals the way reggae does," explains Sting.

"Reggae is most important innovation since the back-beat," opines Copeland.

Their collective dexterity is such that they can draw out one of their numbers for a good 12 minutes and still keep boredom at bay. Of course, it doesn't *always* work, but the results justify the risk element. Their collective sense of spontaneity is little short of miraculous.

They're also great fun.

THE FOLLOWING day The Police are driven uptown to Harlem to do a photo session amidst the crime statistics of the New York Police Department's 28th Precinct HQ.

Photographing The Police at a New York City police station, especially in Harlem, the city's meanest neighbourhood, was too good a PR scam for A&M Records to resist. Despite the band's reluctance to take part in what is, after all, a corny idea, they're won over by the co-operation of the local cops.

"How does it feel locking up a bunch of white guys for a change?" gags a white plainclothes detective to a black uniformed officer as he poses outside a cell containing The Police.

"They a rock group?" asks a black woman as they pose in front of the station's main desk. "I hope they sound as good as The Bee Gees."

Though hardly in the same multi-platinum league as The Brothers Gobb, The Police *are* breaking Stateside.

As I write, both 'Roxanne' and their debut album 'Outlandos d'Amour' are set to burst upon the American Top 30 in A Big Way (the LP made no. 25 last week). Shortly after playing New York the band will return home, only to re-embark on their American activities a few weeks later; they expect to spend most of the rest of 1979 Stateside.

For these dates they'll be pulling in £3,000 a night — not bad for guys who still mean next to nothing in their native land and just last December played their first US dates for a paltry 200 bucks.

Or, to put it another way — and this is what's really significant: The Police are ahead of The Clash, The Stranglers, The Sex Pistols, The Boomtown Rats et al as the first of the new wave groups to crack the seemingly inpenetrable American market.

Elvis Costello is, after all, a solo artist.

This knowledge is particularly heartwarming to The Police seeing as how they were originally written off by people in the British music press who should know better (but rarely do) as "bandwagon jumpers."

As Sting once said: "We're too young to have been into Woodstock and all that and we're too old to be punks.

"We're stuck with being wise in one way and naive in another. We didn't elect the dinosaurs of rock. They'd already been put up there by people older than us. Our generation has to establish itself as well, and we're not going to vanish just because we're over 23. What do people expect us to do?"

And as Sting told me in New York, no-one saw fit to criticise Jimmy Pursey because he originally wasn't a punk. Must have been all that pungent social comment he was making.

"We got such a lot of flak from the press because Stu had been in Curved Air," he complains.

Successful or not The Police are still reluctant to have their skeletons dragged out of their respective cupboards. Andy Summers, the oldest member, once played with The Animals. When I ask about it, he asks if I'm going to use it in my piece.

Andy has been playing for 15 years — and moved to Los Angeles in the late '60s to help Eric Burdon salvage The Animals. He lived with Burdon in Laurel Canyon, and the liaison lasted nine months. The next three and a half years he spent at music college in California, returning to England after attempting to form a band with Tim Rose.

From left: STUART COPELAND, STING, ANDY SUMMERS. Below: STING. Pix: JUSTIN THOMAS.

While in California Andy married Robin Lane, a songstress and former girlfriend of Neil Young, who can be heard trilling on 'Round On Round' on Young's classic 'Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere' album.

Like Robert Fripp, Summers was brought up in Bournemouth. In fact Fripp, then very much the novice, took over from Summers when the latter quit playing with a band in a Jewish hotel in Bournemouth.

And it was Fripp who helped Summers land a gig with (of all people) Neil Sedaka when he returned to Britain in 1973. Subsequently he worked alongside David Essex as part of *The Rocky Horror Show* before playing for two years with Kevin Coyne, an experience of which he says: "I think he's a genius, but it was a bit like working with a bomb."

Just prior to The Police he gigged with another English eccentric — Kevin Ayers.

Summers met up with Copeland and Sting while taking part in the Strontium 90 project, a Gong spin-off, in the summer of '77. The latter two had formed The Police in January — with another guitarist, Henri Padovani — and since they weren't exactly tearing the world apart they were supplementing their income with session work.

Summers was asked along to watch The Police at London's Marquee club.

"It seemed obvious to me," he recalls, "that the three of us — without Henri Padovani — would be a really good group."

And so it was to be. Summers initially swelled the ranks to four (they debuted as a quartet at the Mont de Marson 'punk' festival in September '77), but shortly after became sole guitarist when Padovani departed.

Stewart Copeland joined Curved Air fresh from college at the behest of their manager, his brother Miles Copeland, and he lives with Air's croonette Sonja Kristina. Brother Miles, a dead ringer for John Denver, is a brash fast-talking American with a string of successes in the music biz. He now manages The Police.

While gigging with Air (I could never fathom their appeal) in Newcastle, Stewart was introduced to Sting, then playing with a local jazzish combo called Last Exit.

The Police are Sting's first rock band. He'd lasted one term reading English at Warwick University, then after a series of dead-end jobs got himself a job teaching football to nine-year-olds at a convent school. "I had the time of my life," he recalls.

Watching him in Last Exit, Copeland was impressed, and after Curved Air's demise he telephoned him with the offer of the two forming a group. The Newcastle outfit were getting nowhere fast, so Sting accepted the proposition and moved South to The Big City.

He kipped on Stewart's floor for five months while they rehearsed, and with the addition of guitarist Henri Padovani The Police were born.

Their first single, on Stewart's own label — the aptly titled Illegal Records — was a pogoer's delight by the name of 'Fall Out'.

It failed to chart.

In March '77 The Police joined forces with Cherry Vanilla, herself taking advantage of the rise of punk. They opened her shows, and two thirds of them (Sting and Copeland) provided the rhythm section for her own set.

"The first nine months were depressing," recounts Andy. "I'd gone from being relatively cossetted to having to hump my own gear about. There was no money about and it took us a while to find our musical style."

"We've been through some really bad times," Sting echoes. The fact that 'Roxanne', released by A&M, and its successor 'I Can't Stand Losing You' were frowned upon by the BBC because of their subject matter — the former is a song about a mythical French prostitute while the latter deals with the unsavoury subject of suicide — only made matters worse.

The British music press also had a down on The Police. Hadn't two of their members previously worked with such staunch old wavers as Curved Air (yeeks) and The Animals? Never mind the music, such pedigrees and the fact that the band weren't even within gobbing distance of their teens ensured that they lacked whatever spurious credibility was in demand at the time.

BETWEEN AUGUST '77 and October '78 The Police did just 12 gigs, and it wasn't until their tour of the U.S. East Coast, they say, that they really hit top form. That was in December, and they'd taken the unusual step of embarking on a U.S. jaunt without an album out to promote.

All that was available in America at the time was 'Roxanne' on import.

Consequently A&M didn't pour any money into the tour, a low budget affair for which the group took the bare essentials in the way of equipment and travelled on Laker's Skytrain.

The economies were such that even though just being paid £100 a night they managed to break even. The strategy was masterminded by Miles, who'd brought over other British new wavers on a similar shoe-string basis.

"I consider myself a catalyst, rather than a dictator," Miles opines. "I never thought of having their hair dyed blond."

In actual fact The Police's image isn't quite as carefully cultivated as it appears. The three bleached their barnets only after being asked by Wrigley's Chewing Gum to appear in a TV ad as "A would-be punk group."

In American Miles's initial problem was to persuade the music biz that these British 'punks' wouldn't make it rough for all concerned.

"The Stranglers really fucked it up for new British bands over here," he claims. "I had to tell these people that the band wouldn't wreck their theatres."

When Copeland told the US Biz that The Police's Album, 'Outlandos d'Amour', was made for a mere £3,000, they couldn't believe it. "It takes time to bring round the heads of record company people who've been into progressive rock for the past five years."

But A&M did have one ace up their sleeves in breaking The Police in America — a good college radio promotion man.

College radio is becoming more and more important in America. It's the breeding ground for a lot of the new DJs. So popular are some college stations that they're beginning to show up on the national ratings.

They're inclined to be more "Progressive" than the ordinary MOR-rock and disco-obsessed channels and picked up on The Police with considerable alacrity. So, though hardly the kind of fare associated with American FM, The Police were soon being played on the major stations.

"Americans are at long last waking up to the fact that there's a new generation of rock bands," reckons Miles. "They've been listening to all this shit on the radio and along come The Police. It's got to be refreshing for them.

"We've been working a year to crack this place and now we're doing it."

"It's (success in the States) has come faster and bigger than we expected," says Andy Summers, luxuriating in the back of a Cadillac Fleetwood limousine. "Our timing has been impeccable."

He adds: "I've had several shots at this before."

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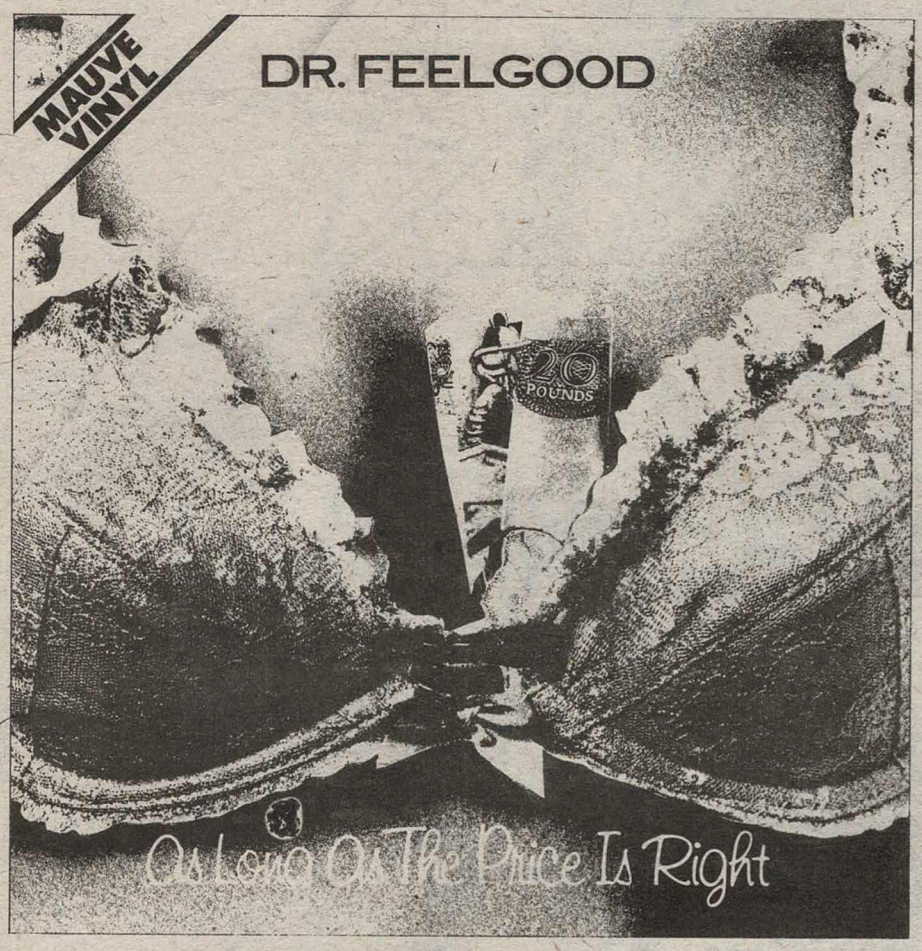
'long live rock' is taken from the forthcoming film *The Kids Are Alright*

polydor

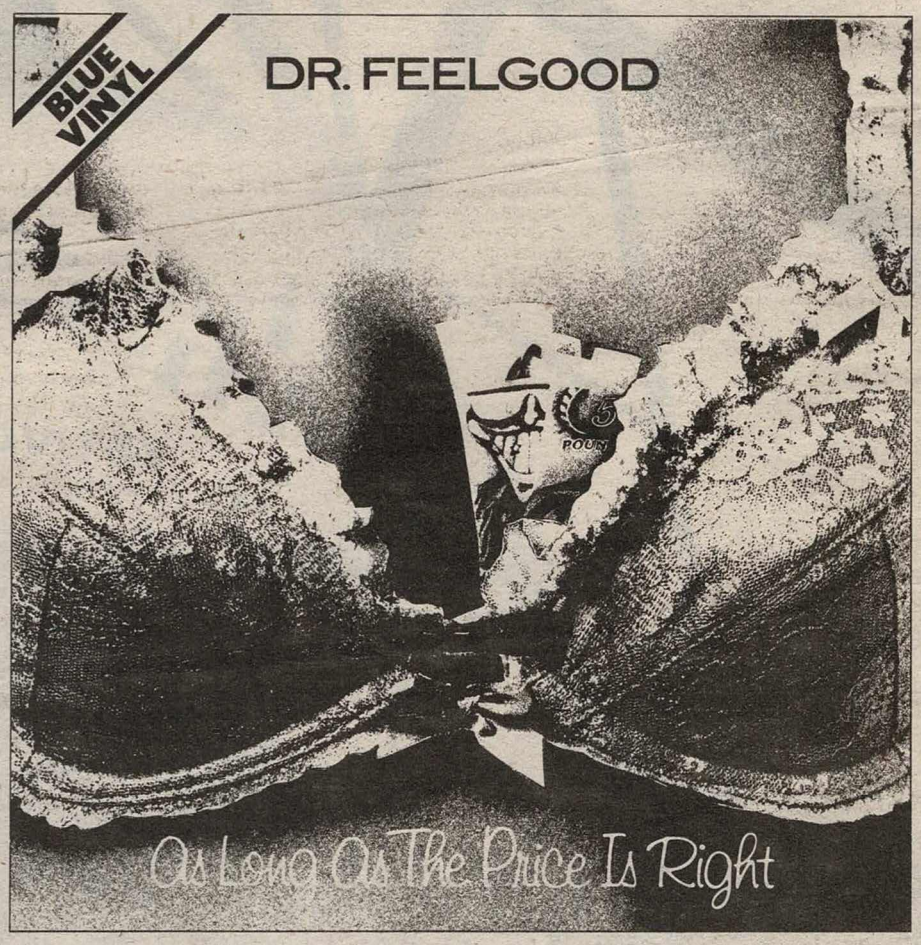
*Originally recorded when The Who were the High Numbers - a rare collectors item.

THE NEW SINGLE FROM DR. FEELGOOD

As Long As The Price Is Right



AVAILABLE IN MAUVE, BROWN AND BLUE VINYL IN MATCHING PICTURE BAGS



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THRILLS

Sports Minister DENNIS HOWELL receives hair growth tips from ELTON JOHN

As Elton backs Government

LABOUR ROCK ADS SPARK RAR PROTEST

'Politicians deaf' — claim

FOLLOWING the appearance of full-page advertisements in last week's national rock press — or at least *NME* and *Sounds* — Rock Against Racism issued a strongly worded press statement complaining of the wording of the ad and of Labour hypocrisy.

"Don't Just Rock Against Racialism," suggested the offending ad, "Vote Against It. Vote Labour."

"Don't *just* what?" fumed RAR, still rubbing the sores and bruises from humping its Militant Entertainment package tour across a nationwide 23-date trek. "You don't fight against racism or control your own lives by putting a cross on a piece of paper . . . you stand up, speak out, and rock against it."

Asked for Labour's response to the RAR statement, a Transport House spokesperson told the *Thrills* desk: "We appreciate and welcomed the work of Rock Against Racism and we would not wish them to feel upset that we've borrowed their slogan for what we think is a very good advert."

Reports suggest that the RAR camp was not so much upset as a little browned off with the way some smart-ass copy writer had co-opted their name.

The full text of the RAR statement, which is headed 'Rock Hard — Politicians are Deaf', is as follows:

"Rock Against Racism is a little miffed that the Labour Party should suddenly leap on its already strained back with full page adverts in the music press stating: 'Don't just rock against racism — Vote against it. Vote Labour'.

"Don't *just* what? we've just rhinoed round the country, arguing, playing and fighting our unmistakable anti-racist message and it's left us knackered. And seven grand in debt.

"We weren't voted in. We grew up because we were necessary. Necessary because of growing racism and fascism under Labour government which was looking the other way so fast that its neck is still stiff.

"You don't fight racism or control your own lives by putting crosses on a bit of paper — that's copping out. You stand up, speak out and Rock Against It.

"OK, it seems like most of us will be putting our shaky little crosses in Labour's box on May 4th. Rock Against Thatcher — we mean it! But no illusions.

"We're looking forward to seeing Labour start to really Rock Against Racism — ending the racist immigration laws, abolishing S.U.S. etc. Are you listening?"

Were they listening? The Labour Party spokesman told *Thrills:* "It's exactly by the act of putting crosses on pieces of paper that we make changes in a democratic society. The Labour Party has always been in the forefront of change and has always fought against discrimination on the grounds of race, sex and class."

He also pointed out that the party manifesto pledged to "strengthen the 1976 Race Relations Act and reconsider the 1824 Vagrancy Act with a view to looking at the provisions on S.U.S." (Arrest on suspicion).

Declared policies aside, the existence of the adverts — the first time the UK rock press has been used for political advertising — raises some interesting questions. Like whose ideas were they? Which member of the cabinet reads *NME*.

"Apart from the main campaign," explained the person from Transport House, "we have a small creative group looking at young people, from 18 to 24, many of whom are first-time voters. We wanted to show a good reason to vote and not abstain which is too prevalent among young voters."

It's known, however, that much of the impetus for the Labour Party's rock press campaign came from Labour supporters within the music business, who suggested the copy and slogans for the campaign, which was Downing Street sanctioned.

IN A FURTHER interface between rock and politics this week, Elton John gave his public support to the Labour Party's election campaign when he appeared in Monday's *Daily Mirror* clasping hands with Sports Minister Dennis Howell (see pic) and stating that one of the reasons he would not vote Tory was because of his distaste for tax exile rock stars. "It would annoy me if those people were welcomed back," he said.

The Watford Football Club chairman continued: "People like me would feel we had had a kick in the stomach. It's not just me who's stayed loyal to Britain — there's Paul McCartney, The Who, and others.

"I've never really voted in previous elections. I could never vote for Ted Heath and I'm not so sure about Mrs. Thatcher either. The government is doing a sensible job."

Two days previously, the *Mirror* ran a Showbiz Election Special in which several rock personalities aired their voting intentions. Phil Lynott, Frankie Miller and Neil Innes all lined up for Labour as did wee Billy Connolly, who quipped: "I can sympathise with Mrs. Thatcher when she wants to cut taxes but on the other hand I don't want to invade Poland."

ELO's Hugh McDowell and Bev Bevan were split between Labour and Tory respectively, while Steve Harley declared his cross was destined to be "Liberal. I was the Liberal candidate in my school mock elections years ago." Might have guessed.

Former Liberal admirer Rod Stewart won't be voting for them this time round, or indeed for any other party — as a tax exile living abroad, he is inelegible to vote. "Under normal circumstances I would vote Liberal but I think a majority is important so I would probably support Margaret Thatcher. Anything for a change," declared the ex-Steampacket vocalist, who in those days worked alongside a fledgling Elton on keyboards.

Whichever way the rock stars vote — and we at *Thrills* are sure most of them will be too busy hurtling down dual carriageways in ancient Transits to dodgy gigs in the back of beyond to stop off at their friendly local poll station to cast their miserable votes — it does seem that we're witnessing that start of a new relationship between UK rock and politics.

The connection is by no means unprecedented. Back in the late '50s Screaming Lord Sutch stood for Parliament on a ticket which included votes at 18 (a notion much ridiculed at the time) — but most of rock's political exchanges have been on strictly non-party lines. With the advent of the era of older rock stars and tax exiles, things could follow the American pattern where in the last election the rock business mounted a powerful campaign in support of Jimmy Carter, apparently in return for concessions on drug laws.

Whether that's a good thing or not depends on your politics and whether you think rock musicians have no business poking their noses into politics or whether they are, in some perhaps mysterious way, publicly accountable figureheads.

NEIL SPENCER

THRILLS

FASHION EXTRA — Tartan Chic

We're not sure who started it. Some say it was Lydon and his tartan suit. Some say it was MacLaren and Seditionaries. Others yet claim it originated in an obscure Scottish cult. We at Thrills say if you think we're going to Celtic vs Rangers dressed like that you must be nuts.

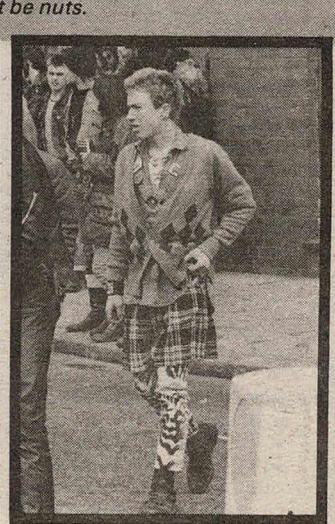
ADAM ANT: Punk's prima ballerina with the style that helped make him the toast of the King's Road.

REZILLO JOHN CALLIS: taking a firm stand on the devolution issue at the Rezillo's farewell bash.

POP GROUP'S GARETH SAGER: favours the kilt for deep spirtual communion with the clarinet.

HRH The Prince Of Wales: girls of all creeds and nationalities are fascinated by Britain's royal arbiter of fashion.

SIOUXSIE SIOUX: what do English girls wear under their trousers?



MEANWHILE, back on the street *(sorree)*, Seditionaries chic walks tall.

NUCLEAR NEWS

Nazi nukes?

Eminent scientist Robert Jungk tells Dick Tracy how Hitler's aides have infiltrated the international nuclear industry.

ROBERT JUNGK is 65, has white hair, a generous face, and modest, almost shabby clothes, but his age and appearance are belied by his bright eyes and animated conversation, delivered in a soft German accent.

We are at a small press conference at the Bristol Arts Centre, one of the last stops in Jungk's hectic tour of Britain, which he's spent disseminating the ideas and information in his latest book *The Nuclear State*, a wide-ranging look at the social and political implications of nuclear power.

Jungk is best known in this country for his *Brighter Than A Thousand Suns* (the best popular history of the birth of the atomic bomb) and *Rays From The Ashes* (a study of the Hiroshima victims). He is one of the premier scientific journalists of the Nuclear Age and a prime mover in the vast European anti-nuclear movement.

In person he has an air of calm commitment about him, that of a man with a clear and certain purpose — to try and stop the spread of nuclear power and promote alternative energies and lifestyles which are ecologically harmless and responsive to people's needs.

We begin by talking about the violent anti-nuclear protests in Germany and France. How does he feel about that?

"I think direct action is necessary because there is no communication. I try to tell the people in power that if you continue to be deaf and blind then you must expect that people become more and more angry in order to express what they feel."

In his book Jungk dubs this movement the New International, describing it as a restatement of past movements like CND, the student uprisings and the revolts of the '60s, but with an added ecological ingredient. He comments: "It's not only a movement against, it's very much a movement for — for different life-styles, different values . . . a kind of reawakening to the fullness of the human being."

His experiences in recent years have obviously had a great effect: "Older people just don't understand that the young people can actually teach them because they're closer to what's happening."

The talk turns to the question of nuclear safety, one of Jungk's main warnings in *The Nuclear State*. Tony Benn recently made much political capital out of the fact he resisted pressure to buy the Harrisburg-style PWR reactors, opting instead for gas-cooled reactors. Were they any safer?

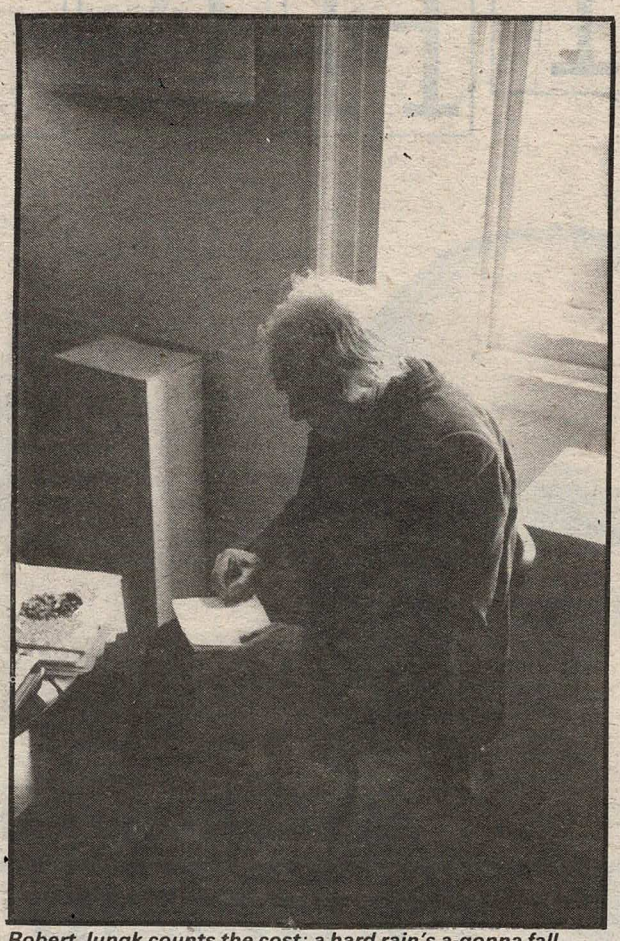
"Well, the safety may be higher in certain points but weaker in others. There is more corrosion and vibration in that sort of reactor because these gases are pushed through at tremendous speed. The other disadvantage is that there is very little experience of them.

"I have a more general remark. In every man-machine system, man is the weakest part and, even if it is a better machine, you are still not protected against human error. I go further. I say if they really try to make the human being safer, that would make them more inhuman."

The question of the rigid controls and security which nuclear power entails also raises one of the most disturbing points in Jungk's book. He claims that the Karlsruhe nuclear research centre in Germany is dominated by a number of ex-Nazis who were the people responsible for setting up nuclear links with the fascist states of Argentina, Brazil and South Africa. Is this true?

"Ja . . I can even give you the name I was unable to give in the book. For instance, the man who did all the contracts for the German nuclear export industry with South Africa and Brazil was Dr. Rudolph Greifeld. I had proof, a document, that in 1942 he was in the German Miltary Government in Paris and asked the military commander to put up signs at the bars that Jews shouldn't be allowed in.

"That had very serious consequences because the French authorities forced the Jews to adopt yellow stars, as they had in Poland, and when the Nazis came they were able to round the Jews up. This man was the managing director of the Karlsruhe centre for many years up to 1973.



Robert Jungk counts the cost: a hard rain's a-gonna fall . . . Pic: Dick Tracy

"There's another man who did the deal with Argentina. His name is Dr. Schnur. He had to leave Germany in 1945, stayed ten years in Argentina working for Peron until Franz Joseph Strauss (Germany's first Atomic Minister and an extreme right-winger), called him back to set up this International Bureau.

"Then the man who is the personnel director there even now, his name is Schaieble. He was an SS man when he was young and he even signs today his name with an S like the old SS sign. These people are in there and they have created a kind of Nazi atmosphere."

Jungk writes that "The slogan then was *Deutschland uber alles*. Now it is *Plutonium uber alles*."

He also claims in his book that anyone who has criticised nuclear power will come under increasing surveillance. Does he feel that may be true in Britain?

"You could surmise it. There has been a lot of evidence in the States about that and in Germany they have just unmasked two people the police sent in. These people had been the most violent ones. They had tried to provoke them, saying they could get explosives."

You say that Britain has the weakest anti-nuclear movement in Europe . . .

"Yes, but on the other hand Britain has been very slow to pick up on the subject of fascism but, when it woke up, it really woke up, more even than other countries. I think it's very often like that. English people are unflappable and then, suddenly, it comes up. I feel this is going to happen if you have the first real accident. I think it's inevitable."

Inevitable that we have an accident?

"Ja, not a big one necessarily, but a considerable one. It's inevitable . . . They have written in the German papers that I have predicted the evening before Harrisburg almost the same thing that happened. That is not any gift of prophecy, you simply see different factors coming together.

"In this country you have a lot of industrial unrest, I think justified unrest. You have less and less professional responsibility, which isn't there because the wages are not good enough; things are not tested really well, so it is logical. If all this comes together I think it is inevitable something is going to happen. I'm sorry. I don't like it."

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

● *The Nuclear State* by Robert Jungk, published by John Calder. £5.95 hardcover, £2.95 paperback.

SEE CHRIS ON TOUR

Friday	27th April	EDINBURGH	Herriot Watt University
Saturday	28th April	GLASGOW	Strathclyde University
Sunday	29th April	NEWCASTLE	Polytechnic
Tuesday	1st May	SALTBURN	Filmore
Thursday	3rd May	LONDON	The Venue
Friday	4th May	LONDON	Middlesex Polytechnic — Hendon
Saturday	5th May	READING	University
Sunday	6th May	LONDON	Nashville Rooms
Monday	7th May	MANCHESTER	University
Thursday	10th May	LEICESTER	University
Friday	11th May	BIRMINGHAM	Barbarella's
Saturday	12th May	SHEFFIELD	University (N.U.S. Conference)
Sunday	13th May	MIDDLESBROUGH	Town Hall

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THE CASSETTE TC MAGL 5028

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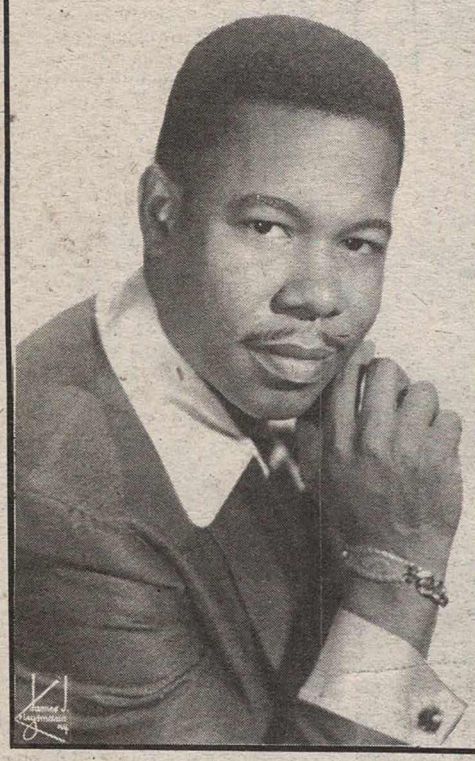


THIS is Eddie Floyd, and he's very superstitious about having his photograph in *Thrills*. In fact, Eddie Floyd has been knocking on wood for the major part of his life against such a contingency, and insisting that he don't wanna lose the good things that he's got.

Bad luck Eddie. Right about this end of the '70s you have been usurped of the best thing you ever had as 22-year-old Ms Amii Stewart from Washington DC soars to the top of the US, UK and Dutch charts with an extended — and incredibly tedious — German disco interpretation of 'Knock On Wood', the song that was previously all your own, and made it all hers in the process.

Things you say you love you're gonna lose.

BEARDY PEGLEY

THRILLS

Supermarket Chic Tricks Revealed...

A COUPLA weeks back we carried a story in these pages lauding the arrival of a whole stack of wax on the Pickwick label that you could add to the grocery trolley as you trundled around your local hypermarket.

Why, for the princely sum of £1.49 you could snaffle priceless collections of Pickwick 'Star Trax', collected generically under headings like 'Disco Frenzy' and '15 Mersey Hits'. But hold on thar boy'.

Someone omitted to actually *listen* to these nuggets. According to the legend on the cover, the numbers are recorded by the 'Original Artistes' but they are *not* repeat *not*, the original recordings. Instead you'll find a selection of pretty expertly re-recorded faves — re-recorded by the same singers but using different, often weaker, backing tracks.

Trouble is, nowhere on the sleeve or the label can the delighted punter discover this fact for himself. He, or she, has to listen to the offending plastic, probably at home, before discovering the extent of this heinous scam. Only then does that £1.49 rankle sour. What appeared to have been a snip, nay a mere bagatelle, turns out to be a heist, a sting, a veritable example of business concerns taking the gullible consumer for a bloody great rube.

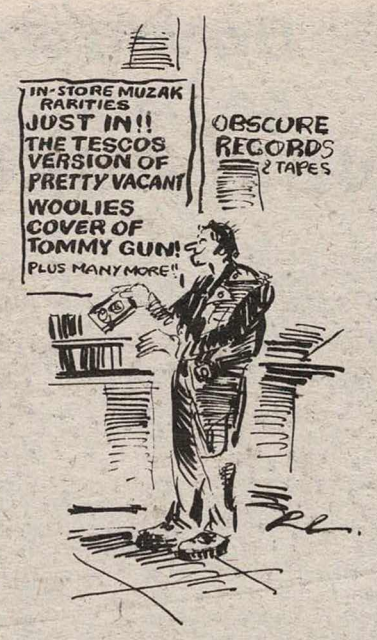
K-Tel also market their 'Rock Revival — 50 Greatest Hits' in much the same manner, but at least they inform you, albeit in microscopic writing, that the hits are 'Specially Re-recorded'.

The man responsible for dragging the original artistes out of their retirement is probably a Mr. Stanley Shulman, who is no stranger in the game of persuading oldster rockers to tread lighfoot into the studios and recreate afresh the glories of their youth. He's made a fair living farming out Little Richard raves from the grave on the Creole label (see *Thrills*, July 30 1977 where Cliff White uncovered that story and spoke to Shulman) and appears to be operating a perfectly legitimate enterprise.

As are Pickwick unfortunately. While, say, The Drifters or The Fantastics may have undergone a radical transformation in line-up since their heyday, as long as the band name remains legally copyrighted Pickwick, Shulman, etc., can continue to make mileage out of re-writing the history books.

So now we, and you, know.

DICK STEVEN



THRILLS

GUNS ON THE ROOF FOR SONG CONTEST

From HILARY BONNER in Jerusalem

MACHINE - GUN troops were posted on the roof of the Eurovision Song Contest

Clash go Eurobeat? Spotted by Gary of Leeds (as opposed to Gary Leeds of The Walker Bros).

The Lone Groover

BENYON

I'M STANDING AT THE NEXT ELECTION — AS A RESPONSIBLE CITIZEN CAN I ASK YOU.....
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE THE COUNTRY TAKEN OVER BY DRUG CRAZED PERMISSIVE ROCK SINGERS, A REDUCTION OF POLICE POWERS.....
RASTAFARIANS, GAYS, GHASTLY PUNKS, NO CENSORSHIP, WEIRDOS DEMANDING AN END TO THE OFFICIAL SECRETS ACT AND ATOMIC POWER STATIONS TO NAME BUT A FEW.....
HMM — IF YOU WERE OFFERIN' ME ONLY HALF OF THOSE Y'D STILL GET MY VOTE!

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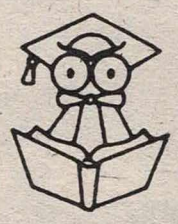

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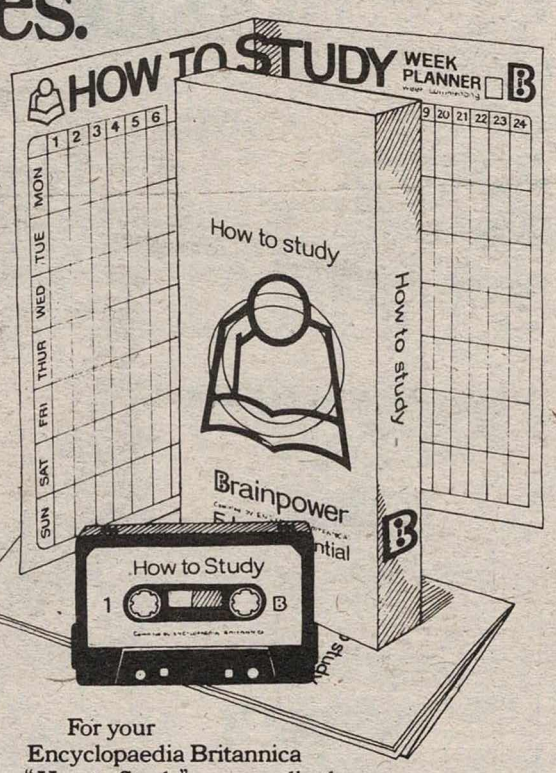

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Do you *sincerely* want to go back to the garden?...

EXACTLY TEN years after we all frolicked in the Golden New Dawn's cow shit on Max Yasgur's farm back in the summer of 1969 *(we did? — Ed.)*, word reached these offices last week that Woodstock Two had DEFINITELY been earmarked for August 14/15/16 this year! Really!!

The toilets blissfully overflowed while down in Carnaby Street hundreds of punks, skinheads and mods experienced a mass immaculate stoned satori, crushing tourists underfoot as they kicked, gouged and spat their way through the Carnaby Cavern hoping to purchase a mid-length Kaftan.

"NO RAIN! NO RAIN!" we howled ecstatically as the Spring sunlight streamed through the venetian blinds — a somewhat superfluous comment, you may say, but then you should have been there. We gathered around the ticker-tape machine for the latest front line reports . . .

Woodstock Two will feature 30 acts; one third will be bands who appeared at the original festival; one third will be current headliners and one third new bands including some disco acts. There will be 300,000 tickets on sale at $37.50 and a sizeable bloc of these will be available in Europe!!

The details came from John Morris, repeating his role as one of the festivals main organisers, and Michael Wadleigh, the director of the original movie, who once again will be filming the event, which is cosmic, except I once caught *2001* on some really bad pink microdots and just freaked, man, really freaked.

Anyhow, the whole happening is going to be financed to the tune of $6 million greenbacks by such monoliths of the '60s underground culture as Columbia Records, the New York Times Book Company and an as yet unnamed film company. As Woodstock One grossed over $200 million world wide they ain't exactly sticking their tie-dyed necks out.

Woodstock Two spin-offs include a full length feature film, soundtrack albums, posters, a calender, a one-off magazine and a *minimum* of three books (a photo album, a reflective, meaningful, profound tome explaining it all to Those Who Weren't There as well as Those Who Were, plus a song book).

Comments Woodstock Two Merchandising Consultant Bennett Sims, "I'm excited and all flush with having just put together an important deal!"

"I don't want you to get the idea that any of us connected with Woodstock Two are going to put out any old piece of junk that'll sell, said the Woodstock merchandising consultant. There's plenty of money to be made by everybody without getting SLOPPY and GREEDY! We're only going to do quality productions!"

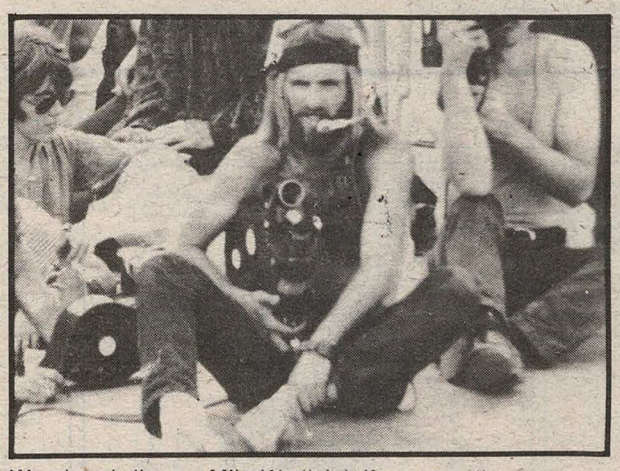
Meanwhile, a Woodstock council spokesperson, none other than the Town Supervisor, says the homely little township has turned down a million dollar offer to stage the festival.

"Hot damn, it's taken us 10 years to recover from the first Woodstock!"

It took us six and we don't even live there.

YOUNG NEIL

THRILLS



Woodstock director Mike Wadleigh (foreground) contemplates the grisly prospect of a replay . . .

LOWRY

"What we need is a rock and roll history written from our side. How the great Colonel Parker defused Elvis Presley and turned him into a fifteenth rate movie actor. How the Beatles were emasculated with silly suits and loveable moptops publicity guff. How punk rock was bought out and sold as a style at the expense of its content . . ."

...and score more bad acid?

WE SUPPOSE it had to happen. After the runaway failure of the various Beatles conventions, and the annual Jim Reeves / buddy Holly / Elvis necrophilia, a Bob Dylan convention.

Of course, Bob Dylan is not dead, nor has he — to our best information — broken up. But he remains what used to be called a burgeoning cult.

Hence this convention what we're on about.

It's going to take place in Manchester, at the Portland Hotel, Piccadilly, over the weekend of July 27, 28 and 29; and it's being organised by *Zimmerman Blues* magazine. They're calling the convention *Dylan Revisited '79*.

Main speaker and guest of honour will be Bob . . . hang on, it's written down here somewhere . . . Johnston, producer of all Zim LPs from 'Highway 61' to 'New Morning'. He will answer questions. So will Christopher Ricks, a prof of Eng Lit at Cambs Uni. Audiences will thrill to the uncut *Renaldo & Clara*, as well as various rare tapes and photo exhibitions. Seminars, discussions . . . you name it, it'll be happening.

To quote from the handout, there will be a "dealers room where all types of rock orientated items will be on sale". Plus a Quiz Evening. And very possibly a "grand auction" of bits and pieces.

We shouldn't mock. No, we shouldn't. Yes, by God, we should. Check this: prices at the hotel will be £49 for a single room and £41 *per person* for a twin or double. Entrance fee *sans* kip will be a mere sixteen notes. One week's benefit money.

"Can I come?"

Around 400 avid Zimmerphiles are expected, and John Cooper Clarke says he might show up too. So rush, rush your POs and cheques to: Richard Goodall, 157 Bury New Road, Prestwich, Manchester M25 8PJ.

Stop Press: a bloke who's just come in reckons that *Eat That Document*, a candid film of The Zim's 1966 British / Irish tour, may well be on view. But then he would.

Dylan won't be there. But who needs him anyway?

EDSEL FORD

THRILLS

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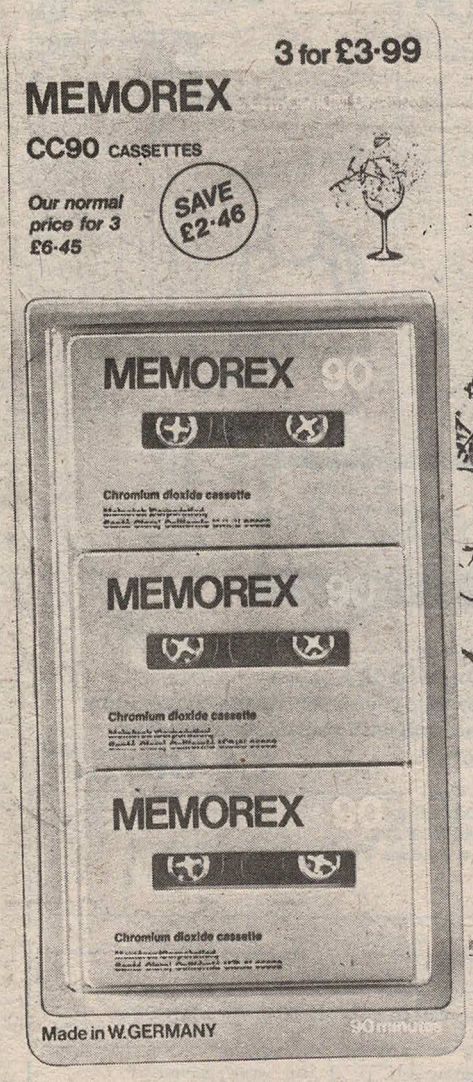
Save £2·46 on Boots exclusive 3-cassette pack.



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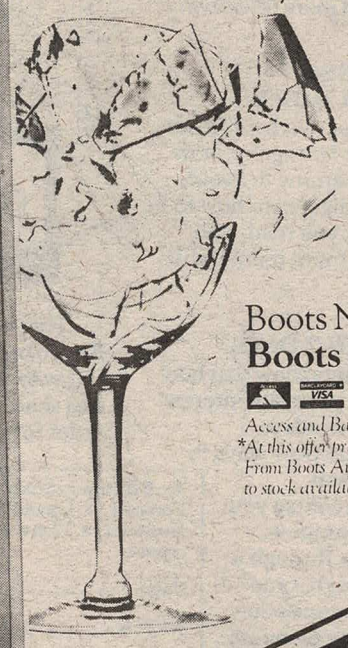

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Make the most of your Boots.

Lou gets arrested

GOSH, that Lou Reed is a controversial fellow. Me, I don't know much about him (came up to deliver panels and ended up helping out with a bit of writing), but it seems that he was doing a gig in Frankfurt a couple of weeks ago and got a few people upset.

Seems he went onstage at 8.05 and did whatever it is that he does until 9.10 and then left the stage rather abruptly. An announcement was made over the P.A. to the effect that Lou was annoyed at certain members of the audience and that he would return in 10 minutes if the people in question would kindly leave. No-one left and finally Reed returned after a mere 40 minutes and played a couple more tunes. Finally, he pointed at a GI in the audience and demanded that he be evicted. The hall security did this, but Reed continued to complain about the audience until a girl climbed on stage and said that she'd come to hear Reed's music and would he please play some more.

Reed, being the perfect gentleman that he is, knocked her down and the kicked her off the stage, which offended certain portions of the audience quite considerably. Reed than told the audience they were full of shit and walked off the stage, while the audience did around ten grands worth of damage to the hall and threw the chairs onto the stage. The coppers were called and our hero spent the night in clink on assault charges before getting bailed out the next morning.

Who is this bloke Lou Reed anyway?

IG NORAMUS

THE END

Patti Smith Group

Wave

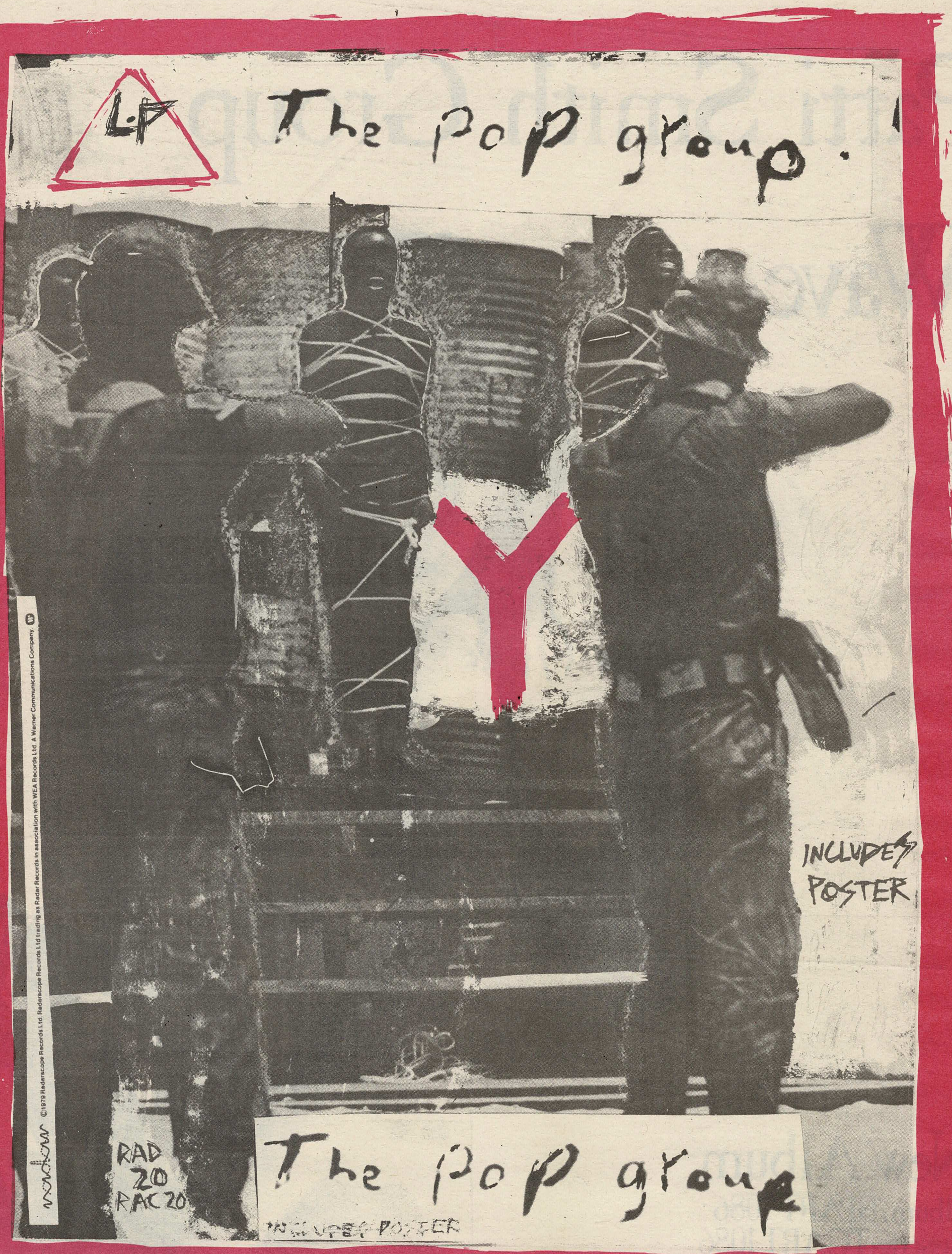
New Album

Album: SPART 1086
Cassette: TCART 1086

Includes the New Single:
FREDERICK. ARIST 264.

Produced by Todd Rundgren

ARISTA



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April	27th	CAMBRIDGE, Corn Exchange		13th	ST ANDREW University
	28th	SHEFFIELD University		14th	EDINBURGH Tiffanys
May	2nd	NEWCASTLE Polytechnic		19th	MALVERN Winter Gardens
	4th	LIVERPOOL University		20th	CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall
	5th	MANCHESTER University		21st	BRISTOL University
	7th	EMPIRE BALLROOM Leicester Square, LONDON		22nd	GUILDFORD Civic Hall
	9th	LOUGHBOROUGH Town Hall		30th	BIRMINGHAM Top Rank
	11th	ABERDEEN University		31st	LEEDS Polytechnic

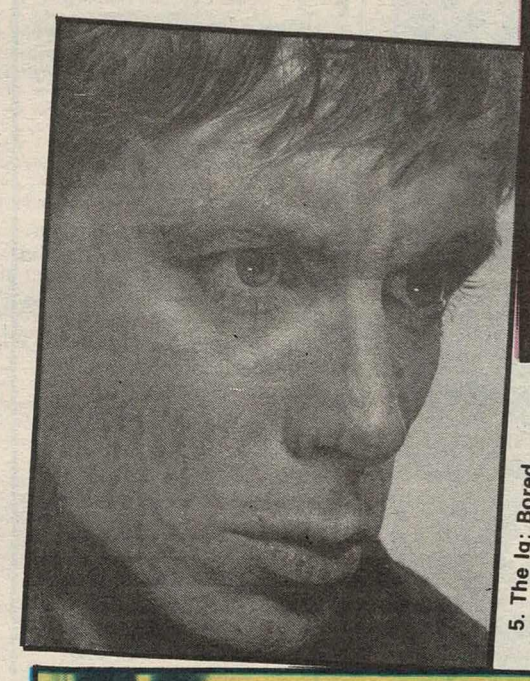
SINGLES

It's the new Golden Age—official

1. Raincoats: Supermarket

3. David: Swinging

4. Damned: Love



5. The Ig: Bored

2. Human League: Labour

● **SINGLES OF THE WEEK**
1: EXHILARATING

THE RAINCOATS: Fairytale In The Supermarket (Rough Trade). I'm so happy. This scrawny, noisy Rough Trade maxi-single produced by Mayo Thompson and Geoff Travis has some of the tenderest and harshest music heard since Nico sang with electric guitars. There's more happening and clamouring on these three outbursts than on most long players released lately.

'Fairytale' has a thrilling base line, smashing Palmolive drums, wounding violin and scouring guitars, and chants hysterically back and forth with a new kind of swing. The two barbed ballads 'In Love' and 'Adventure Close To Home' are not normal, and expose a new kind of gentleness. They will not remind you of anything. Only Ludus or Essential Logic can beat The Raincoats to being my favourite new group of the year. Play this next to the new Patti Smith single and feel a whole lot better.

2: TEASING

THE HUMAN LEAGUE: The Dignity Of Labour Pts 1-4 (Fast). I can hear the groans already, as poker-faces scoff at the portentious title, giggle at the smart grey cover and frown at the vague conceptual pretensions. This record is not The Human League as such, but The Human League exploring and letting no-one down. There's no evidence of The Stupid League's warped wit, except on the enclosed flexi-disc which has League members discussing with manager Bob Last the practicalities and merits of enclosing an explanatory flexi-disc.

The four instrumental illustrations on the non-flexi-disc give no sign that they've lost their sense of economy and pace. Fully aware of the general tedium of electronic instrumentals, the League keep each part tight, neat and active. Don't expect anything radically provocative, but there's a lot of compulsive synthesiser noises that are best played dead loud in the dark. A record that finally forces you to sell 'Phaedra', a bonus, before the League get down to the bitty nitty gritty with the insatiable Virgin.

"We never get the chance to play instrumentals on stage, mainly because we don't want to bore our audiences to death.

"So we thought we'd bore them on record."

Don't you believe it. This record will only bore bores

3: SPARKLING

DAVID BOWIE: Boys Keep Swinging (RCA). Two new bits of stuff to get us all talking. The corrupting Bowie thankfully held on a tight rein by Pop Eno and the Warmish Jets, and the B-side 'Fantastic Voyage', written by Eno, is one of the most handsome and humble things Bowie's ever done, which makes me breathe a little easier, but I refuse to say anything more until I hear it in its proper context. It's trickier than you think, y'know, getting free records and making snap decisions. I don't know . . .

'Boys Keep Swinging' doesn't need any context; it's the most crazily civilised pop song Eno's written since 'Baby's On Fire', and has all the silly techniques that are the things I find most interesting in Eno's pop songs. Eno takes part in the chorus as well. All very nostalgic, this. In the absence of singles from The Undertones, Buzzcocks, Blondie and Elvis Costello, it is, with the single below, best new pop item of the week. Not even Bowie's aristocratic vocals (he sings with the dignity of a nun awaiting execution, for some reason) can get in the way. The fact that Peter Powell has made it his record of the week says it all. It's going to be the biggest hit Bowie's had for ages.

(Thought I was quite fair there.)

4: SURPRISING.

THE DAMNED: Love Song (Chiswick). This you really won't believe. Something we never thought we'd get, and never thought we really wanted. The true follow-up to 'New Rose' and 'Neat, Neat, Neat', a severe and eloquent new pop song that has that breathless, careless rage with the sneaky addictive hook tucked away just like the early days. An exciting and disciplined Damned; that The Damned aren't pitiful and puerile any more but potent pop people makes me very happy. What we've all got to wait for now is The Damned, The Monks and The Angelic Upstarts all on the same edition of *TOTP*.

5: HUMOURING

IGGY POP: I'm Bored (Arista). You can roll over the floor to this pulsating piece of boogie burlesque. You can easily dismiss it. This guy's got no idea about human beings, but he's pretty smart when it comes to objects, forces and intellectual perceptions. He's also got a great haircut and one of these days I'll catch up with him. Somewhere else in this issue I've decided that the long player that this single is lifted from is my favourite of the year, and no feelings of guilt have got in the way yet. There are actually a few bluffs running through 'I'm Bored', as you can imagine, and they're fun to sort out, and as a radio single, well, the sound's great, the riff's rivetting, the movement dirty and the singing won't leave you alone. Get hold of a copy, but make sure you have clean hands. Irrelevancy can always set you free and guarantee your privacy.

● **SINGLES OF ANY OTHER WEEK**

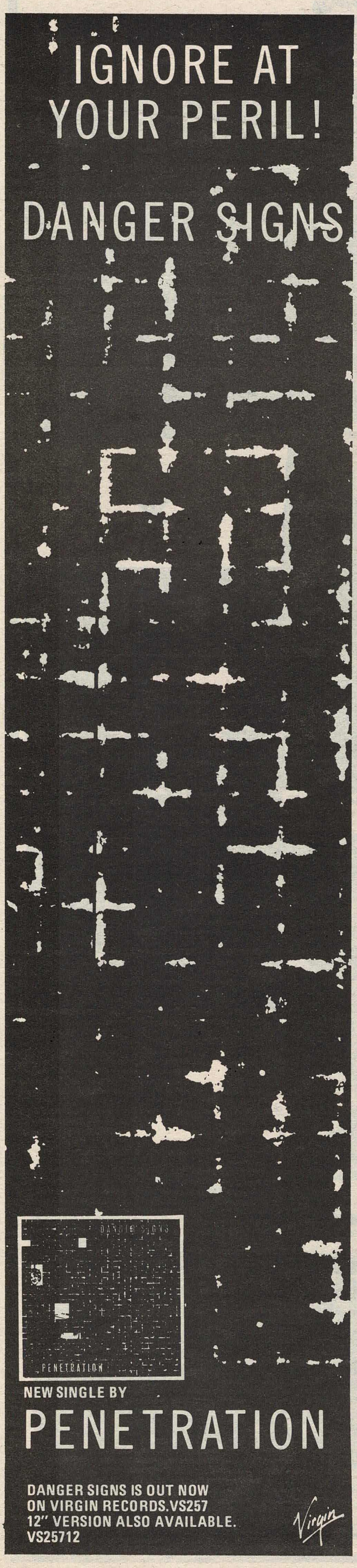
WARE EP (N.A.R.C.). Hardware make a dry, measured music, something like a more detailed Joy Division or XTC's more relentless and insistent moments as if run over by a steamroller. On this four-track EP they cover a lot of ground — serene, grinding, speedy, extrovert. Throughout all this the vocalist never settles down, his exertions seldom calm or coherent but usually persuasive. It's not a stunning record, but an encouraging sampler. (N.A.R.C. Records, 40 Winchcombe St, Cheltenham.)

GROW-UP EP (Object). Beefheart for softies: gently dislocated chamber pop especially for those who've never quite got used to the raucous rush and rip of proper Beefheart. Grow-up take a particularly pretty original structure, then cleverly twist it for extra tang and longer life.

They're a Manchester five-piece, fronted by the distinctive Sperical Objects guitarist John Bissett-Smith, whose vivid and fastidious style is just as productive within Grow-up as it is within The Objects. With Grow-up he sings as well, his voice just the right side of bewildered. This EP has six random and brief examples of Grow-up's insinuating strangeness, each

■ *Continues over*

Reviewed By PAUL MORLEY



More Singles

■ *From previous page*

written by Bisset-Smith, but is, in a way, a slight let-down. Not one of the six pieces comes anywhere near the two superb and artful songs that Grow-up have contributed to the forthcoming collection of Manchester Music Collective groups on Object, 'A Manchester Collection'. (Which, I should warn you, is a very good selection of songs by 11 wildly different Mancunian speculators).

This EP only hints at the beauty and maturity of 'You Are The One' and 'Night Rally', two songs proud and tough where maybe the EP is twee and inconsequential. 'You Are The One' is, with 'What Do I Get?', 'Get Over You' and 'Love Me Do', one of the greatest pop songs ever written. Absolutely sublime, it would be single of the week if it was the single. Grow-up do have a magic.

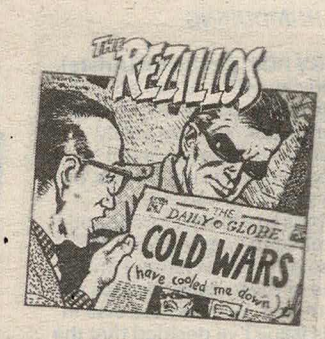
THE PIRANHAS: Coloured Music (Attrix Records). The Piranhas are from Brighton, and are what The Mekons would be like if they were a bunch of boozers and cared about playing 'nice' music, or Buzzcocks if they were led by Norman Wisdom. Articulate music hall mock punk. 'Coloured Music' is an endearing idiot ode to those obsessed with collecting coloured vinyl. *"Music is obsolete,"* they cry. As long as the vinyl is flash, it doesn't matter. *"I've got a red one, he's got a brown one/He's got a picture on one of his/He's got a clear one, he's got a dear one/Oh we all love coloured discs because colour is cool hanging on your wall/Records are really neat."* The Piranhas know where it's at. As they say, who plays records anyway? Stupid habit.

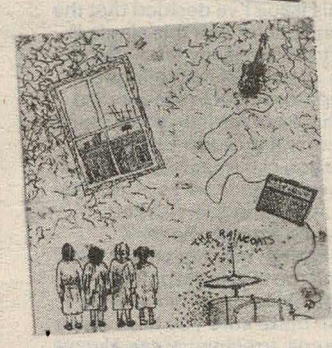
NICKY AND THE DOTS: Never Been So Stuck (Small Wonder). Nicky And The Dots are also from Brighton, and this one is one tasty pop single. Everyone knows the importance of being tasty. And everyone knows that Talking Heads are XTC's foster parents. Well, The Dots are XTC's second cousins, and are apparently really great at turning a happy little ditty into something permanent and not-so-dumb. A sturdy and effective poppy combo, the Dots could quite easily go far. Not many fancy types can pull off overstatement and repetition as well as they can. I'll wear my red and white Nicky And The Dots badge with pride.

POISON GIRLS/FATAL MICROBES (Small Wonder/Xntrix). Poison Girls are a quartet I've had bad times with before, but their earnest contribution to this interesting four-track 12" record is surprisingly bewitching. Two different sorts of mundane paranoia interpreted clearly and catchily. They're nowhere near as dreary as I thought: something good has formed and is forming.

They share the record with the very good Fatal Microbes, who are also *very* promising. Nothing outrageous, but some keen, distinctive rock. The sinister nursery rhyme 'Violence Grows' is effective for a number of reasons; hear it for yourself. 'Beautiful Picture' is a sullen study of narcissism, sung with precocious incision by the extremely young Honey Bane.

Again, this ain't no classic but shows two groups attempting to establish their own territory with encouraging determination. No diet of cliches for these two.





DENNIS BROWN: Ain't That Lovin' You (Laser). A splendidly prepared, gracefully sung, deftly garnished spread of rich and refined music, though I look for something maybe edgier and maybe more scarred. But it's obviously a noble performance. Probably slightly too winsome for it to chart, but attractive enough for plenty of daylight radio play. Backed with a clownish yet well mannered warm bread interpretation, fitting in the hole-in-my-bucket saga with waggish Althea and Donna assistance over the tidy lope. Strange rules and regulations — I don't think I'll ever be a purist, but a steady and poised record.

● **LIGHT RELIEF**

BETTE MIDLER: Buckets Of Rain (Atlantic).
JILTED JOHN: Birthday Kiss (EMI International).
THE REZILLOS: Cold Wars (Sire). Three of my favourite lampooners with some awkward product: the irrelevance of each of these releases takes the shine off their original ribald charm.

'Buckets Of Rain' is an odd selection from the recent dandy 'Best of Bette' collection, sounding a lot more indulgent and silly these days than it did back in '77. The dumb duet between Dylan and Bette is one of those knockabouts that sound great the first few times you hear them but soon wear down. I can't remember why I liked it so much. Perhaps it's that bit at the end where Dylan says, "You should have got Paul Simon to do this."

I still get a thrill every time I play 'Jilted John', and think the album's a little masterpiece, but it's irritating the way EMI keep thrusting out segments of the album with no real sympathy. 'Birthday Kiss' is wonderful in its place on 'True Love Stories' but separated from it it does sound a little pale. Jilted John ordinariness though is still a lot better than most. In my heart Jilted John always was a one-hit wonder.

The Rezillos artefact is unlovely and unseemly. 'Cold Wars' has no light and no shape, and on the B-side 'Flying Saucer Attack' and 'Twist And Shout' sound disfigured and clumsy. I begin to have sympathy with Reynolds' and Fife's superficially pedantic complaints. The whole messy business is a waste of time and a waste of potential.

DR FEELGOOD: As Long As The Price Is Right (UA).
PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY: Engine Of Excess (UA).
ABBA: Does Your Mother Know? (Epic). Three unhealthy collections of unperfumed pranksters turn their noses up at grace and glamour and ignore the stubble. The stale Feelgood romp comes in three colours of unkissable vinyl. The song is fat and, the Feelgoods fancy, but it sounds positively impotent next to the nimble Swedish R&B attack in the Abba corner. Steaming, it is. Punilux is the ugliest and least sportive of the three, a leaden slab of barely moulded, drowsily mixed heavy metal that shoots them to the same shamed corner as Doll By Doll and no one cares.

● **IRRELEVANCIES OF THE WEEK: THAT IT SHOULD COME TO THIS**

IAN HUNTER: When The Daylight Comes (Chrysalis).
PATTI SMITH: Frederic (Arista).
ROD STEWART: Blondes Have More Fun (Riva).
LINDA LEWIS: I'd Be Surprisingly Good For You (Ariola).
FRANK ZAPPA: Dancin' Fool (CBS).
GEORGE HARRISON: Love Comes To Everyone (Dark Horse). From half a dozen people whose reputations and talents expect to be flattered, an unbelievably feeble collection of songs. If they were by anybody else I wouldn't bother talking about them. Half of them will be hits, half of them seriously expect to be hits and none of them are even worth getting free. Not one of them, except

maybe Hunter's, has any relevance to what this paper and its readers are supposedly about. They are all so smug and safe . . . creatures of habit.

Stewart's rusty (where it means to be lusty) work-out shows acute lack of pertinent practice and sounds ridiculous, facetious. If it appeals to you, worry.

Lewis cannot fail with the soggy, silly 'I'd Be Surprisingly Good For You' — more's the pity. Written by Rice and Lloyd Webber, it's produced by Mike Batt — who's responsible for the first rotten number one of the year — and is Kid Jensen's record of the week. Futile to oppose it.

Of George Harrison's 'Love Comes To Everyone' and Zappa's contrived and diabolically ignorant 'Dancin' Fool' I can't decide which is the more appalling.

The disappointment of the week, to understate, is the distressing 'Frederic', written by Patti Smith and produced by Todd Rundgren. A harmless, mellow pseudo-ballad with shameless, half-hearted disco hints: spongy enough for Radio 2. You can actually sing 'Because The Night' along with it. This is not so much a compromise as a total grovel. Maybe Arista released it before Todd had time to finish it off. It's unspeakable.

That Ian Hunter's moderately animated, slightly chunky, milky vinyl 'When The Daylight Comes' is the most positive and purposeful record of this banal bunch says it all. Into the bin!

● **THEY JUST KEEP COMING**

MINNY POPS; Footsteps (Plurex).

STAA MARX: Crazy weekend (Cherry Red).
THE RECORD PLAYERS: Give An Inch (Wreckord).
REBEL: Rocka Shocka (Bridge House).
NOT SENSIBLES: Death To Disco (Bent).
THE MOLESTORS: Commuter Man (Small Wonder).
MUMPS: Rock'n'Roll This, Rock'n'Roll That (Perfect).
THE STIFFS: Standard English (Dork).
SCANDAL: Comic Book Hero (Local).
DRED SCOTT: I Believe You All (Red Spot).
SENDERS: Living End (Sen).

I'm so tired. The reviewer's lot gets less and less happy as from all corners of civilisation enthusiasts and concerned people make rock'n'pop with a verve and joviality that is as numbing as it's humbling. All the work, money, time, despair that's gone into this little lot . . .

These eleven records are easily avoidable, not one of them's going to make your life a better thing, but it brings a lump to the throat to have to say it. Put it this way: every one of these singles, that come from Ramsgate, New York, Canada, London, Los Angeles, Brighton, Manchester, Blackburn, are more invigorating and interesting than the six sops above and the fifty other empty singles that didn't inspire me to write anything. But if you're actually thinking about spending money, consuming, tasting, investigating, then only The Minny Pops' pungent oddball EP and the mechanically jitterbugging Life Support EP are genuinely worthwhile, and then with reservations. The rest are the bearable, ordinary, hopeful 1979 independent morass, a whole collection of rock riffs and funny/frustrated lyrics, UFO produced by Roy Wood or Les Dawson or Nick Lowe or a passing milkman . . . ultimately all but indistinguishable. You can be ignorant, nasty, cynical, condescending but they just keep coming.

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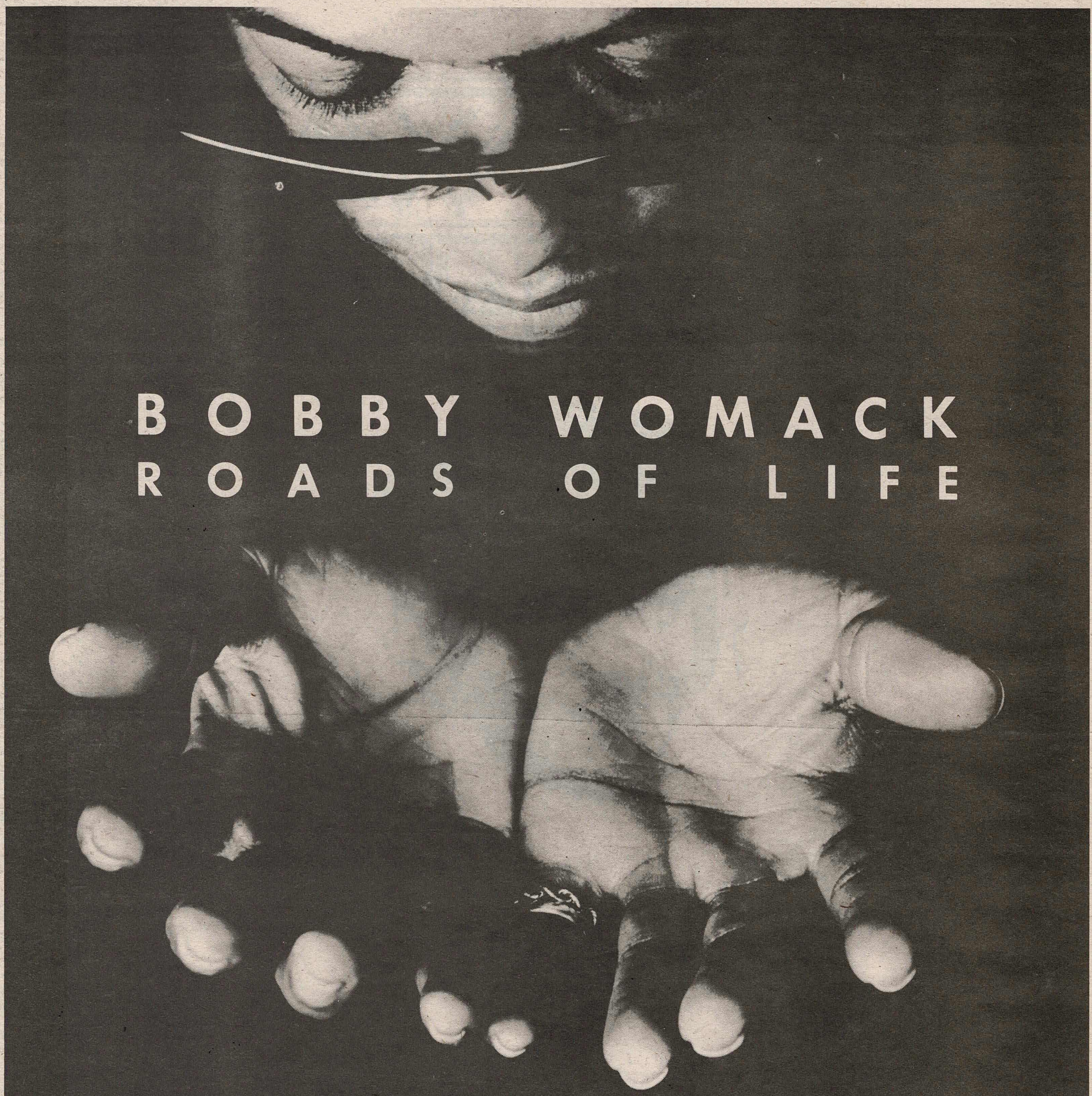

Three Years of Silence
broken by
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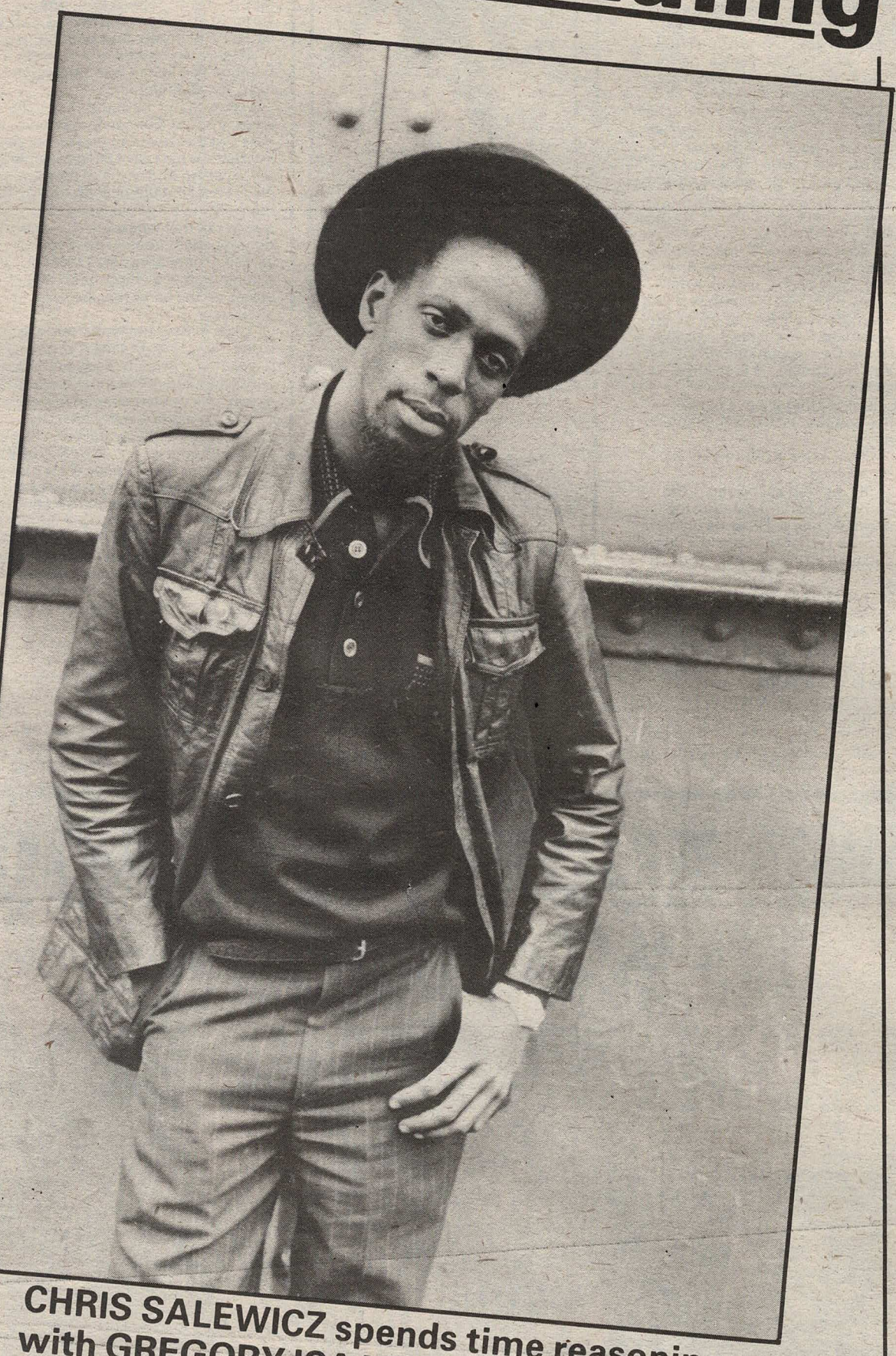
Bobby Womack's Arista Debut

Album: ARTY 165
Cassette: TCART 165

ARISTA

Reggae And The Art Of Cool Ruling



CHRIS SALEWICZ spends time reasoning with GREGORY ISAACS, currently one of Jamaica's hottest properties and coolest voices.

"THERE IS NOT just one type of song I sing," Gregory Isaacs tells me. "I sing *all* forms. I sing tunes for all the people to let them know themselves. Tune for the poor man. Tune for the rich man. *International.*"

Listening to his love songs like 'Special Guest' *("Let me be the special guest for the night")* on 'The Best Of Gregory Isaacs', or 'One More Time' on 'Cool Ruler', the first LP on Virgin's Front Line label, you realise that when it comes down to recording purely sensual primal horniness Gregory Isaacs shows up the like of Marvin Gaye for mere middleweights.

His fragile, sensitive yet equally rock-hard vocals make it clear why, on the first date of his British tour last summer, the front of the stage of the Harlesden Roxy was filled with sistren, their mouths drooped in ga-ga worship as a three-piece suited Gregory performed his set with the same kind of doe-eyed, swaying vulvernability that Elvis Presley wielded to such heart-tugging effect on the ballads in his early movies.

Gregory Isaacs is no dumb primal pin-up, however — by no means just a pretty face and set of tonsils. As well as being deliciously, innocently sexual his music is also loving, tender, witty, religious and, most of all, *uplifting.*

Much of it is also pure protest in that totally apolitical Rastafarian manner: his big JA hit 45, 'Mr Cop', for example, or 'Hancuff' or 'Slave Master' on 'Mr Isaacs' or 'Slave Market' or 'Black Liberation Struggle' on 'Soon Forward', his excellent upcoming Front Line set.

As with Burning Spear, the only other consistently uncompromising beautiful loner reggae artist to whom I can compare him *(What about Dennis Brown? — Ed.),* Isaacs makes the kind of music that will cool you right out any time the pressure's getting just a little too oppressive. It just *does* it, that's all. He's an absolute major force. Non-reggae freaks should suspend their disbelief and just plunge in.

Listening to a Gregory Isaacs record recalls how the ancients would use that most abstract art-form of all, music, to form a direct channel to their gods — or, in the case of reggae music, to One God, to One Love: Jah Rastafari!!!

UP IN HIS St John's Wood hotel room the Cool Ruler leans forward on the bed and delivers a dialectic on dualism.

"In all the world you have good and bad." He smiles, emphasising his point by pushing with a forefinger hard down on my right forearm. "In every man there is good and bad and every man upon the face of the earth *knows* good and bad. Just positive and negative, seen?

"And," he sighs with the sad fatalism that's so often a prime emotion within his songs, "as was prophesied, the bad man will *always* try and control people. Even these days some Youth get brainwashed whilst some shake it out. Some still live under them certain types o' slavery systems.

"In England," he continues, "and in most foreign countries I notice that many guys love to play a thing they call *chess.*

"Well, *I* not play that game. For that game is one of the ways of teaching people how to *use* other people. I don't want to use no man as no pawns for nothing out there. I not want to control a man and put *him* where *I* want him."

I mention how I myself had been appalled when a former colleague expounded his personal philosophy thusly: "Life is just a game of chess. There's the Kings and Queens and then there's the pawns to move around."

Gregory nods: "Well, that's how most guys see it — *utter wickedness.*"

Yet what people who pull that manipulation number don't realise is how they're really manipulating themselves with their own delusions. They think they're being clever and have some special powers, when really they're just being stupid and giving in to their darker sides. The general manner in which Western society operates, in fact.

"True." Gregory nods again. "I don't want to use anyone as pawns or as bishops. But that is *definitely* one of the main methods European people use — they study the chess board and then try and use it on other beings.

"I live by the basic principles of Rastafari — not by men's laws but by *God's* laws. There is deeper depths and higher heights in most things and all things.

"And I," he continues with what could sound like extreme ego but is really a confidence that arises from Greg's dismissing the superficialities of his ego and connecting with the true core of his Self, "as a Youth have trod the earth in the higher heights. That means I see most things before them 'appen. I communicate with the Father.

"And in my music right now I want to put out some nice works." He smiles gently. "Some nice works to let the people hear this."

UNLIKE MOST major reggae artists Gregory Isaacs *never* cut any sides for Studio One: "I never come through Studio One channel. I come through Jah channel."

In 1969 he cut his first record as a member of The Concords on their only 45, 'Don't Let Me Suffer', for Rupie Edwards' Success label. The next year the same label issued his first solo single, 'Too Late', and among the other tunes he cut for Edwards were 'Each Day' and 'Black And White'.

With these first records suffering from lack of promotion Gregory then linked up with Errol Dunkley to form the African Museum label. Starting with 'My Only Lover' a string of 45s followed, including 'Lonely Soldier', 'I Need Your Love' and 'Lonely Days'.

Meanwhile, 'Lonely Man' was released on Success and Gregory also cut 'Your Smiling Face' for Lloyd Campbell, 'All I Have Is Love' for Pat Kelly and 'Open The Door To Your Heart' for Roydale Anderson.

1974 saw a big UK reggae hit for Greg's 'Love Is Overdue' on Trojan's Attack, a tune included on his first album, 'In Person', along with an earlier JA hit 'Innocent People Cry'. All cuts on the LP were recorded at Treasure Isle and produced by Alvin GG Ranklin.

In 1975 Gregory Isaacs made 'Bad Da' with Winston Niney Holiness, 'Promises' with Lloyd F. Campbell, and 'Fly Little Silver Bird' for Prince Tony. The same year there was also the self-production 'Dance With Me', plus 'Sinner Man', a working of Bob Marley's 'Bend Down Low', 'Help Us Get Over' and the highly rated 'Thief A Man'.

His most sueccessful year to date was 1976: the Mighty Two's production of 'Babylon Too Rough', GG's 'Lonely Days', Channel One's 'Sunshine For Me' and 'Look Before You Leap'. His reputation was sealed, however, by the African Museum titles: 'Rasta Business', 'Black Kill A Black' and 'Extra Classic', a number one reggae hit.

All these titles were included on the excellent 'Extra Classic' album released the next year on Conflict.

Prior to this, and before 1976 was out, Trojan issued the singer's second LP, 'All I Have Is Love', and Black Wax put out the 'The Philistine' single.

As well as the Conflict LP 1977 also saw the following 45s: 'Set The Captives Free', 'Lovelight', 'Heartache', 'Slave Master' and one of his most successful and best-known numbers, 'Mr Cop', also featured on 'Extra Classic'.

It was last year, though, that saw the first signs of international acceptance for Gregory Isaacs as a major talent: following the great 'Mr Know It All', the discomix he cut for Dennis Brown, two superb albums were released — 'Mr Isaacs' on DEB and 'Best Of Gregory Isaacs' on GG, which led, for better or worse, to an eight album deal with Virgin's Front Line, and the release of 'Cool Ruler', an LP that was critically maligned in parts, apparently because of the label on which it appeared, but which is, in fact, very, very fine.

Gregory is far more philosophical about dealing with Virgin than those ideologically pure though naive souls who tell him he's made a terrible error. He is amused / bemused that so many people who didn't have to make the choice of whether to sign should be airing their doubts: "Enough people vexed that I sign with Virgin but I don't find anything wrong with them."

As he points out, he can't even get his own label together properly in JA so why should he manage it here?

Besides, Greg is most keen that he should acquire an *international* hit single, a matter that should not be too difficult when a good 50 per cent of his previous output already sounds like Top Ten hits.

"Right now I as a Youth deal with Virgin and," he laughs, "if I put out half a dozen 45s and just one gets the right promotion then it *must* happen. It gonna happen. I love to hear that Bob Marley or Dennis Brown or any reggae artist at all shoot a tune in the chart in Babylon. It do a lot for I and a lot more artists."

Born 28 years ago in Kingston, Gregory Isaacs is a Cancer — or, as he would prefer, he was born in July and is therefore of the Tribe of Judah. Although, as he points out softly: "Me not a man who join Twelve Tribes. Me not need to join them to go and serve God. Me serve the Father anyway, seen? Me not have to go in a special temple.

"Yet me not fight against Twelve Tribes because them Rastas and I *lo-o-ove* that. And I know a man must come from a tribe."

DESPITE THE cold grey clouds outside, his hotel room's central heating permits Gregory to wear just a brown patterned armless T-shirt and a pair of pants of a lighter brown striped material. Over by the window several Fred Perry-style striped shirts hang while two beautiful high-crowned hats — one black, one maroon — sit on the low chest of drawers opposite.

There's a pile of empty plates on a room-service tray down on the floor and the black and white TV flickers on its perch at the end of the bed with the sound turned down.

It could be the room of any on-tour rock musician — if it weren't for the Bible open at Psalms tucked on the window-ledge.

Anyway, with me sat on a chair opposite the bed we sit there reasoning. There's a good feeling, a very comfortable vibe that's totally at odds with anything I'd previously heard about Gregory

■ *Continues over page*

Mr. Isaacs Continued

■ *From previous page*

Isaacs being shy, reticent, or even stand-offish.

I tell him that I'd been talking to Culture's Joseph Hill when that trio were over here last month. I'd asked him if all the Babylonian aspects of a London or a New York didn't jam his head.

"Yeah, confusion," nods Gregory. The reality, he goes on in slow yet sure and passionate voice," is to try and perform a certain amount of works in a earth. Just to try to deliver a certain amount of message to the population."

And that message *is* getting across and getting stronger all the time. Does it surprise Gregory when he sees so much white youth at reggae gigs?

"That love reggae? *No-o-o,*" he shakes his head, scattering his uneven locks, "not surprise I. I is a true man that live at a certain 'eight in life, seen? Nothing too really surprise I on the earth, because I know what the earth is like. You know the music can be acceptable amongst *all* the population — don't care what colour or creed or race I deal with. *I-niversal.*

"And in the recording business right now I sight I-self as one of Jah messengers, seen? The Father put me on the earth to deliver a certain message to the people: to *wa-a-arn* them sometime, sometime to comfort them.

"Like I say, I sing tune for the poor man, tune for the rich man. But my music mostly relates upon the poor — the people whom I love and who are the most loving type of people.

"Well, true reggae is the nearest music to God right now. The old music doesn't really call upon the Father so regular. People fight it, but I know it *must* go through. It *must* break, I wan' tell you."

Sure, that's why everyone has such a strong reaction to it. A lot of people love it but others just tell you, "Oh, I *hate* that music." And you think, "Well, why do all those people hate reggae music?" Well, it's because it's so strong and direct that it troubles them — just like Punk did to so many people. They're frightened by it.

"There are all forms of barriers still, trying to keep it out, but it has the power of the Almighty so it has to go through. Slowly but surely."

Just the nature of England alone causes reggae music difficulties; just that it's so physically cold, for example. In winter you have to hold yourself in all the time.

"True. Well, England is not like Jamaica," says Isaacs, adding, with utter love in his voice, "which is a really *blessed* little country, regardless of what you hear people say about violence. That's why I appreciate it when you say you like the vibes of Jamaica. You have seen it fe yourself and you know it is a *nice* place. Nice, nice, nice. Jah trod through that place with a certain amount of blessing.

"See, in England where you have all that snow and t'ing . . . the way I check it is as a certain amount of *sin and wickedness* that makes all them t'ings go on: snow and all them t'ings."

Well, there certainly is a lot of sin and wickedness! . .

"Well, *that* is why Jah have to freeze up man sometime. *And let them take heed,*" his voice rises powerfully, and then drops down again. "It is a lickle Rastaman on whom the sun shines. It is only a few of the population that is Rasta. Yet," he smiles, "it is so small yet so big."

Serious things have to happen in this country. It just can't go on like this.

"True. People have to know themselves.

"If," he free-associates, "the Father 'oo control creation look upon I as one of His sons on earth . . . The Father built the 'ole world and built life itself, seen, and 'im say, 'True, Gregory, you supposed to tread this earth . . .'

"Because certain places I not go unless the Father says I must tread there. Even England 'ere now. It is the Father control I-life — never let thy life control they own trods.

"I have a nice album to bring to Virgin . . . But I could've sent someone else, y'check. Not true?"

When did you being to get your first spiritual awakening?

"So shekels — yes. But I see the music much higher than for obtaining money ..."

Pic: Kate Simon

"Towards Rastafari? You see, as a Youth I trod the earth a lot. But I was *born* to live the life and *serve* Rastafari.

"Yet when I was a Youth there used to be a lot of Rastaman, seen, who I could dwell amongst and hear reasoning and t'ing.

"But it is after that really that," dramatically and excitably, *"Jah come take hold of I personally.* That mean no more teaching from the man but from the Father himself. To live up to the basic principles and the moral laws!"

Had you had bad times within yourself before then?

"I check every man have good times and bad times on earth. Some have more bad times and some more good times . . ."

It always seems that to achieve clarity it's necessary to have a lot of tough times to balance that understanding . . .

"True, true. Yeah, man. A *lot* of weird times," he pauses. "I is a man 'oo struggle a lot. Because the Father say, 'There are those that pass through dread tribulation.' Tribulation is something a man have to go through especially when 'e wants to deal with righteousness . . ."

A pause, then: "Music, y'know: Life . . . *Life.*"

There's a knock on the door. It's a black chambermaid who's come to take the room-service tray. She stares in schoolgirl-like awe at Gregory, plainly in love with him.

When Gregory had first visited England had he felt it straightaway to be very Babylonian?

"Yeah, man." he sighs. "I feel the vibes, y'know. Even before I trod here I was aware of them places. But that's what I say: physically my *voice* can go into some of those places but I individually do not go there. There's a whole heap of places like that where righteousness doesn't go. Even in Jamaica there are some places I wouldn't go — a whole heap of places on the earth that are unclean.

"Even in Babylon here there are some nice place. But most of the people here, even in reggae music — not all of them but most of them — just look upon the material side of it, the monetary part of it. *I* see it" — his voice rises until it's almost booming — " *'IGHER THAN THAT.* 'Igher than *money.* Yet I *want* to achieve shekels from it because I must live from it and find food from it . . .

"So shekels . . . *yes.* But I see the music much higher than for obtaining money."

I think that things here *are* getting better in that respect. There are rock musicians I know who only care about their music; if they make money then that's a pure incidental that can be put back into furthering their art . . .

"True, y'know. Since the last couple o' years I come to England I find this time the people increase their knowledge towards reggae. In music there's good songs and bad songs and they come more to realise this."

Gregory is delighted by the New Wave/reggae alliance and by the playing of reggae music between acts at punk gigs: "Them *know* themself and them *know* it supposed to give them *a nice vibration* for the performing of their work, seen? Listen couple o' reggae before them go work as rock band and know them supposed to feel *spiritual vibes.*"

'Univercial Tribulation', Gregory's upcoming Virgin Front Line LP, had its rhythm tracks laid down on the four-track at Channel One and was completed on the 16-track at Harry J's. Assorted members of Channel One house band, The Revolutionaries, play on it.

Gregory Isaacs wants to return to England in the summer to play some live dates. However: "I and I do not show at all until I and I work with I-band, seen?"

PUTTING TOGETHER a permanent band of his own will occupy much of Gregory's time when he returns to Jamaica: "The only t'ing I have to wait for now is a certain amount of finance fe get good quality instruments. Because in Jamaica is just a 'ole 'eap o' talent."

Gregory has enough problems getting his own musical equipment into Jamaica: he tells how the prohibitive Jamaican import restrictions required him to pay the same amount of money again in taxes for the £190 cassette recorder he took into JA from England last year. And, of course, he needed the machine to cut demos of new songs. You should see what it's like trying to buy a second-hand guitar in Jamaica. Or a second-hand car. Or a packet of washing-powder. Or . . . but that's another story.

Doesn't the Government realise that reggae music is helping make the whole world stand up and notice Jamaica?

"See," Gregory replies, "Government and them system me no penetrate, y'know. Believe me,

■ *Continues page 61*

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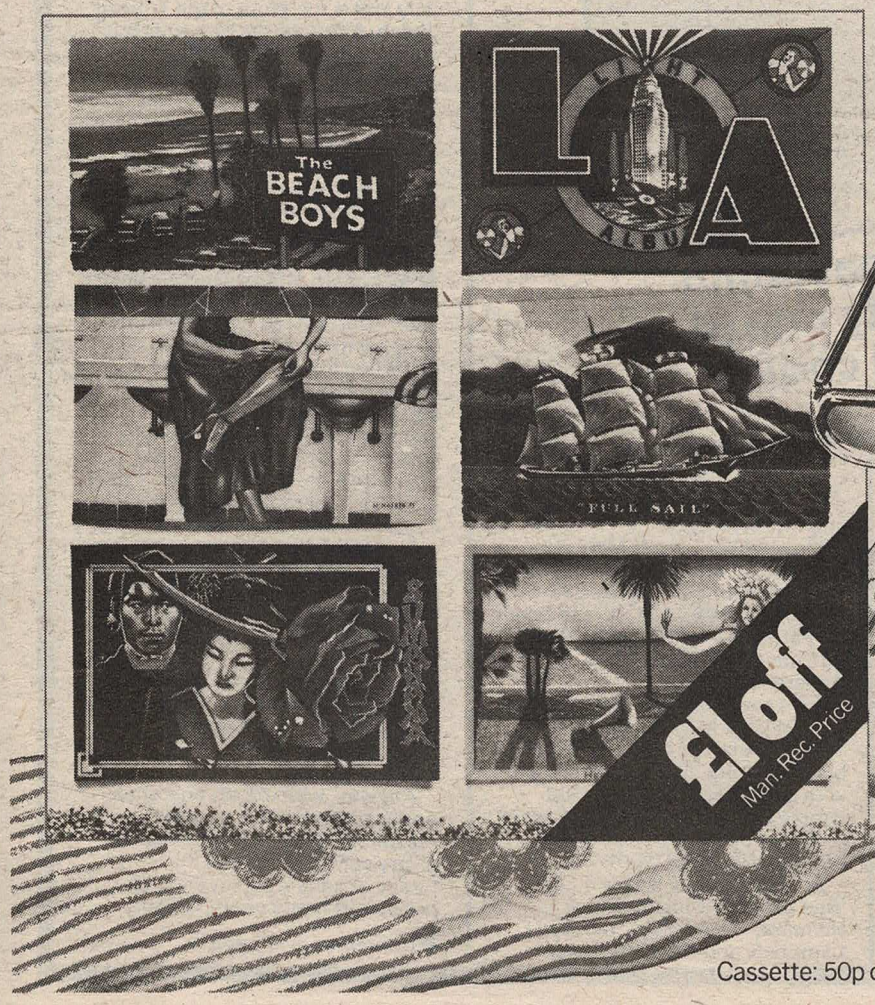

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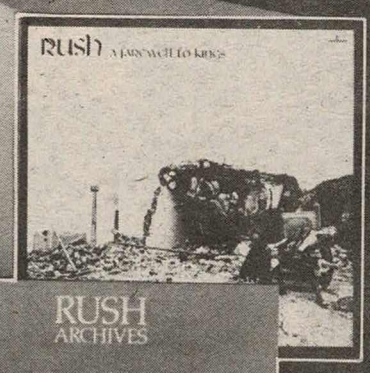

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Monday 30th April MANCHESTER Apollo
Tuesday 1st May LIVERPOOL Empire
Wednesday 2nd May LIVERPOOL Empire
Friday 4th May HAMMERSMITH Odeon
Saturday 5th May HAMMERSMITH Odeon
Sunday 6th May HAMMERSMITH Odeon
Monday 7th May HAMMERSMITH Odeon
Wednesday 9th May COVENTRY Theatre
Thursday 10th May BIRMINGHAM Odeon
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24th City Hall, Newcastle.
25th City Hall, Sheffield.
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27th Gaumont, Southampton.
28th Hammersmith Odeon, London.
29th Hammersmith Odeon, London.

Judas Priest

CBS Records

SET THE CONTROLS FOR TOTAL MEDIA OVERKILL

MICK FARREN goes on an exploratory flight around the burgeoning — and often bozoid — SF industry, on the occasion of the London opening of 'Battlestar Galactica'.

IF YOU try hard to look for a logical pattern in the outpourings of the media you can quite easily drive yourself crazy. If you try to impose one of your own you're certain to be disappointed.

About the most you can expect is a series of definable cycles. These, however, rarely have a deep and complex meaning. All too often a cycle starts with a single huge success, and is continued by a host of increasingly dire imitations.

The London opening of the ray-gun opera *Battlestar Galactica* last week proves that yes, Virginia, we are in the middle of yet another of these cycles, with exactly the same downward vector.

In the beginning there was *Star Wars*. George Lucas had the open audacity to try out a *Flash Gordon* style epic on a 1970s audience.

That's if you don't count John Carpenter's cute but almost totally neglected *Dark Star*. Not only did Lucas try it, he tried it with a big budget, dazzling effects and booming John Williams score. For his troubles he was rewarded with lots and lots of money.

Just a matter of weeks later came Steven Spielberg's *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, a flying saucers are for real epic — again with big budget, dazzling special effects and booming John Williams score. Once again the results were lots and lots of money.

In Hollywood, the money men, a breed not noted for their perception or creative intellect but famous for their love of balance sheets that boast figures followed by lots of big black zeros, perked up. There was obviously gold in that there science fiction.

Superman followed. More budget, dazzling, booming etc. A lot of laffs and even more money. By then it was confirmed. Science fiction was definitely the new cycle.

Movieland is used to cycles. In fact, the crass end virtually lives by them. If you can't be original, then the next best thing is to ride the latest cycle. It's nothing new.

Peckinpah's *Wild Bunch* was followed by a slew of brutal westerns. James Bond began an

equally nasty mess of dumb spy pictures. *Towering Inferno* was rapidly followed in increasingly tedious disaster flicks. *The Exorcist* invoked a flood of supernatural, Catholic nastiness, while *Jaws* turned loose an assortment of fauna, including its very own fishy follow-up, *Jaws II*, all bent on having the human race for lunch.

Most cycles start with a couple of hits and then move through a mess of bandwagoning, copycat also-rans. The quality tends to drop away so drastically that the audience withers and eventually vanishes, swearing never to watch the same kind of thing again.

The biblical epic of the '50s was a typical example. What started with the De Mille-type spectaculars like the magnificent, if absurd, *Ben Hur* or *Ten Commandments*, quickly degenerated to Italian low budget monstrosities like *Goliath and The Slave Girls*.

FORTUNATELY the science fiction movie run is still in the early stages. Phillip Kaufman's *Invasion Of The Body Snatchers* stayed well within the bounds of both taste and quality control. It took risks. Re-making Don Siegel's 1950s paranoid classic was a risk that could have ended in disaster, but as it turned out, except for a lot too much nasty gloop oozing about when the pods did their thing, and some over-reliance on the eyes of Donald Sutherland, the end result was worth the price of a ticket.

Battlestar Galactica, however, is a whole different can of worms. For a start, its makers think science fiction means space opera with a big S and budget with a big B. It's the product of Hollywood shuck, jive and money shuffle. *Star Wars* was an expensive maverick, but a maverick all the same. *Galactica* is the first sci fi production line job to come straight out from the fast buck factory.

Costing 25 million dollars in the making, the finance finally decreed that the end product should go out in the USA as a 13-part blockbuster TV series on the ABC network, with publicity that claimed that it was the most expensive TV series ever. In Canada and the UK, it's pitched as an epic movie in the *Star Wars* tradition.

What actually presents itself on the screen is a strange mixture of high quality special effects, filmed by Steve Dykstra, who shot the space sequences in *Star Wars*, dull scripts, and wooden acting from a cast headed by Lorne Green as the battlestar commander.

This paradoxical imbalance becomes a little easier to understand when you check on the track record of its creator, Glen Larson. One of his main claims to fame in the TV world was the production of a number of shows that followed closely in the footsteps of highly successful movies — the culmination being the *Alias Smith And Jones* series that leaned very heavily on the mammoth *Butch Cassidy and The Sundance Kid*.

A lot of American critics have put forward the opinion that *Battlestar*

Galactica is simply the very expensive culmination of this kind of thinking. Certainly it follows a very close *Star Wars* stereotype, so close that a plagiarism suit started by 20th Century Fox, the makers of *Star Wars*, has been bouncing backwards and forwards since the show was unveiled.

It's certainly this kind of thinking that could cause the science fiction boom to wind up with a *Kung Fu On Mars* type disaster that would kill it off for a long time.

Galactica is only the start, though. Right at this moment, more than 14 new science fiction movies are either about to open or in production.

Right in front of the excitement is *Star Wars II* (which director George Lucas claims is actually *Star Wars IV*, because the film we saw last year was really *Star Wars III*, and all will be made clear about the time you see *Star Wars IX* — you work it out).

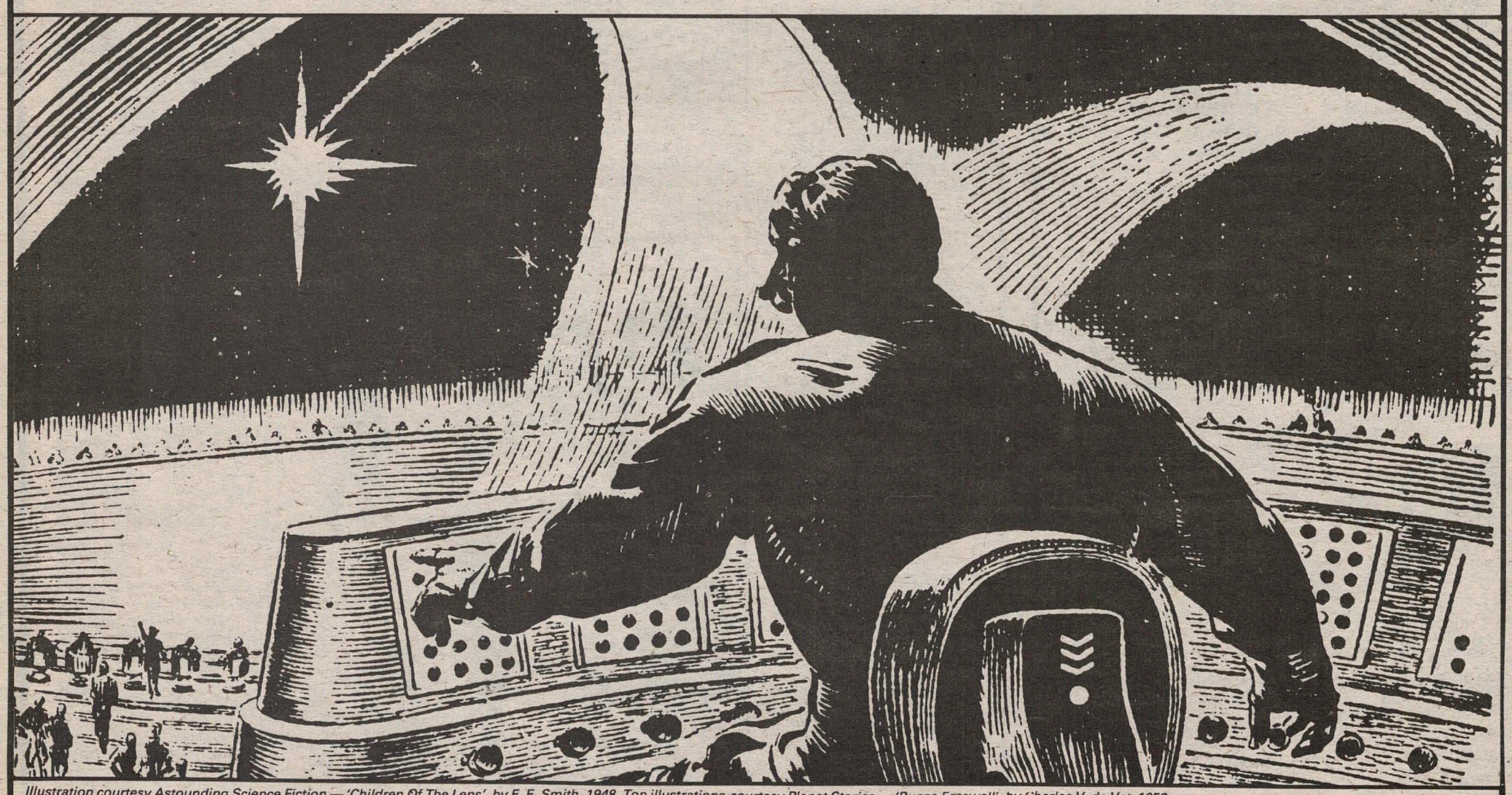
As if this wasn't enough, Steven Spielberg is reshooting whole sections of *Close Encounters* for release later in the year. *Superman II* is already in the can for yule '79. These, however, are the sequels and retreads. Behind them are a dozen or more new spectaculars just bursting to get your two quid into the box office.

You want to take a deep breath before I run it down?

The obvious front runner has to be the *Star Trek* movie, a project that was actually conceived before *Star Wars* but held on the blocks during protracted bickering with the 15-years-on stars. A particular stumbling block was Leonard Nimoy who, trying to re-establish himself as both an actor and a human being after all those years in rubber ears, held out for the big figures when he found that the studio decree was virtually No Spock — No movie.

The big studio cosmetic jobs would appear to be *Alien* and *Meteor*. The first is a kind of

■ *Continues page 50*



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Who is Max Webster?

Who is KIM MITCHELL ...?

... and why are these Canucks making his life a misery?

By HARRY GEORGE

FOR TWO guys pitched from an eight-hour flight into a gaggle of interviews with everyone from *NME* to the *Ham And High,* Pye Dubois and Kim Mitchell are civility itself. Respectively lyricist and guitarist/kingpin with the Canadian collective trading as Max Webster, the pair aim to up the nation's Max-consciousness before supporting Rush on their sell-out tour.

Of the two, Dubois seems the less fazed by the day's events. Built for comfort over speed, his bushy 'tache, beach shirt and benign drawl spell R-E-L-A-X-E-D.

Mitchell is the guitar strangler of their tour advert; tall, strong-nosed and skinny with shoulder-length hair retreating from his temples. Though his comments sometimes sound like they're being phoned in from Mid-Atlantic, they make sense enough. "I like that girl's ass" is a typical example.

Between them they wrote most of the band's two Capitol albums, 'A Million Vacations' and last year's 'Mutiny Up My Sleeve'. With keyboardsman Terry Watkinson chipping in and Gary McCracken (drums) conceiving the 'Vacations' track with Pye, the results are homogenous yet intriguingly diverse.

Neither Kim nor Terry are seminal soloists, but the arrangements thrive on surprise, occasionally resembling the Floyd during their terse, 'Obscured By Clouds' period. Riffs dissolve imperceptibly into songs, while melodies twist and leap to Dave Myles' bass pulse and McCracken's nifty rolls. Instruments are layered with Abba-like skill.

Tame wordsmiths are usually a luxury, being either laboured and literary (Keith Reid) or just plain banal (Gary Osborne), where simple words that roll with the flow *be down under/Pushing up wheat for the hungry")* is purest Sarnia, Ontario — home town to all, bar Watkinson. The dreamy psychedelia of 'Beyond The Moon' and the 'Worst Band In The World' foolery of 'Research (At Beach Resorts)' would do. Yet Pye Dubois seems pretty essential to Max Webster.

"I hadn't written for a band before; what I know about music Kim has taught me. I've been spoiled up till this album, in that the lyrics always came first. It's only this time that a lot of the music came first, so it was quite a refreshing challenge."

A psychotherapist, Pye has been on the road with the band for two years. When I ask about 'Rascal Houdi' on the new album, his training comes flooding back. These, I swear, are his very words:

"I created the character, based on Houdini — it's a free-form punner kind of seizure pancake mix happening not only in a concert but at home, where he has his headphones and he can retreat. It stays with 'A Million Vacations', the idea of escaping." Oh.

A band must be on a certain beam to handle lyrics like these: *"I'm going home put my headphone on wave at my dad . . ./I'm gonna rolla regal ego cone, I need a time escape/I leave avant stark and move to avant faint . . ./I'm out to perch, I'm out to here."*

Lucid stuff, right? Yet somehow, combined with the band's music, it's a total success. But doesn't Kim foresee a time when he'd want to write his own, uh, pancake mix happening?

"Yeah I do, actually, but I'm in no hurry. Pye is just so unique and so together . . . I get blown away by what he shows me."

I didn't know where to look.

Kim and Terry share a Brooker/Winwood vocal quality that doesn't hurt a bit, but the former's tone on some of the loonier tunes, *("I should*

MAX WEBSTER (from left): Gary McCracken, Kim Mitchell, David Myles, Terry Watkinson!

must be heard, though the new 'Paradise Skies' 12" single makes an ace sampler.

Having outgrown Canada, would they consider a move to the States?

Kim stirs. "No way, man — Americans are fuckin' crazy. We were very influenced by Detroit radio and Sarnia's a similar town, but there's a big difference. We've done four tours of the States with Rush, supported Cheap Trick and Ritchie Blackmore.'

You'd be just right for a Cheap Trick audience?

"You'd be surprised. The Rush crowd like us — we feel comfortable with them, though they do epics and we do . . . short omelettes."

After a short digression on the French Canadian scene — "their bands get platinum albums on Quebec sales alone" — we tackled the Big One. Who is Max Webster and why are you making his life a misery?

"We just wanted a 'name' name. At the time there was all the one-word names — Rush, Kiss — and we wanted a Jethro Tull, a Steely Dan . . . somebody's name. Later we found there was a real Max Webster living really close."

Pye: "This guy was so wealthy — he's into horses or something — he had this small-town street named after him. Some kids found out about this and took the sign, Toronto."

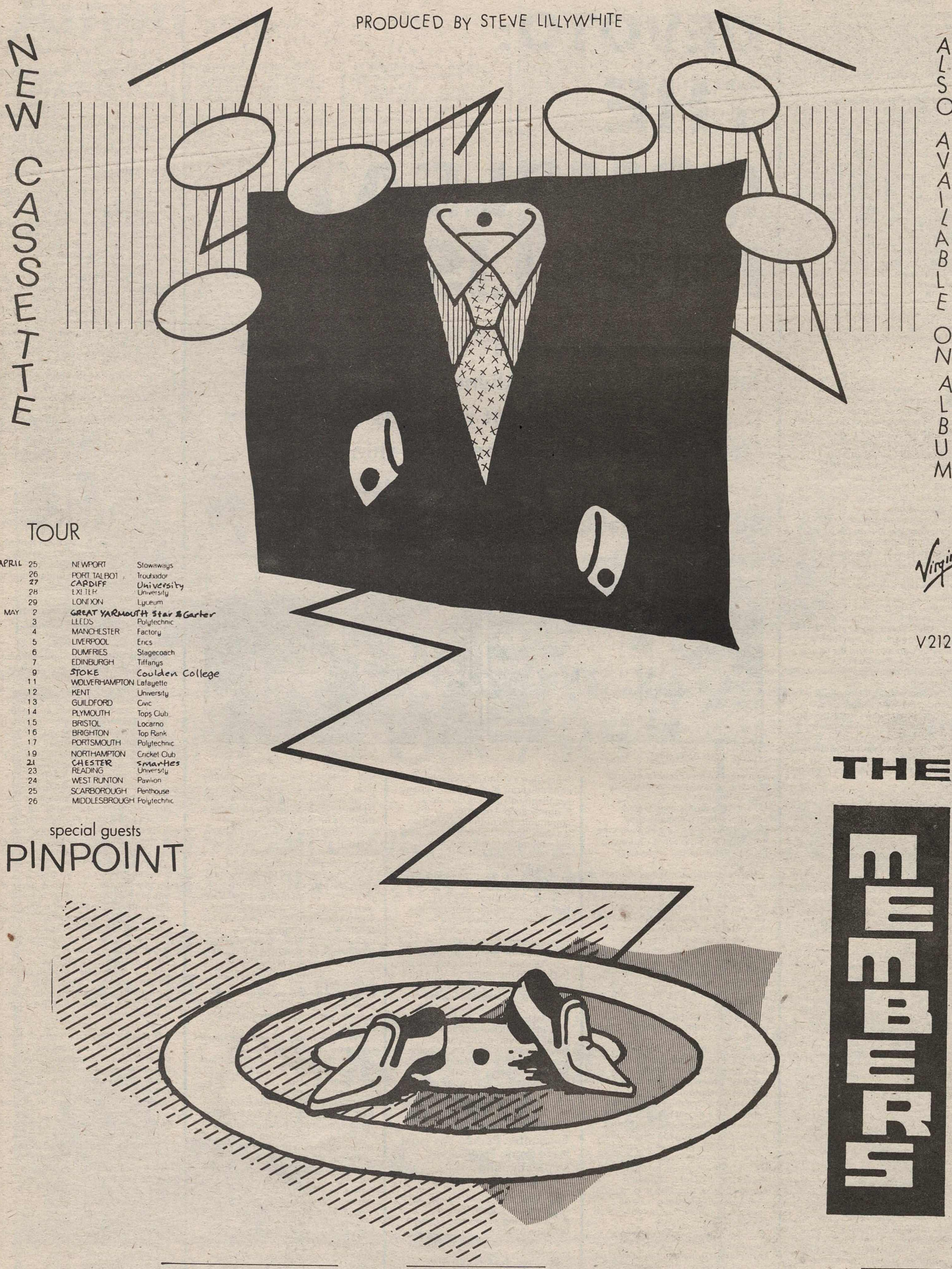
The band should go to dinner with him sometime.

After the Rush tour they hope to return and headline at the Marquee, amongst others.

"We just wanna do real good here, 'cause we've paid a lot of dues," Kim stresses.

Pye was over here a few years ago as a dishwasher — "That's why my lyrics have that cosmopolitan ring" — but otherwise it's a first. Headbangers lured by those Page/Beck riffs, a mere launching pad for the Total Max Experience, should find their reality radically readjusted.

Mass psychotherapy, I'd call it.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DEVOTO: THE COMPLEAT FATALIST

Howerd rings NICK KENT on the payphone hot line, requesting an audience. Despite tooth ache, Kent responds with alacrity. Eloquent conversations between thin intense young men ensure in pubs and studios. So this is Real Life?

Howie from both sides

LATE THURSDAY afternoon. I am angry, very angry, for reasons that form too personal a tale but revolve around a head-on collision with hysterical illogicality. Also I have a toothache — my first in years, something that is causing me concern.

I prepare to leave when I am summoned to the phone. It's Virgin Records on the line. This is strange as Virgin PR supremo Al Clark publicly estranged me from the company as a direct result of my 'negative' Steve Hillage review.

Savouring the possible venom of this call, I grasp the receiver. Instead a pleasant-sounding female voice wafts over the line. Would I like to interview Howard Devoto, she says.

Before I can answer, Devoto himself is on the line.

"When?" I ask.

"How about right now?"

I look at my watch. I look at my wrist, punch my rotting tooth in the face with my fist. My blood is up all of a sudden. No, there are no pressing commitments. Yes, Howard I will meet you in the pub over the road from Virgin. An hour? Done.

A sprightly rain-check on the ensuing scenario. Turn on objective antennae. Cue Howard Devoto story, thus far. Real name: Howard Trafford. Devoto is a Latin derived term for "bewitching". High forehead (useful amongst splenetic hacks who find it jolly clever to refer to H.D. as a 'balding twerp'), feminine glazed eyes, gaunt; wax-works cheek bones. Short and frail of physique.

The Devoto moniker started gaining attention due to his involvement with Buzzcocks — after The Sex Pistols and Damned the third 'new order' band whose official debut on July 20, 1976, predates them by a hair's breadth from The Clash.

Devoto / Trafford met Pete Shelley at college and the Buzzcocks nucleus was formed. Devoto was inspired by his three Stooges albums, Pete Shelley by Can and Marc Bolan. Seeing The Sex Pistols lit the connection and fired the combustion.

Three compadres located, the Buzzcocks played a dozen gigs with Devoto fronting before the latter left in a fit of non-commitment trauma, just as the other four were discreetly at odds with their (ex) singer's confusion, all to a man desiring a consummation of commitment and direction.

Only an E.P., the ground-breaking 'Spiral Scratch', remains as a testament to the Devoto / Buzzcocks liaison. A month after its recording he was gone, though no animosity existed and Devoto still harboured plans to write lyrics for the band.

Meanwhile the ensuing months found him furtively in the background, in the shadows of clubs and unapproachable. An enigma was being assiduously formulated even though a finite vision and direction had yet to make itself fully apparent.

Then during one session with Shelley, working on ideas for possible Buzzcocks material, the latter played a chord sequence that Devoto found so captivating that his elated response immediately caused the guitarist to give him the motif.

Devoto matched the chords with a lyric based around the phrase "Shot by both sides" that he'd been carrying around in his head for over a year, and thus a new phase began. Fuelled additionally by his speedily growing disgust at the sameness of so much 'punk rock', Devoto speedily drew up a blue-print. A unit — later named Magazine — congregated within the space of a month, and the green light poured all over the project.

Prior to Magazine's initiation, media interest was cultivated by our own stalwart Devotee, Paul Morley, who had written about yon Howie even during his periods of inactivity wherever the chance occurred.

Magazine didn't waste time. First there was a Virgin record deal, then an apparently startling performance on the late, lamented *So It Goes,* and the fuse was lit. 'Devoto, The Man For 78' screamed the headlines in *Melody Maker* as the year was ushered in. Inside was Devoto, eminently quotable with reposte like "Calling me an intellectual is like calling commonsense witchcraft."

Here it was all too easy to define a man who'd checked out the aesthetics of mischievous enigma building, and was out to seize the time — his time.

And if the aforestated wasn't enough (which it wasn't), then Devoto and Co backed it up with the epic 'Shot By Both Sides', followed by the confusing but impressive 'Real Life'.

However there were dissidents in the camp.

Our own Charlie Murray, bowled over by the *So It Goes* spot, went along ready to proclaim Devoto hot stuff, only to be faced with an "arrogant introvert" with whom communication was both taxing and annoyingly obtuse. His subsequent piece was a tad on the vitriolic side, but Murray now recalls Devoto as someone obviously imbued with a striking talent who gave the impression of being utterly hemmed in by his problems and yet glorifying them.

The latter definition is indeed perceptive — far more perceptive than the host of fairly vicious backlash pieces that have since been penned. Paramount among these was a review in a rival organ who chivved up a recent Magazine single, spewing out one dumb insult after another and basing the whole thing on the fact that because he couldn't understand what Devoto was declaring in his songs he must therefore be an utter charlatan worthy only of rejection and ridicule.

Magazine's progress — large sections of touring culminating in an excellent second album, 'Secondhand Daylight' — hasn't stopped the wolves either. Of all the reviewers, it appears that only yours truly whipped out the 'thumbs up'.

Sounds sucked into its boundless vat of half-backed spleen to accuse Devoto of charlatan tactics "while constantly failing to communicate anything except his superiority over the human race".

Melody Maker, though more reasonable (but of course), concluded that the record was no more than a string of unresolved contradictions buoyed up by a band excellently disguising Devoto's insignificance. The latter communicated nothing more than his own "focusing-in on reconciling his intolerable public image with his one personal obsession (i.e. himself) and his distrust of others becoming, in the process, frantically indulgent, and solipsistic."

A record for university halls, public school studies and the bedrooms of tortured male adolescents was the verdict. Humour and warmth were the required balm for future forays.

So Devoto is currently second only to Gen X in the spleen-venting rock critics sweepstakes and, although the two units have nothing in common, one perhaps spurious parallel becomes clear. For just as Billy Idol is bucked and spurned for his all too overt prettiness, so Devoto's alien visage creates an instinctive mistrust among those all too wary of being duped by something they can't quite grasp.

Return To The First Encounter. Part 2: 'We must Have Come To A Secret Understanding'.

APPROX 6.00 pm. Devoto isn't hard to spot in the pub. Leaning against the pin-ball machine with a half-pint, he greets me amenably as I stand brusquely sizing up my prospective interviewee. Dowdily, nonedescriptly dressed in functional duds, with a grey, creased jacket made from decidedly untrendy boiler suit material hanging on the torso, his face still holds all the alien bizarreness of his photographs, even though no make-up is perceptible. All angles and doe eyes, there's a quiet inscrutability to his manner that, matched with his other-worldly mug, reminds me of the line in Dylan's 'Can You Please Crawl Out Of Your Window' *"When he needs a third eye he just grows one".*

We depart from the pub and head round the corner to a pancake house where, by chance, the rest of Magazine are also sequestered.

Devoto and I sit at the other end of the room and talk. I mention the toothache, which prompts Devoto to slyly refer to his knowing in advance about said disability. Whether this is meant as an example of my compadres oblique wit, or whether this boast at telepathy is an example of the enigma that is Devoto, I don't know, but it puts me on my guard immediately.

So why does he want to do this interview with me, then? I quickly inquire, genuinely interested in a straight reply.

"Well, you were the one who gave us the pat on the back this time (referring to complementary critique of 'Secondhand Daylight') so I thought it only fair."

I find this just a touch condescending, but instead of launching into some feisty dialetic the context of my position causes me to launch into a long rap on music, centering my diatribe on a sequence from William Burrough's *Junky* wherein the author recounts his cold-turkey withdrawal from heroin by stating that the whole debilitating experience awoke in him a passionate love of music that manifested itself in the hero slumped over a local juke box constantly playing his favourite song over and over in order to attain relief/ release from his sickness.

Devoto becomes interested in the process of withdrawal, which leads me to explain that when addicted to narcotics one is cocooned away from one's true emotional extremities, instead choosing to wrap one's feeling in a numbing, grey-tinted cotton-wool midway land.

When weaned from the drug however, those emotions previously supressed come flooding back, running the gamut from manic depression to hysterical elation, until after weeks of unbalanced gushes of emotion one finally reaches a state of natural equilibrium.

The description obviously strikes an emphathetic note with Devoto, as he almost enthusiastically reveals that such feelings formed his concept of 'Real Life', the first album.

"Yeah, that's it exactly. Ummm yeah (he smiles to himself as though said-empathy had caused a release of intimacies). See, people always took it (the title) to be me wanting ways, or looking for ways out of it (real life, natch). But I meant it to be taken as the exact opposite of that, meaning that there is only at one moment itself this thing that people refer to, or think of, as real life. But everything — it's all real life and they're . . . we're solidly in the middle of it.

"And that's what that album was all about. It's about the feelings that people consider to be unreal, but they are real, for God's sake. They're happening in a room, or somewhere, right now while we're talking here. Every incident, every conceit, every scenario, every action."

Suddenly Devoto looks at his watch and realises that he is late for what I gather to be a rehearsal. The rest of Magazine have left some 70 minutes before, stopping only for a handshake, and to hand Devoto the bill, who accepts it with a wry, fatalistic smirk.

A connection has been made however, and the promise of a full-length uninterrupted session is insecrated. He leaves brusquely, concerned we meet again and do the interview properly. For my part my anger is assauged, and my touch-ache has gone. Even though I get landed with the bill I feel that Devoto and I may have come to the beginning of a secret understanding. My job is to make it public.

The Second Encounter: Howard Comes Clean.

THE third day, it happens to be Easter Sunday, is as drab as hell so the encount — even at 9 pm — is an amenable one for me. A car drives me to some godforsaken part of Chelsea/World's End in the belly of wharfland not far from Cheyne Walk. Inside, a vast vacant rehearsal room is stripped of everything except a piano and two or three chairs. Howard Devoto couldn't have picked a better scenario for himself. On the third chair nestling by the cassette player, lay Devoto's sparse travelling accroutements: a shoulder bag, a note book, and a six pack are the entire constituents of this collection. He's dressed in the same ensemble as three days ago, the only difference seems to be an air of fatigue that throughout the interview causes him to contort his face with his hands continually. The following dialogue was not necessarily in the order laid out here but seemed as good as way as any as straddling together the dialogue.

NK. It's funny. . .ironic if you like. . .but the b-side of your current single 'TV Baby' ('Rhythm Of Cruelty' from 'Secondhand Daylight' being the a-side) sounds like your homage to 'Funhouse'.

HD. Really? God, I didn't think of that at all. It was the last track we recorded for 'Secondhand Daylight', our blow-out track if you like, which we played live with Colin (Thruster, producer/engineer) laying in straight down onto a two-track tape.

N.K. I can't see how you didn't notice the 'Funhouse' influence. I mean, everything. . .the title is pure Iggy, the sax pure Steve McKay, the dynamic, the manic scream thing. . .

(Devoto simply looks bemused, shaking his head.)

NK. Oh well, let's not press the issue (laughter). But starting at the outset, I recall you saying that 'Funhouse' or the three Stooges albums available at that time were the actual inspirational force to form a group to make music of that ilk. Was that quote accurate?

HD. Oh yes, very much so. In fact it was literally one inspirational moment that I had with 'Funhouse' which activated putting a band together. 'Cos I'd. . .oh everyone

was getting fed up with rock music in that horrible barren mid-'70s period. The pre-Pistols sterility period. And I was starting to listen to jazz, classical music, ethnic music, just anything to get away from rock. And I'd almost. . .well my rock listening was pared down to the three Stooges albums because they were the only records that made sense to me. Plus it was such a shitty period of my life. I found it so glorious to wallow in the hyper-negativity of that music.

NK. Why shitty?

HD. Because I was trying to study, making various stabs at subjects that I never pushed through. I was working every evening as well at a mail order place just to support my studies at this, uh, glorified technical college. Actually they did have quite good departments but well. . .anyway for this one year I was working really hard 'cos I decided to do this one course — the only one open to me given my limited credentials, by the way. I tried to study. Anyway what with all the fatigue and boredom the Stooges music really made a profound mark on my consciousness. Then suddenly one day it all just clicked because. . .well there were loads of days of 'Aaah, this is s-o-o-o great', but one day the connection was made and I thought 'Well yeah listen to this, I'm sure I could find a guitarist to play like that and I'd sing'. Soon afterwards I met Peter Shelley but we never got anything together until we saw the Pistols providing a living breathing example of 'it'.

NK. What common ground did you and Peter have? I mean as a lyricist he's almost the antithesis of you.

HD. Yes well Peter is more personal and, um, accessible. When I left Buzzcocks there certainly wasn't any personal animosity. There wasn't any forseeing and there were no clashes, like, say Peter wanting to write more. But then again we weren't forseeing anything when we started off.

NK. Do you consider your work with Buzzcocks aesthetically succesful?

HD. No, the success. . .well, yeah, but only in the way that success for me was putting a band together, going on stage, getting songs together.

NK. Was it a calculated move to leave the band then?

HD. No, no, not at all. I wasn't as committed as they were — that was half the reason. The other half was that I was getting a bit fed up with the sameness of the music and the fact that there was suddenly loads of bands doing much the same thing. Plus 'Spiral Scratch' wasn't out until I left so no one knew the words. I mean, there was 'Boredom' they could grasp that — and 'Breakdown' ditto, but. . .

NK. My thing about calculation stems from watching the way you unfurled Magazine.

HD. Well first let me say that when I left Buzzcocks I had no plans for the future whatsoever, beyond vague plans to continue writing lyrics for them. One thing, though — I've said this in interviews before but it's a key factor to the way I function — is that I thrive on what I'd term 'negative drive'. I get bored very easily and that boredom can act as a catalyst for me to suddenly conceive and execute a new vocation if you like. In fact negative drive was always what I believe the punk ethic was about. Or should have been about; constant change, avoidance of stale conceits, doing the unacceptable. I remember seeing that gig you reviewed — the Buzzcocks and co. at Harlesden in '77 — and being disgusted by the sameness of it all. That sparked an active reaction off in me and 'Shot By Both Sides' was the blueprint if you like.

NK. The blueprint?

HD. Hmm. . .well let's say more the starting point. It was written whilst I was helping Peter (Shelley) on some tentative Buzzcocks songs. He played the chord sequence and I was really impressed, said so, and he just gave them to me there and then 'The Light Pours Out Of Me' was created the same way.

NK. The lyrics from 'Shot', did they stem from an autobiographical situation?

HD. Well (pause) ah ha. . .acutally the phrase was said to me once. I was told by someone I was arguing with "when the barricades go up you'll be shot by both sides."

NK. A fairly malicious remark, sounds like. A real classic leftist 'We're all comrades' harangue.

HD. Well yeah it was stated by someone of that order though I don't recall him subscribing to any political line. But I used to find myself trapped in so many of those typical 'yes — but' arguments. You know, the dogmatic statement and me inevitably, virtually sub-consciously retorting with 'Yes I see your point *but* etc. 'Anyway that's how that came about and soon enough I began to think 'Well yeah maybe that is my position.'

NK. So is the character in the song almost totally autobiographical?

HD. Well most of all I was fascinated with the phrase, the title itself as a slogan. But the central idea of 'Shot' is that of the character as born victim, that blighted thing that certain people seem fated from birth to be. Their life goes that way and it appears they actually want it that way. Plus it was also the idea of the man in the middle, whatever the two sides, and to simply view those two sides as political left and right is just too facile and convenient, too narrow-minded a context. No, you conspire to put yourself in the middle, you're a part, you're born to it. It's got nothing to do with moderation. You can throw yourself either way and you still feel trapped. (pause) Plus there's the motif of crime in it, saying 'Whatever's laid down in the books I don't want it. I just want to tear it up and that's exactly what I'm going to spend my time doing'.

NK. 'The Light Pours Out Of Me' as a title sounds like a line, albeit an inspired one, you may have picked from one of those 'Jesus Sunbeam' pamphlets.

HD. No, I can't honestly remember. It certainly could be that (chuckle). I'll tell you a little secret. Working from books, I used to note things down that hit me but I would often not note down the context of the quote. So I rarely recall who I may have ripped off. Plus I'm astonishingly forgetful. (Pause) Actually I've found a quote. (He locates the page in his notebook and recites. "How much stranger in youth the urge to shine was than the urge to seek by the light me had.")

That explains the song better than anything. One thing most people missed out on was the fact that the light, by pouring out, was also draining the character. He's being emptied. It's a very high contrast feeling. Very much black and healthy; you just empty yourself until you're . . . . a black hollow.

NK. On to 'Secondhand Daylight'. The sound is far more texturally diversified although the lyrics appear wilfully obscure in parts. At a guess though I'd say 'Back To Nature' and 'Permafrost' are the *pieces de resistance.*

HD. And 'Feel The Enemy'. That song just lives with me all the time.

NK. So where do you place yourself in the song?

HD. Give me the options.

NK. Well, are you one of the plane crash spectators? Does your sense of the morbid extend to that?

HD. (laughs) Ah, I see what you mean. I'm one of the many . . . the silent majority, yeah, maybe, I'm one of the ones for whom things are totally arranged.

NK. It seems a familiar role for you. The total fatalist.

HD. Yeah, I suppose. It's like — O.K. you can go and take this bit of action but whatever you do, like all the other thousands you're condemned to an arbitrary destiny.

NK. And the "Enemy" are?

HD. Ah, what I'm saying is that it's not a matter of choice. The line is *"whatever we do/we have to feed the enemy"* and also it's back to the 'Shot By Both Sides' obsession. You're on one side or the other whatever light you see you're in, and you want to feed the enemy. I mean is there really anything beyond good and evil? If you choose to play the good guy, then however you like it, by the role you're pursuing you automatically give a pat on the back to the bad guy.

NK. Or the enemy within, the self-destructive part of the psyche, presumably.

HD. Yes exactly.

NK. What about 'Back To Nature'?

HD. Well first of all it was the tentative album title. Straight after 'Real Life' I conceived it as my usual startling little jape. (chuckles) At the same time I went up to a very remote part of Scotland — by a loch, no electricity and so on. And I was not impressed! There I was surrounded by nature in all its supposed glory and I'm not impressed. What else can you show me? Thus the concept. Because a lot of people do have this idyllic vision of going back to nature — that we've all lost some link with our true nature souls which is I think a totally fallacious idea. It's all just a hoax, a blind alley. You've got to have responsibilities.

NK. OK then to 'Permafrost'. The delivery sounds incredibly vindictive.

HD. (Almost shocked) No! No!

NK. It's sung very cold bloodedly, for God's sake.

HD. Well, to me it's quite warm. I mean, haven't you experienced the infinite irresistibility of the inert body?

NK. Frankly no. Plus it would be bloody cold. No, listen, two important final questions. The first is — exactly what is the deal you have with Virgin Records? I ask because the industry's buzzing with stories of 'Mickey Mouse' deals . . .

HD. God (pause) How discreet should I be? (Another pause) Now, whose good am I doing this for?

NK. Well, if you've got a bad deal it'd be to Virgin's good and if it's lousy then it would be of benefit to young impressionable seducable bands.

HD. Well I'll tell you. I negotiated the deal. So what we have is a deal that is not . . . well, I'm not genned up on the money score so I can't honestly tell you about that though we're OK. I wanted Virgin straight off the bat because it was a small company — at that point I had no manager and I felt the business end would be easier to deal with. I mean, there were calls from CBS and EMI but I just couldn't handle that. But . . . what we got was a deal with lots of get-out clauses. Low on the commitment side because I really had no idea how long I wanted to stick it out. There's actually a clause which claims that I can suspend all activity at a moment's notice. I think it's quite a unique deal for them in that respect. And I certainly don't have to make 8 albums.

On our side though, I must say we don't find them bad people at all. They're pretty good to work with.

NK. — OK. Concluding shot. How committed are you currently feeling?

HD — I'm casting my eyes this way and that way. I feel fine about the band but I certainly want the next album to be totally different from what's come before. I want to write more precisely than I have done. But I find the same old obsessions are forever pushing their way through.

NK. Which are?

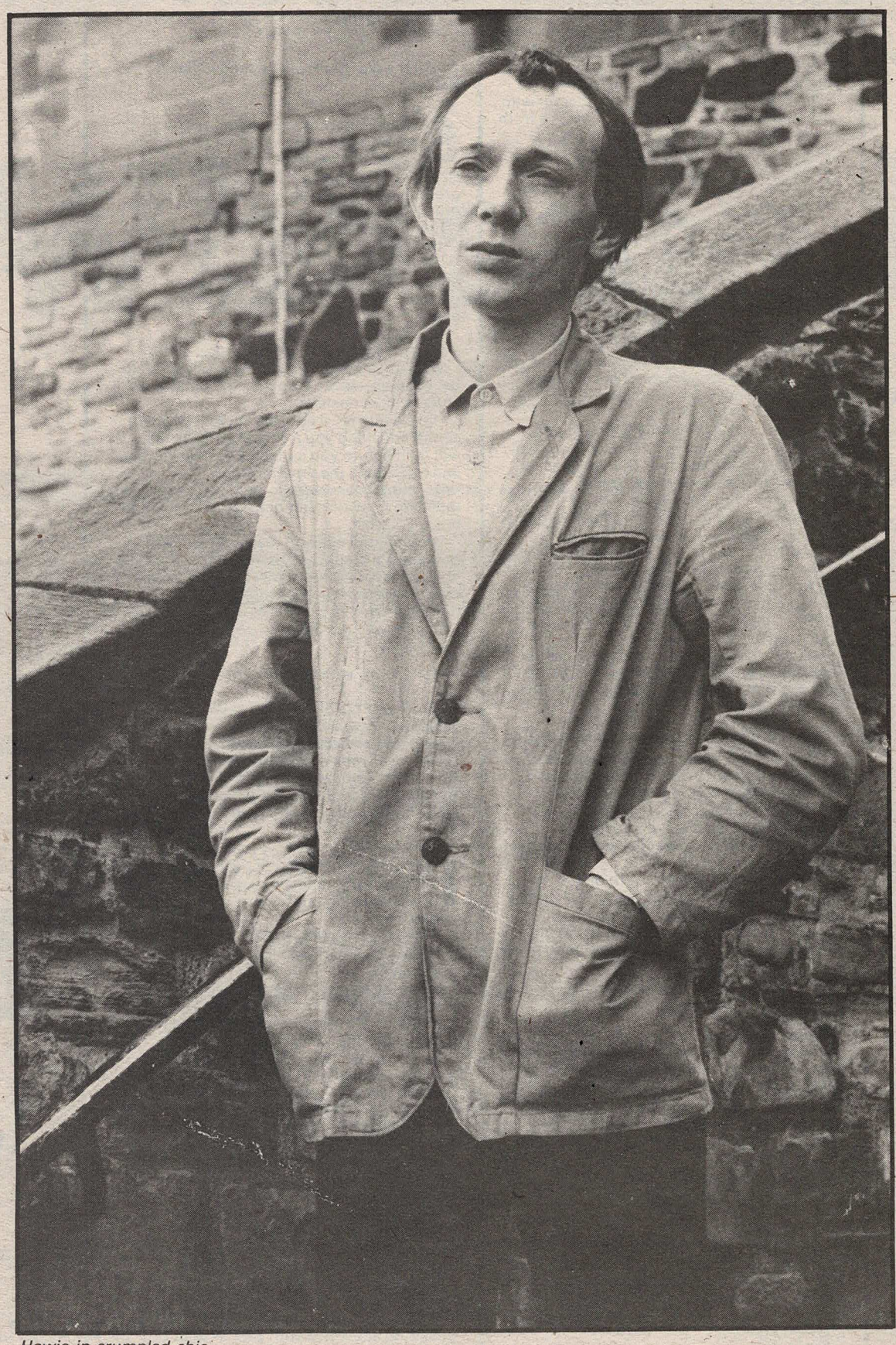
HD. We-ell, the well documented "confusion" syndrome, the "yes-but" argument syndrome . . . the negative drive action-time syndrome. All of those things plus uncertainty in all directions. And wanting to hold onto that uncertainty.

NK. You actually strike me as far more the archetypal Colin Wilson outsider than 'one of the many'. Your ego seems very strong.

HD. I never get to work that out. I do a lot of things that could be considered strong evidence for a positive reply.

NK. Well, there's the strong image, the determination, the enigma construction that looked like you were being wilfully obscure, and ponderous. The fact that you're obviously someone with talent out to establish himself in no uncertain terms. You've as good as said you played 'Dylanesque games' in your interviews, certainly at the outset anyway.

HD. Oh yeah, that's all true. You're right. I've got one of those egos. But "no uncertain terms" I'm none too sure about, simply because certainty and I don't exactly thrive together. Actually I think my ego is more perverse. Perversity and I are much closer companions.



Howie in crumpled chic.

Photography: PENNIE SMITH

P.S. I Love You

(At least I think I do. Then again, maybe I don't. No, yes I do. But of course it's all a dream.)

BUZZCOCK PETE SHELLEY talks to JOHN HAMBLETT

"AIMER CE N'EST PAS SE REGARDER L'UN ET L'AUTRE, MAIS REGARDER ENSEMBLE DANS LA MEME DIRECTION." — **Antione de St. Exupery.**

"In the real world you both win when you play the same game." — **Pete Shelley.**

Chapter One: Moominpappa, Plato and . . .

CAROL HAS only just made it home from the filling station. She looks just like one million other young girls home from jobs that wear them down because the work is boring and the money's no good and the only time you ever get to have any real fun you're too tired to enjoy it properly like as not, and you have to get drunk, not to forget the tiredness exactly, more to forget that it matters.

She looks vulnerable and dogbeat; a frail honest kind of prettiness.

Carol was introduced to Pete Shelley almost three years ago by a mutual friend. She lives in the same house as Shelley. They share the house in a manner of speaking. They also share some kind of a relationship; a very fuzzy finely balanced and loosely structured relationship, but a relationship nonetheless.

Pete Shelley is a bisexual with a preference for boys. Carol is a bisexual with a preference for Pete Shelley. ("Whereas Peter likes to have an emotional relationship with people of his own sex, I don't want anything except a physical relationship with girls . . . I don't want a relationship with fellas at all, when I think about it," she laughs.)

They used to be engaged to be married. Pete gave Carol a white plastic ring (later to be replaced by a more elaborately obvious reproduction).

Pete 4 Carol.
H.O.L.L.A.N.D.

"I just want a lover like any other, what do I get?"

CAROL is around average height, maybe 5'4" without her high heels, slim, with vaguely coloured hair that unfurls cutely in loosely mobile curls about her shoulders.

She brushes it behind her ears when she gets tired.

She used to be a Negalette. The Negalettes were the sometime girl back-up vocalists to The Negatives, a band that included Paul Morley on guitar and Richard Boone — Buzzcocks manager — on sax. She played two gigs with The Negatives; the first supporting Buzzcocks at the last night of the Electric Circus, and the last with Sham 69 at the first night of the 'new Circus'.

Now she is employed at a petrol filling station and has to get up for work at six o'clock in the morning.

Their house (rented) is in a brick terrace midway down the street from a main(ish) road. The street is in Gorton. Gorton is a timidly sprawling, downbeat suburb of Manchester that looks something like this:

Here a tower block — perhaps the ICL computer complex.

There a row of through-terrace houses — some authentic, some modernised.

Here a corner shop — paint flicking off the window panes, and dusty shelves.

There a supermarket — paint flicking off the window panes, and dusty shelves.

Here and there the occasional parked car.

Occasionally an open space where something else once stood.

The house looks something like this: A short entrance hall that echoes softly with the almost undetected odour of stale rocking chair and patterned-dusty lino.

It reminds you of your grandparents. A lot of grandparents live in houses like this.

To the left is a door that leads to the spare room. On the floor is a largish mattress that doesn't look at all comfortable, but is — quite. Plus a whole (painstakingly neglected) collection of forgotten - remembered - inspected - disowned articles and instruments, including two guitars in different stages of reconstruction (neither with strings). And a reel-to-reel tape recorder that looks in reasonably good repair.

On one wall, above what was once a fireplace, is a piece of art depicting the male and female of the species with their sexual organs replaced by control panels and their heads replaced by something else.

"Well you tried it just for once found it alright for kicks,
But now you've found out that it's a habit that sticks
And you're an Orgasm Addict." — **Shelley / Devoto.**

The only other door leads to the living room.

The living room is untidy, in the manner you could be forgiven for associating with beatniks, or some such; unromantic rather than negligent.

Built into an alcove, cut back to the left of the fireplace, is a cupboard, the doors to which *(you will notice)* are continually open. In the cupboard, among a multitude of other bric a brac (artlessly acquired) is a collection of books, ranging from a gleefully thumbed boxed-set of Tove Jansson's *Moominpappa Adventures* — Moominpappa, for the uninitiated, being a children's character who says thing like ". . . and I don't mind the truth as long as it's not boring" — to Plato's *Symposium* and a book of essays and writings by Lucian that includes a spoof on the Greek philosophers subtitled: 'Fishing For Phonies'.

On one arm of the wilting easy chair — part of a once-red three-piece suite — is the book that Shelley has stayed up the whole night reading. It is called *The Fog*. The cover is more or less torn off and the pages are dirty and folded back at the corners.

A gas fire burns in the fireplace.

The gas fire is newish. The fireplace is tiled, though some of the tiles have fallen off.

In the alcove to the right of the fireplace, placed diagonally across it, is a large, frequently used, b/w TV set.

Displayed on a functionally nondescript occasional table, set against the outide wall to the right of the window, is an expensive looking / sounding stereo system.

The remaining two-thirds of the three-piece suite is perched raggedly against the wall opposite the fire.

On the wall above and behind the sofa is a sprawling puddle of colour; blues and browns and mixtures of blues and browns punctuated with the occasional stroke of white — the work of a Tiller Boy, Francis, who used to live here.

The only other room on the ground floor is a spacious, sparsely appointed kitchen. The only room touched with enough natural light to paint a picture in.

CAROL GOES upstairs to rouse Shelley. (It is sometime around one o'clock in the afternoon). On returning to the living room she offers to make me a cup of tea and makes pleasant, distracted conversation full of indistinct shrugs and sighs.

She thinks, initially, that I am one of Shelley's boyfriends from Leeds. I laugh too loudly and glance at the mirror.

I play around on the floor with a kitten called Spot. Spot is a female kitten who looks something like this:

Large shiny eyes.
Thin neck.
Big paws.
Tabby markings.

Carol complains that Shelley left the kitten out too long and one of the neighbouring toms had fucked her as she's on heat. Carol thinks Spot is much too young to be engaged in such sordid pursuits.

Now Shelley fumbles into the room to be handed a cup of tea.

Shelley looks something like this:

Comfortably disturbed hair.
Foggy eyed amazement.
Unshaven.
Still deep blue Levis pulled up but not fastened.
Black shirt (with white buttons and a collar too long to be fashionable) fastened but not tucked in.
Green and black patterned socks.
No shoes.

He insists that his eyes are blue, but they look closer to green. He has fragile lines under them that change course when he smiles. He also shows his teeth when he smiles; they are straight but slightly discoloured — through smoking no doubt. And when he leans forward into the light his hair adopts a reddish overglow. ("Henna", I think).

Carol: "I didn't know that your eyes were blue Pete."

Shelley: "Y'see, you never notice the little things about me."

Carol: "That's because they're so little."

SHELLEY SAYS hello, lights a cigarette, sips at his tea and sits down, rumpling the casually dropped newspapers and magazines strewn on the sofa.

Listening politely, he continues to smile as I struggled to inject some humour into the account of my unsavoury nonconfrontation with two ex-public school hawks who sat opposite me on the train and drank real ale from cans, told racist jokes about little nigga boys and acted like cartoon pricks all the way from Euston to Manchester Piccadilly.

Looking at him I have to concentrate very hard in order to convince myself that this small, malfeatured, undynamic person is the man responsible for creating, among other things, the most staggeringly spectacular and instantly memborable string of pop singles released this, or any other, decade. This is the man who wrote 'What Do I Get'.

'What Do I Get?' is the best pop single since 'Sugar Sugar'.

"Talent? What's talent? It doesn't exist. People say that other people have talent, or are talented when they're looking for an easy way out; a soft option. It's an end, just a way to avoid the issue. It's exactly the same as saying that somebody is gifted. If you say that someone is gifted then you must be working on the precept that there is somebody, or something out there somewhere with the power to bestow that gift, or that talent . . . It doesn't mean anything." — **Pete Shelley.**

Chapter Two: Monologues and Lipstick Kisses . . .

SHELLEY comes round gradually, seemingly loath to part with the cozily protective tail feathers of his brief sleep; groping nervously for common ground, easing into conversation, smoking, drinking tea.

Shelley is full of mischief. He plays games with words, gives a silent impression of laughter, acts out immobile mime apparently unaware of his audience.

He will delight in catching you off your guard.

Beware.

Quirkily he flips through the afternoon.

With an undisguised smile he will admit to being small, clever, bisexual, a musician of sorts, and inconsistent.

He will dip into a subject, suck out the soft centre and hand you a chocolate shell that will melt before you can put it to your mouth and taste it. All the time smiling (disarmingly) or maybe opening his eyes just that little bit wider; handing you a cushion to break your fall.

He eats fried eggs on toast for his lunch, or perhaps it's breakfast. There are two fried eggs and two pieces of toast. The fried eggs are cooked exactly, the toast appears to be burned — almost black — around the edges.

Shelley eats quickly.

"I don't know what's gone wrong with my life
But y'know I never do seem to win
Whenever I think I've straightened it out
It becomes a vicious circle again
I can't love when anyone loves me
I can't find a someone to love
But when I start to count my blessings
I feel I'm getting more than enough."
Pete Shelley

I BELIEVE Pete Shelley is basically honest; whether he's honestly playing games, honestly being on the level, or honestly doesn't know.

Honesty, in Shelley's case is often mistaken for Heartlessness. (In yours too, probably).

When he calmly states, in front of Carol, that he couldn't love anyone who loves him, it's not out of malice, or any perverse desire to babble brittle sensationalisms.

Similarly, when in a recent conversation with Tony Wilson — one time presenter of *So It Goes,* and now impressario in residence at The Factory — he said that he could quite easily live in a world without women, and that he receives the same amount of pleasure from all experiences and sensations — from drinking tea, to smoking cigarettes, to having sex — again in front of Carol, I'm convinced that it is only his near oppressive lust for personal honesty that provides the stimulus for these seemingly heartless and inconsiderate outbursts.

Which is not to say that Shelley's notion of what constitutes honesty remains constant.

His concepts change with his realities (and Shelley is liable to swop realities at any time).

Right now Shelley claims to be ensconsed in a particularly productive, and fruitful reality. A reality that became apparent some two or three months ago. A reality that brings him unexpected surges of immense pleasure and motivation.

"I saw The Human League at the Russell (Factory) in late January, or maybe it was early February, and I thought they were brilliant. I latched onto the wave of euphoria. It was perfect. It was one of the first times that I ever experienced it; one of the first times that it ever happened. I wanted to kill myself, but I didn't want to kill myself. . .It was soooo wonderful. It just provided the right soundtrack.

"I was pissed out of my head at the time, but it was still there. I mean, even though drugs may alter your reality, they can't alter the experience. Okay, so drugs alter your reality to the point where things matter, but the experience is still the same. There is no small piece of experience that gets expended when you take drugs. It's not that the experience is there in a subdued state when you're 'normal' and suddenly becomes heightened when you take drugs. Drugs don't do that; they change your reality so the experience can happen.

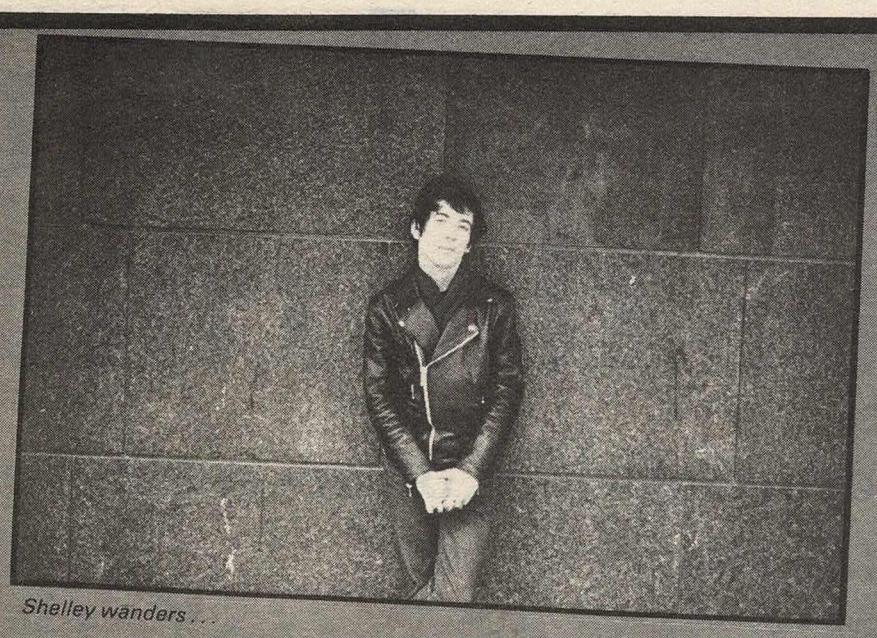
"How can you expand an experience? How can you heighten an experience? You see, that's the whole point of 'Why Can't I Touch It?' (B side of Everybody's Happy), that's about experience. You can't touch it, you can't do *anything* with it; you just have it.

"Certain sets of stimulations set off big things, and certain sets of stimulation set off small things. But that experience is the only experience you could possibly have under those conditions. It's like there is no such thing as right, no such thing as wrong, no such thing as objective truth, and no such thing as objective reality; because there is no such thing as an absolute. There are absolutely no absolutes." (Laughs).

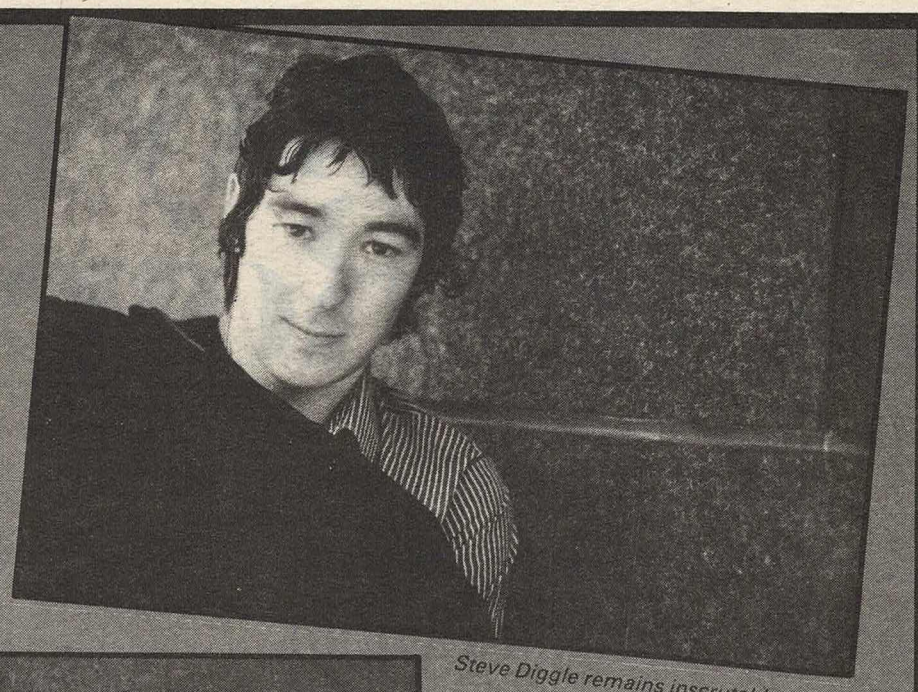
All of which is easy for someone in such a privileged position to say, but. . .

"Listen, I just have to live (indignantly), I'm not some kind of strange being. I'm just the same as everybody else. I have to go out and

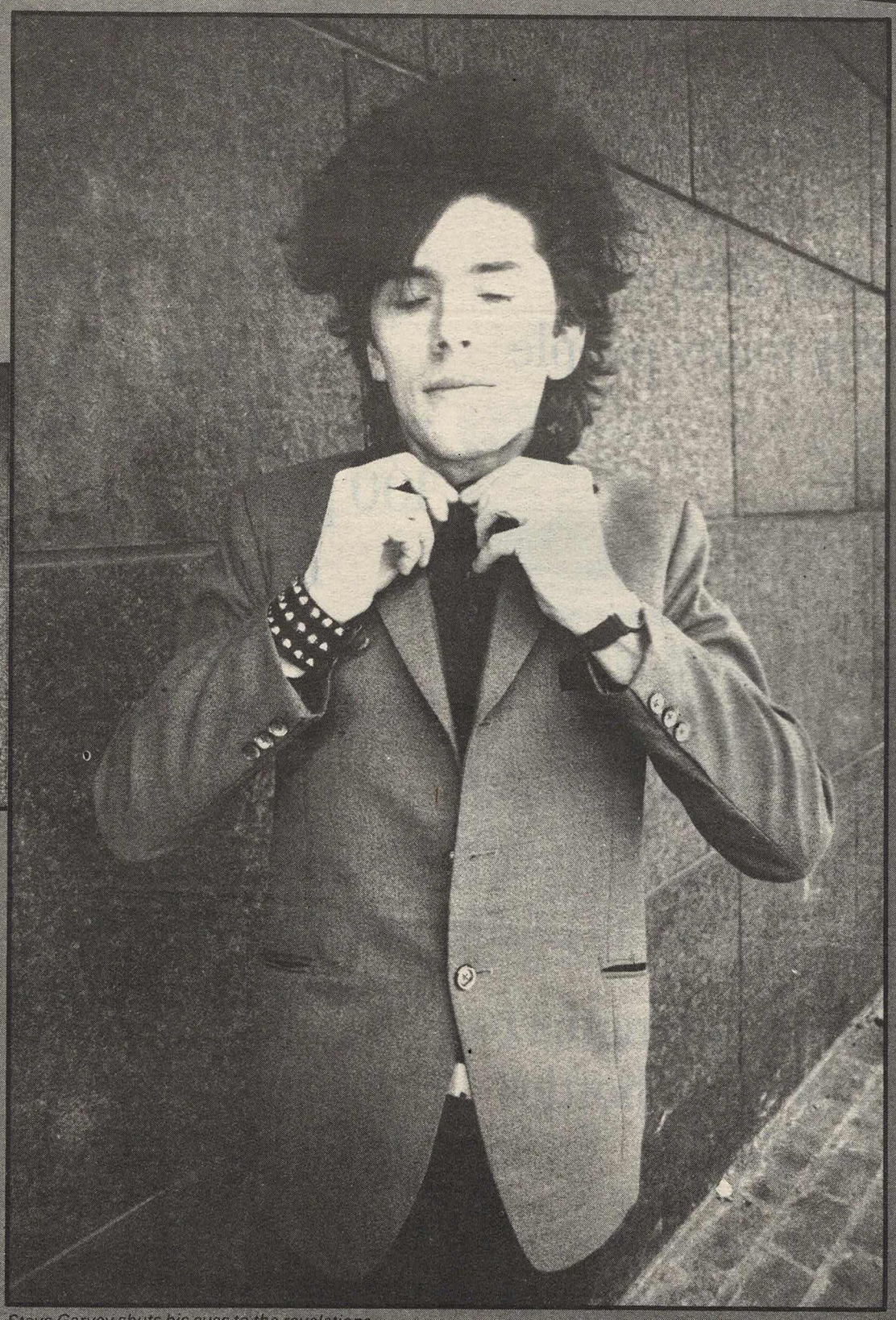
■ Continues page 34.



Shelley wanders . . .



Steve Diggle remains inscrutable



Steve Garvey shuts his eyes to the revelations

. . . lonely as . . .

. . . a Buzzcock . . .

John Meher believes it all

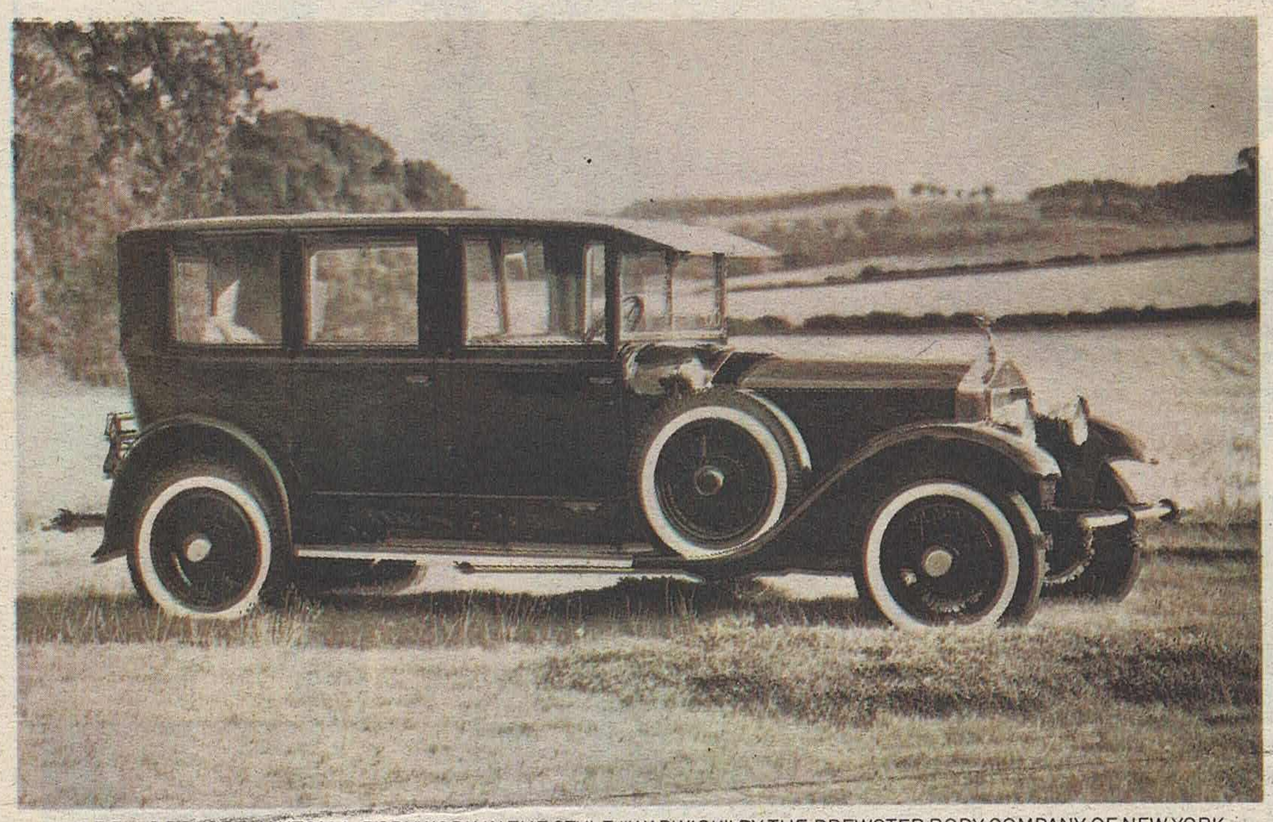
At sixty miles an hour Rolls Royce was the ratt

1920 brought a particularly sad time for nearly everyone who was old enough to drink alcohol.

Prohibition.

And sadly enough it came at a time when Southern Comfort was becoming more popular than ever.

Maybe this is why many people



1926 ROLLS ROYCE PHANTOM 1. BODYWORK IN THE STYLE "WARWICK" BY THE BREWSTER BODY COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

went to such extraordinary lengths to obtain and conceal just a few bottles of this precious amber liquid.

It was during this period that a special Rolls Royce was ordered and built to some unusual specifications.

It was to carry one chauffeur, up to eight passengers and several bottles of illicit liquor under the floor in a concealed cocktail cabinet.

And while most people were chancing a few drinks in secret 'speak-easy' drinking clubs, others could drink in style.

In the Rolls, you could sit back in comfort and safety and appreciate the genius of a certain New Orleans man who, some fifty years earlier, had invented Southern Comfort.

He created a unique drink the recipe of which eventually ran to over 100 pages.

It was smoothness itself.

It had a rich amber glow, and a flavour of quite indescribable subtlety.

Yet, even when blended with ice and soda it had a warmth that could take the chill out of the seemingly never-ending years of Prohibition.

And whenever you wanted to check your supply, you didn't have to open the secret cocktail cabinet.

If there wasn't rattling under the floorboards, you were out of Southern Comfort.

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION

1220 North Price Road, St. Louis, Missouri.

the loudest noise in this le of Southern Comfort.

The Secret Life Of A Buzzcock

From page 31

do things I might not want to do. I sometimes say things I don't mean to say, just the same as everybody else. I have as much trouble being me as everybody else has being them. I make things matter just the same as they do.

"When I say nothing matters, what I mean is nothing matters in an *intrinsic* way. It doesn't mean I don't make things matter. For instance, it matters to me that everybody out in *NME*-Land doesn't feel that I've wasted their time when they've finished reading this article. If they learn something new about me, or if it makes them think a little bit, then it hasn't been a complete wast of time.

"You see every time I do an interview it's like I'm writing my autobiography. I'm doing it in very great depth. And it matters, but only because I make it matter. If you go away and tell lies about me, if you portray me as nasty, and I pick up the newspaper and read lies about myself, things that aren't true, then I won't get upset, I won't get enraged, even if I feel that you've missed the point entirely, because then it won't matter. . .

"Nothing matters in an intrinsic way. That's something I feel I must stress the importance of. If you break your leg, then you need a crutch, but when that leg mends you throw the crutch away, because you don't need it anymore. It would slow you down, hinder your progress. Well, beliefs are just crutches; they're useful as long as they're helping us progress, but they shouldn't be allowed to hinder our progress.

"You've got to believe a thing to make it matter. Therefore, nothing matters. Nothing matters unless I want it to. Nothing is important unless I believe it to be. Therefore everybody's happy nowadays."

"I was so tired of being upset
Always wanting something I never could get
Life's an illusion, love is a dream
But I don't know what it is, everybody's
happy nowadays

Life's an illusion, Love is a dream
But I don't know what it is
Everybody's saying things to me, but I know
it's OK OK
Everybody's happy nowadays

Life's an illusion, love is a dream.
Life's an illusion, love is a dream
Life's the illusion, love is the dream
Life's the illusion, love is the dream

— Pete Shelley.

Chapter Three: Sit Side By Side As. . .

SHELLEY'S softly mesmeric dialogue continues, flowing and climbing, edging and slowing, stopping almost at times until he regains his momentum and mildly dogmatic conviction; soft Northern camp dipping at the pointedly rhythmic soundtrack supplied by La Dusseldorf.

(La Dusseldorf are one of Shelley's favourite bands, and were approached to play a support spot on the Buzzcocks' 'Entertaining Friends Tour').

The television is also switched on, but the volume is shut down.

Shelley sits on the edge of the chair, gently animated.

"I make things matter. I create in people the qualities by which I fall in love with them. I say these qualities matter to me. I say others don't. I say these things matter in a reverse, negative, way therefore I stay away from them. I can walk into a crowded room, and I'll be able to single out someone to fall in love with. And I will fall in love with them. "Actually, there are a hell of a lot of people who I've fallen in love with without actually knowing them, people who have ended up as my best friends. And there are a hell of a lot of people who I couldn't stand on first sight, but who have ended up among my closest friends.

"And there are some people I've fallen in love with who've turned out to be absolutely awful. I mean, it's a good incentive to go up and speak to an absolute stranger. . .falling in love with them."

Hmm, but are there really any dividends to be earned, in the long run, from continually fantasising. . .

"Yes of course. It's just as valid an experience. Say you have a dream about something. . .well, *I* have really vivid dreams. Like last night I dreamt that I'd pulled the cat's head off, so when I was picking up that cat's head I *was* picking up that cat's head. It was a real experience. So that really happened. It happened because I've got a memory of the experience. I experienced it, and experiences are the only things we've got of life.

"I mean, if I say 'life's an illusion, love is a dream' it doesn't mean you can't experience it. Because dreams we experience and illusions we experience are just things we don't place too much emphasis on. But there's no real reason why we shouldn't. All our lives are made up of a string of experiences; that's the only way we have of telling that life exists.

"I can feel that my thumb is colder than this other part of my hand. I get an experience, a sensation. I'm not actually feeling what's actually happening, because what's really happening is that the molecules in one part of my hand are vibrating quicker than in another, and therefore there is a temperature difference. If you put your hand in front of the fire you're not feeling all the chemical reactions that are taking place, you're experiencing heat."

Carol balances her brandy and Babycham precariously on the arm of the sofa. She switches off the record player and turns up the sound on the TV in order to listen to *Carmen Jones*.

Shelley, drinking Carlsburg lager from a white enamelled mug, continues, happily immersed in his own thoughts for the most part.

"At one time there was a part of me that I wasn't in control of. It was just like a flight simulator. It had certain laws that governed it, just like the real thing; if I made it crash, then it would crash, and sound effects would come on.

"So I used to think I had a certain mechanism — not inside my head, because my head was just a part that this flight simulator told me that I had — and it just set all the limits for the physical world.

"When I had a thought, when I decided to pick up a cup, then I did it — but all inside my head. And the flight simulator would relay me all the sensations of picking the cup up. And it created other people. You see, there is nothing that you can say or do that cannot be simulated.

"Even you arguing with me could just be the simulator trying to convince me that the world is. But if I believe in insisting that the world isn't, then there's nothing to prove it either way.

"Then I found out that that had been a widely held view at one time — that there was nothing outside, just some greater power running everything.

"I realised I wasn't on my own. I realised that I was going through the same thoughts and coming up with the same unsurmountable problems. Problems that could be surmounted very easily if you just said, 'Oh well, it's only the flight simulator trying to cause an argument. . .there's no need for me to try and find the answer inside my head, because it isn't in my head at all. All my body is just made up by this flight simulator.

"If I get a cigarette and stub it out on my hand, I will get a sensation of pain and it will leave a scar, but my hand need not necessarily exist. My brain need not necessarily exist.

Then it looks so real I can feel it
And it feels so real I can taste it
And it tastes so real I can hear it
And it sounds so real I can see it

So why can't I touch it?
So why can't I touch it?"

— Pete Shelley.

Chapter Four: Conversation Feels like. . .

CAROL, who at this point has been watching TV on a fairly serious level (reluctantly inactive, slumped deeply into the sofa), quite suddenly becomes alarmingly animated, and joyfully demands that Pete should sing us a song.

"Oh, sing us your song Pete."

More than a little taken aback by this apparently manic outburst I glance over at Shelley with as much nonchalance as I can muster in order to gauge the weight of his wrath. He is smiling.

"Hang on a minute, I've missed it this time round."

Carol, presumably diagnosing the cause of my bemused expression, explains the situation.

Apparently one night Shelley and Garth — one-time Buzzcock's bassist, who evidently disliked Carol — were watching a musical on TV and decided that they should write an opera themselves; a spoof based on all the Hollywood spectaculars. One of the songs they wrote was put to the tune of a number from 'Carmen'.

Shelley sings a verse, right on cue.

"Stand up you cunt and fight the ten of us
No thanks I can't I've got to catch my bus
I thought your bus didn't go for half an hour
Ah, well, oh, yes you see
If I stand up and fight the ten of you
In half an hour there'll be nothing left of me."
— an excerpt from the, as yet, unreleased opera by Shelley and Garth.

It would seem that any differences the bassist and the poet may have nurtured in the past have now been cleared up, as Shelley intends to contact Garth — now happily engaged to be married — to ask him to play some bass on the projected half dozen solo singles that he intends to record for United Artists.

The singles will be songs that Shelley has written but does not feel are compatible with the Buzzcock's sound, or the direction in which they are heading.

Amongst other extra-Buzzcocks activities Shelley is currently overseeing are a number of projects connected with New Hormones Records. Most importantly perhaps, there is a planned release of a three-track single from The Tiller Boys, which besides playing on, Shelley has produced and mixed.

The Tiller Boys are a loose congregation of musicians — currently numbering three including Shelley — who play electronic music that revolves loosely around the standard drum machine/pre-recorded tape axis.

The Tiller Boys play songs with titles like 'Big Noise From The Jungle'.

Shelley played on the band's first gig at, not surprisingly, The Factory. On that occasion each musician — Eric, Francis and Shelley — appeared in a solo spot.

"Oh, everybody hated it. I just went on stage, set up my tapes, walked over to the bar, bought a drink, sat in the audience for a while, went back up on stage to re-adjust my tape, had another wander around . . .I loved it. We used the music from that TV film about Charles Manson as a soundtrack."

(The only time I managed to catch The Tiller Boys they were playing support to The Gang Of Four in York. On that occasion Shelley was absent, mixing the tapes for Love Bites. Francis and Eric played a bizarre and rambling electronic set with the added attraction of guitar and drums. Shelley informs me that one of the numbers I heard must have been "Big Noise From The Jungle'. I'm prepared to take his word for it).

New Hormones boss Richard Boone has a typically offbeat scheme lined up for The Tiller Boys. He intends to set them up with a string of one nighters right across the country, all to be played on the same night, at exactly the same time, each group of Tiller Boys playing to identical pre-recorded tapes.

The message is: anybody can be a Tiller Boy.

Also through New Hormones Shelley hopes to produce a single by Carol. The song will be a Shelley original — played only once by Buzzcocks, on a Radio Piccadilly broadcast — dating back some six years.

Of future Buzzcock's plans Shelley is guardedly enthusiastic. Which is to say that he has big ideas, he's just not telling what they are yet.

However it seems the band will return to the studio sometime around June in order to record the next album — an album Shelley feels sure will turn a lot of people's heads around.

"I want to call it 'A Different Kind Of Tension'. We were just sat around one night and everybody was drunk and somebody just said it, like to describe the feeling; the feeling of being drunk. It's going to shock everybody. Nobody will like it. In fact, if we do it the way I've got it in my head everybody will *hate* it. I've got an idea for a song called 'There Is No Love In This World Anymore'. You see, I just want to use something harder than I normally use. I don't really know how to explain it. . .it's very elusive, like going between two extremes. But ever since 'Everybody's Happy' the songs I've been writing have been different. I mean I've got a definite concept for this album; not an *entire* concept, the songs are concepts. . .It just came to me last night."

Chapter Five: Sand In My Shoe.

PETE SHELLEY is everything you have read about him, or are likely to read about him, no matter how contradictory the reports may appear. In fact, his personality and character rely on those contradictions; as does yours and mine.

At one point in the evening Shelley gleefully produced a 'new wave' sampler album; a Japanese import. Included on the album were several Buzzcock's songs, among them 'What Do I Get?' and 'Orgasm Addict'. The lyrics were 'reproduced' on the sleeve. There were several clumsy errors and misquotations. Shelly chortled as he pointed them out.

I wondered why Shelley wasn't disturbed by these glaring errors and blatant mishandling of his carefully constructed lyrics.

"No I'm not upset. Why should I be? I don't take any special care over my lyrics. They're just there. I can just sit down and write a song; just like that. I don't have to try. I don't have to work at it. They just come to me. You see, I don't see myself as a musician, but I am musical. I don't see myself as an entertainer, but I am entertaining. And I don't see myself as a songwriter, but I do write songs."

I don't see myself as a commuter, but I do commute. What don't you see yourself as?

Although it is probably true to say that Shelley has not actually invented anything, he is, most surely, an innovator.

By realising his extraordinary insight and vision through the simple and direct language of guilless pop he has created an almost tangible, and elegantly sculpted concept of love — the necessity and uncertainty of it — that like all the best pop is both immediate and timeless. Whatever he choses to create from this point on, all he has created up to now will stand, regardless, as an intelligent, compassionate, perceptive and gloriously enjoyable testament to his ability and peculiar sensitivity.

Pete Shelley: a man who writes honest love songs. Honest love songs say things like this:

Love is nice.
Love is painful.
Love lasts.
Love sometimes doesn't last.
Sometimes you love people who don't love you back.
And sometimes you don't.

"To love is not to look at one another, but to look together in the same direction."
—Antoine de St. Exupery.

"EN REALITE NOUS NE POUVONS GAGNER QU'EN JOUANT LE MEME JEU."
—Pete Shelley

Who said it?

1. "I can't understand all the fuss about student grants. Carol managed to save out of hers. Of course, we paid for her skiing holidays."

a. Marie Antoinette
b. Margaret Thatcher
c. Attila the Hun

2. "We need more inequality in order to eliminate poverty."

a. Sir Keith Joseph
b. Howard Hughes
c. Li'l Orphan Annie

3. "Let our children grow taller than others if they have it in them to do so."

a. The Incredible Hulk
b. The Jolly Green Giant
c. Margaret Thatcher

4. "The student unions and the National Union of Students have done untold harm. Students who do not attend lectures should be dismissed."

a. The Piranha Brothers
b. Count Dracula
c. Dr. Rhodes Boyson

5. "There was a road near our house where (ordinary) people like that lived and I used to walk along it. So I know what they're like."

a. Margaret Thatcher
b. Miss Piggy
c. Jack the Ripper

Seriously – a Tory Government would be no joke.
There would be precious little to laugh about after 4th May.

VOTE LABOUR on 3rd May.

SILVER SCREEN

A nice young man on board the Rattleship Etcetera

The end of the world as we know it

Battlestar Galactica

Directed by Richard A Colla
Starring Richard Hatch, Dirk Benedict and Lorne Greene
(CIC)

You'll believe shit still floats! *Battlestar Galactica,* friends, is an American TV movie which spins off into a series featuring the same stars concepts, sets, plotlines, money etcetera. In the States you get to see the whole tawdry mess with no more effort than it takes to open a can of beer and switch on your telly, but over here you're about to be asked to schlep all the way to a cinema and hand over cash money for the privilege of seeing
(a) a bunch of obscure and destined-to-remain-so American TV actors plus a few ageing British and American character actors in robes and silly outfits;
(b) a cold-war style plotline where the senators who argue in favour of peace are deluded saps and the old soldiers who argue in favour of unceasing vigilance are *right;*
(c) Lorne Greene as Adama, who is nothing more than Adam Cartwright from *Bonanza* moved into outer space;
(d) the artefact that has inspired the worst Marvel comic of all time (and yes, I *have* read *Shogun Warriors);*
(e) loads of tacky spaceships being blown up in Sensurround;
(f) the most embarrassing use of token blacks since the late '60s;
(g) a bunch of SF concepts that were totally obsolete by 1942;
(h) alien hordes who look as much like Darth Vader as it is possible to look without getting sued by George Lucas;
(i) and one good joke involving an alien version of The Three Degrees known as The Android Sisters — this scene is actually quite funny.

Rattletrap Impractica is lamentable nonsense for the gullible. Any child taken to see this film by a parent hereby has official permission from the *NME* to whack the old duffer in the tender bits for insulting his/her intelligence.

Charles Shaar Murray

CSM goes to see another silly film

Welcome aboard Silver Screen

Firepower

Directed by Michael Winner
Starring James Coburn and Sophia Loren
(ITC)

Even with the advantage of a genuinely gripping prologue, *Firepower* is still an empty and leaden thriller.

The pace of the film's opening is deceptive. One expects a contrasting, more measured approach to follow in order to allow the plot to develop; but the onslaught of explosions, murders and chases is unimpeded by factors such as dialogue or characterisation, or even coherent narrative.

Adele Tosca (Ms Loren) is determined to bring to justice Carl Stegner, the man who arranged the murder of her husband, a research chemist who was on the point of revealing that Stegner's pharmacuetical companies were peddling contaminated drugs.

Stegner, in hiding in the Caribbean, is also wanted by the US government, for fraud and tax evasion. Since extradition through normal diplomatic channels hardly meets the demands of action cinema, it is arranged to call in one of Adele's former lovers, Jerry Fanon (Coburn) to abduct him. Nobody, however, knows what Stegner really looks like.

(Note both the flimsy intermingling of two latterly prevalent media themes — thalidomide and Howard Hughes — and also the fact that even the names of the characters betray the film's utter lack of invention. Why do the biggest villians always have Germanic handles?)

The plot summary, I should explain, is pieced together from hindsight and ITC's synopsis; you discover precious little from the script, which is as thin as the gruel in Long Kesh. In any case, the scenario repeatedly undergoes absurd, if modish, mutations, as characters shed identities from one scene to the next.

Clearly the lion's share of the budget has been expended on effecting the orgy of explosions and conflagrations. Winner takes all the combustible options open to him; cars, aeroplanes, boats and mansions are all emphatically incinerated in full pyrotechnic splendour — the actual fire-power of the title.

Bob Woffinden

Amen . . .

I Never Promised You A Rose Garden

Directed by Anthony Page
Starring Bibi Andersson and Kathleen Quinlan

(New World Pictures)

I Never Promised You A Rose Garden teeters uneasily between being a serious film about mental illness, and an upmarket exploitation flick about the *weird* things 'crazy' people do in 'nuthouses'.

It ends up as neither. But it is a well-made romantic fable, rather like one of those 'they were madly in love but he had terminal cancer and she couldn't leave a husband with a war wound' epics that America turns out when it wants to deal with 'real life' and make a lot of money at the same time.

Deborah Blake (Kathleen Quinlan) is the 16 year old who retreats into a fantasy world and attempted suicide when life becomes too much to bear. Dr Fried (Bibi Andersson) is the psychiatrist who guides her through a nightmarish three-year stay in the asylum and finally leads her back to health. Blake is unusually responsive and articulate; Fried is unusually perceptive and sympathetic. The film engages the attention because they are both such attractive characters (and very good actresses).

In contrast, the other inmates of the asylum are largely played for their comic or shock-horror value. And apart from brief scenes of therapy between Blake and Fried, there is little discussion of *why* Blake behaves as she does. In particular, there is no analysis of how 'madness' is defined — to what extent the causes are social, or how it should be treated. In fact, there's nothing much about *anything* specific — just an occasional gesture at 'significance'.

The depth and complexity and horror of Hannah Green's book is skated over in favour of a slickly dualistic fairy tale — with a good doctor and a bad doctor, a good nurse and a bad nurse, a difficult real world and a dangerous magical one.

I Never Promised You A Rose Garden is glossy, easy to watch and instantly forgettable. A rose without thorns, pretty and painless. Read the book instead.

Graham Lock

Kathleen Quinlan with make up

Autumn Sonata

Directed by Ingmar Bergman
Starring Liv Ullman and Ingrid Bergman
(ITC)

Following on from *The Serpent's Egg, Autumn Sonata* is Bergman's second round in this particular space — private language for public studies. The box office vs the coffin.

Back into barbed Bergmanscape — after the scope of *Serpent's Egg* — and homogeny is where the hypochondria is. The large screen's facility for claustrophobic pacing is used to maximise every last psychic sore, panning exhaustively the face's de-cosmeticised line between catharsis and control, a profile personifying yer average Ingmar plumb-sync — umbilical misery and universal destiny. Ulp.

Ingrid Bergman's mother-figure here is a rich, comandeering careerist — a concert pianist whose work has been ever interrupted by a bad back, and whose social life engineered upon a rigour of moral spinelessness.

Suddenly widowed, she accepts an invitation from daughter Liv Ullman to retire to the loving family fjord; this parsonage, however, is a firmament fashioned for two, unstitched, for sleights and suffering both women have conscientiously preserved — in acid, as it were. Matriarchal bitchings, twitch around their central argument — also the film's core — like sly cancers flexing into corporeal certainty, the respective rejoinders as surgical splinters arrowed into a stagnant architecture of false entrances and blocked exits. (There are no car chases).

Other characters serve only to define the ferocity of the discourse; Ullman's husband — a man of the cloth — is squarely between Soren Kierkegaard and Kenneth Kendall, supplying instant parables around the relative dogmas of relegious orthodoxy and marital monogamy. Here's a guy who knows when to come forth and when to come third.

A nice Freud egg sandwich if you can swallow the surface overdone. It's only redeemed by Liv Ullman. Another hacky script, another frighteningly convincing performance — it's not *fair*. Moored off as an emotional dyslexic — flitting hopelessly from apology to apoplexy — soon she stitches into a seamless pattern of sterner tragedy.

Autumn Sonata, then, is for Ullman's eye movements alone, sonorously tracing through a perusal of prey — a flawed, brave, but backward-looking vision . . .

Like the film, an accomplished piece of interior decoration.

Ian Penman

Liv Ullman cruelly mocks Woody Allen in Autumn Exteriors.

Bergman (the other one) with baby

WINNER 5 OSCARS !

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See Local Press for details — programmes may be subject to late change.

Robert Fripp Exposure

First part of a Trilogy in the Drive to 1981

ALBUM
CASSETTE

Polydor

ALBUMS

Pop pix : Len Hooper

The Pop Group: Here's primal screaming at you kid . . .

Frippic: Bobby Grossman

Robert Fripp: And here's your next meal — music for head, heart and stomach . . .

POP : XYZ

THE POP GROUP
Y *(Radar)*

The Pop Group. An enigmatic name. Not so much ironic as is often claimed, more plain cheeky.

The Pop Group have nothing if not a lot of nerve. They dare to play a kind of music that owes nothing to the rock mainstream, yet they're convinced they can appeal to a rock mainstream audience. They make no concessions to the machinery of rock success, but they wouldn't deny that they hoped for a hit single with 'Beyond Good And Evil'.

Are they brave, noble and foolhardy or just pretentious? They're not pretentious in the arrogant, conceited manner of the Banshees, but they do constantly aim higher than they are capable of achieving —making them, according to my dictionary, pretentious. So be it.

The dangerous thing is that they should be judged on how high they have aimed rather than on what they actually achieve — which has been their fate in the hands of critics so far. It's a disservice not least to The Pop Group, since it might discourage them from actually trying harder, and actively encourage their indulgence. And boy, can they indulge. Not frivolously so — as was the case with the Public Image album — but determinedly so. They won't let anything come between them, their muse, and the pure creative expression of same. The buggers.

This insularity on their part — which helped breed the starlingly original sound they possess — is a potential trap. They ought to let something come between them and their muse, something called the audience.

They can, you know. But increasingly of late they seem to have been taking the easy way out of playing difficult music: playing to their camp followers, a converted coterie in on the angst. I want to see The Pop Group support The Members on tour. Then I want to see them come back and make another album.

Because (he said, removing the kid gloves) this their debut album will not spark the soul of anyone who hasn't already seen them live, and will probably dishearten many who have. It sounds like it was made in an hermetically sealed vacuum, with ideas bouncing freely around the five members of The Pop Group and Dennis Bovelle at the controls, but not rebounding off anything outside.

It actually *sounds* like it was made in a cave. The instruments swell and ring in the cavernous, reverberating mix; they pursue, like the folk devils depicted on the album's striking cover, their own impenetrable rhyme and reason. The words scream out with the weight of conviction but, again, their language is self-contained, inscrutable — like primitive heiroglyphics painstakingly carved onto the cave wall.

But your interpreter is at a loss to decipher the meanings. He has to resort to the printed lyrics, which he is loathe to do, since he feels that a song is a song: meant to be sung not read.

The lyrics come printed on a poster covered in images of fright and deprivation. The Clash got no end of stick for something similar. A cheap holiday in other people's misery?

The Pop Group are sincere enough, and sometimes so earnest that they seem agonisingly po-faced. They want to point at worldwide spiritual and mental drudgery. If the lyrics are too nebulous to convey this, then the angst-ridden, tortured tone of the vocals and the iconography of the poster will have to suffice.

Yet it's really the music that puts it across best at this present stage, by simply exemplifying the opposite of drudgery: liberation.. It's literally bursting with spontaneous free jazz invention, and often overreaches itself in its enthusiasm, like a horn player straining for that final perfect resolution.

Imagine a cross betwen Miles Davis' 'On The Corner' and John Lennon's first solo album (go on, try) and you'll have some idea of what The Pop Group have aimed for. Not as harrowingly personal as 'Plastic Ono Band' and not as fiercely wired as Miles' output, but similarly both primal and electrifying. That they've missed the mark is no great disaster, and let's just hope the boys with the balance sheets weren't looking for any quick overnight returns.

Whatever you felt about The Pop Group's 'Beyond Good And Evil' single will be amplified listening to this. But anyone buying 'Y' on the strength of the single will — aside from the whole of 'We Are Time' and scattered moments elsewhere when The Pop Group do explain themselves to the groping listener — feel disappointed.

A brave failure. Exciting but exasperating.

Why? Z. See what I mean?

Paul Rambali

FRIPP : ABC

ROBERT FRIPP
Exposure *(Polydor)*

A lesson in priorities might have been as apt a title. For this, the first record bearing his own name, the idiosyncratic Mr. Fripp has collated a potent, diverse, consistently interesting, sometimes breathtakingly good and occasionally innovative series of musical morsels.

These present the listener with 'new music' in such a way or warp that most definitely separates Fripp from all the milk-reared boys who are nothing more than wretchedly pretentious dilletantes.

'Exposure' couldn't in fact have come at a better time, what with dismal aural gravel-scraping like Lou Reed's 'The Bells' on the one hand and the likes of Mark Perry and cohorts pretending to break new ground on the other when all the results of their labour serve only to approximate the sound and vitality of an incontinent maiden aunt breaking wind.

Simply put, 'Exposure' approaches alternative musical contexts, pairings and experiments with a maturity and dexterity that only a dedicated musician could display. Robert Fripp has always been a fine guitarist and a player never afraid to push back boundaries, no matter what shortcomings might ensue.

As leader of King Crimson he guided the various incarnations through an often bemusing and often ultimately unsuccessful progression of ventures, whilst his choice of companions was often painfully suspect (I'll just mention Pete Sinfield and leave it at that). Crimson went out on a high note with 'Red', but otherwise Fripp — apparently converted to some predictably offbeat faith — kept a very low profile.

He has, however, been seduced into the studios at various times over the past' three years, recording some of his best work perhaps; I'm thinking of that dazzling solo he added to 'St. Elmo's Fire' on Brian Eno's 'Another Green World', for example, not to mention, of course, his abrasive contributions to Bowies ' "Heroes" ' (these in essence as valuable to the whole as Bowie's own).

And so finally the solo album. Well, the term 'solo' is inappropriate. Fripp assiduously collaborates and orchestrates. He does what he does best — plays guitar and certain other related electronic gadgets — and picks his players very carefully. He's involved his music with one Joanna Walton, a superb lyricist (and apparently a onetime paramour of his, but that's neither here nor there), on a sequence of songs that stretch over often precariously diverse terrains — anything from the Joni Mitchellish emoting of 'Mary' and the breathtaking melodic calm of 'North Star' to the savage, lyrical bickering highlit in 'NW3' and 'I May Not Have Had Enough Of Me But I've Had Enough Of You'.

The active participants here also include: Daryl Hall (whose unreleased 'Sacred Songs' was produced by Fripp and was intended to form an 'MOR' triumvirate along with Peter Gabriel's second solo album) as co-writer and singer (he's superb on 'North Star'); Peter Gabriel, whose 'Here Comes The Flood' receives a much more sympathetic production and treatment than on Gabriel's Bob Ezrin-produced first album; one Terri Roche and Peter Hammill (whose vocal duet on 'Enough Of You' is stunning, whilst Hamill's renditions of 'Disengage' and 'She Smiles Like Chicago' only emphasise his much neglected singing talents).

The musicians include Phil Collins, Narada Michael Walden, most of Gabriel's regular band (involved here on the dramatic reworking of 'Exposure', one presumes), Brian Eno and, particularly impressive, XTC's erstwhile Barry Andrews.

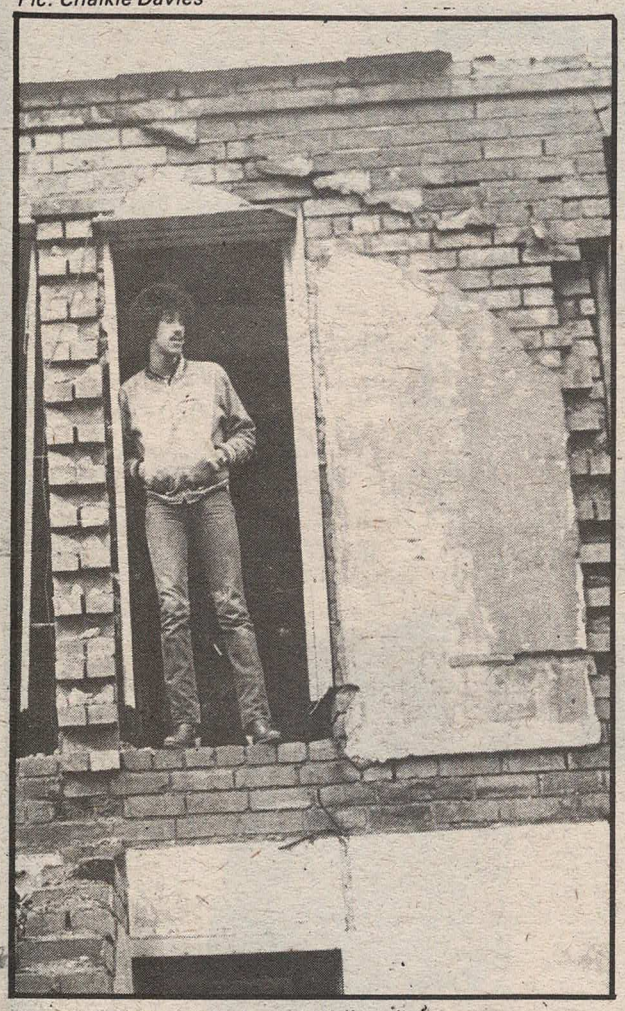
The overall success of the aesthetic content here makes one equally anxious for more Fripp collaborations because, time and time again, this music showcases a man in full command of his talent, an inspired musician with an advanced sense of his own position in the scheme of things.

Ultimately the album proves that Fripp can effectively straddle the abyss that seems to forever separate the super-musician bluffing out over-agitated fusions and the barely competent dilletante full of ideas that his or her lack of formal training invariably render futile.

An example to us all, in fact, it's the likes of Fripp and Tom Verlaine who are going to make truly *new* music because they've appreciated their art's traditions, but are also capable of perceiving and developing their own visions. Meanwhile 'Exposure' isn't just a title, it's what the record demands. Your ears have been told.

Nick Kent

Pic: Chalkie Davies



Lynott: "Not my style, Ig, not at all . . ."

Old Songs

THIN LIZZY
Black Rose — A Rock Legend
(Vertigo)

Thin Lizzy have nothing new to say.

So what? I have nothing new to say about them. Nick Kent, curse him, already said most of what needs to be said in his incisive preview of 'Black Rose' a month ago.

As the stunning 'Live And Dangerous' demonstrated, Lizzy have built up an unrivalled collection of greatest hits since they came together in their Lynott/Downey/Gorham/-Robertson axis for 'Fighting'. But tucked away in that Kent feature was a sad admission of defeat on Phil Lynott's part: "I long ago gave up trying to be Bob Dylan" was what he said, but he also seems to have given up trying to be Phil Lynott. Only the single "Waiting For An Alibi' even seeks to plunder the massive vein of 'street' romance that used to colour Lynott's work, stamping it as *his* — not because of the "jive street characters and bogus rock dreams" (Kent again) that Lynott played with, but because of the *way* he used them.

This man had a way with words and music; he was simultaneously cocky, comic, quixotic and sad.

These are the parts that are not refreshed by 'Black Rose'. Lynott's muse is strangely lacklustre. No jokes, no romance — it's another Thin Lizzy album in a way that no other Thin Lizzy album has been before.

Even so, it's almost a compulsory purchase. Stick it on, and it's like meeting an old friend the first instant those twining guitars ripple into the first inimitable liquid lines, so unashamedly reassuring I swear it's deliberate: Lizzy calling up their personal hoodoo like Muddy Waters reciting *"The gypsy woman told my mother . . ."* A ritual opening.

The song, 'Do Anything You Want To', is one of those "they'll criticise, tell lies about you" songs — very mundane — with Lynott mumbling about Elvis being dead over the fade, for reasons that escape me. Musically it's jaunty, solid Lizzy.

'Toughest Street In Town' draws the link between The Clash and mainstream American heavy metal, with ferocious drive but little substance. 'S&M', likewise, is good raunch metal music but the words are so superficial Aerosmith would think twice. Lynott's co-writer Brian Downey relishes the remorseless shuffle effect and Scott Gorham (I think) rattles off a quicksilver but sterile solo.

'Waiting For An Alibi' features the one obvious Lynott archetype, the gambler Valentino, the sort of character he writes in his sleep. The guitar melodies pull it off. The album's one departure is surprisingly the most successful track. 'Sarah' is a studiedly pretty MOR nugget with the feel of the Isley's 'Harvest For The World' and chords reminiscent of their '3+3' cut 'If You Were There'. One for us closet wimps.

The opener to side two may hold the key to Lizzy's slothful output these last two years. Lynott and Gorham concoct a strong brew out of coke and alcohol on the viciously brooding 'Got To Give It Up', which fades out wracked on a screaming guitar break. 'Get Out Of Here', the song written by Lynott and Midge Ure of Rich Kids, has some good key changes and a great rough-edged mix by Tony Visconti on the snarling guitar break (Gary Moore?): a fine performance, but no song to write home about.

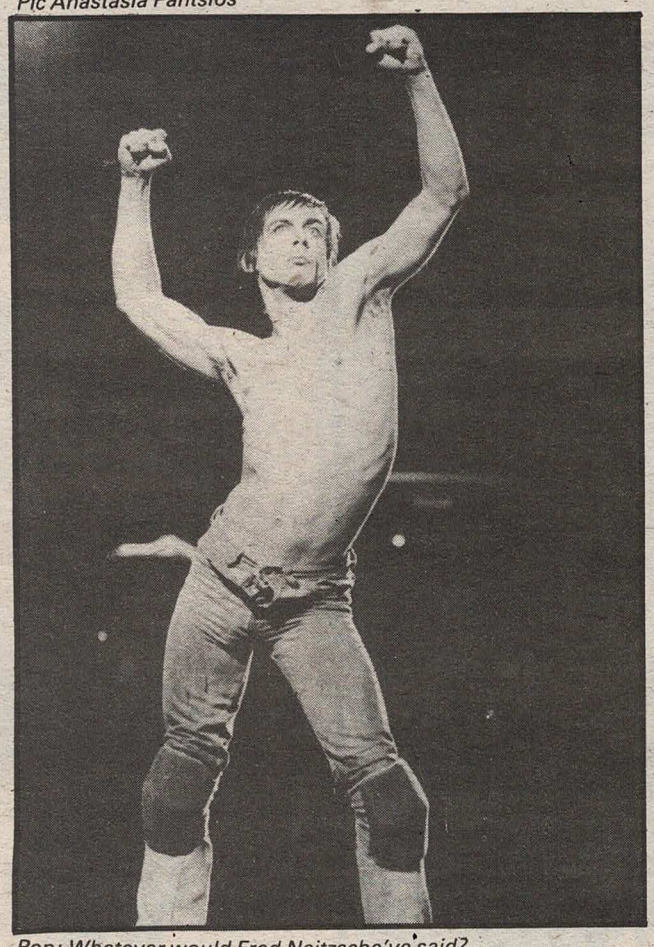
'With Love' is better: a nice relaxed feel offsetting Lynott's too-relaxed lyrics, all form — *"This Casanova's roving days are over"* — and no commitment. The one song Lynott *is* obviously committed to is the grand finale, "Roisin Dubh (Black Rose) — A Rock Legend', his tribute to Irish mythology, with the Los Angelean Gorham trading heavy metal jig for jig with Gary Moore. It's a strange idea but it works.

As always, Thin Lizzy are entirely dependent upon Phil Lynott for their spiritual uplift, and here he just hasn't got it — which is worrying, considering these are the fruits of 18 months' labour.

Still, these men are professionals, and they cover their traces with a steely concentration on performance and power.

Phil McNeill

Pic Anastasia Pantsios



Pop: Whatever would Fred Neitzsche've said?

New Songs

IGGY POP
New Values *(Arista)*

What we have here is James Osterberg in control. What we have here is the cunning Osterberg using the sensual Iggy, isolating personal standards and escapes whilst deliciously abusing the limitations of form and the expectations of onlookers. 'New Values' conclusively endorses Osterberg as thinker and Iggy as performer, and the relationship is positive and proud.

Osterberg uses Iggy as comic caricature for his coruscating self-explanations, setting out to conceal as much as to reveal. The album is about delight in or rejection of individualism (take your pick); it is about ego, most definitely. But, even if you can't feel comfortable with its vitality or you can't take it seriously, then accept 'New Values' as the best album the Stones never made, and hear some of the best rock'n'roll singing ever. And Osterberg has never been so emancipated, so invincible, so genuinely nihilistic.

The music is a deliberate and delicate distillation of the drama and decay and drive of obvious Iggy noises, immaculately set by producer James Williamson so that Iggy's divine vocals possessively surround the sound. Williamson has achieved gorgeous depth and rare definition.

Throughout the album Osterberg preaches pure self-hood as unavoidable, has Iggy languidly and sardonically singing extreme celebrative mixtures of self-love and stubborn hedonism. But the point is that this intense self-hood is something Osterberg is ultimately embarrassed by; on one song he even abruptly contradicts the hollow 'superior' Iggy reputation or image he faithfully insults and exaggerates elsewhere. 'The Endless Sea' ends side one — and is the crucial, revelatory song on the album. It establishes Osterberg's simplistic values — and is, apart from anything else, a stunning piece of '80s rock'n'roll, the only example on the record. It is some confession (or some bluff). Throughout the record the Iggy 'superman' is treated as a huge joke, and on 'The Endless Sea' the struggles are against its inevitable futility and imperfection.

'The Endless Sea' avoids parody, satire or guitar worship boogie, uses synthesisers, bass, percussion to produce weighty, uncharacteristic throbbing patterns. Iggy wishes thoughtfully, his voice easing and writhing like a thick snake, for a 'return' to the endless sea: a return to the original unity and anonymity. Make of that what you will — from one extreme to the other. Sinister.

Whatever, 'The Endless Sea' suggests the irrelevance of the Iggy hedonism, puts the record and the myth into perspective and establishes the record as not just a collection of pointless amoral songs sung by Iggy The Exquisite but an audacious and fulfilling statement. If, of course, that doesn't interest you (and why should it, after all), then 'New Values' is still an absorbing and seething modernist rock album, with only a couple of tender spots.

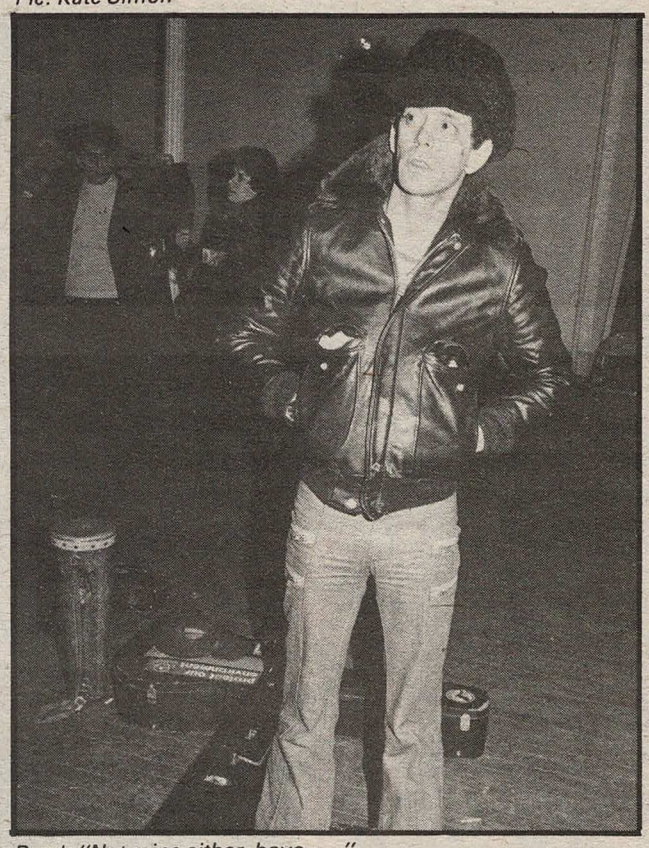
Side one opens with four conservative but compelling, fast but bulbous nuggets, each with plenty of lavish guitar and hard beat. 'Tell Me A Story', 'New Values', 'Girls' and 'I'm Bored' are all ironic and insidiously impressive. 'Don't Look Down' smoulders sneeringly before the fascinating 'The Endless Sea.'

Side two absurdly and skilfully consolidates Osterberg's fickle denunciations. 'Five Foot One' is a sweet example of the record's irrestistible blend of Stones / Stooges drive and wrapped-up abandon. 'How Do You Fix A Broken Part' laughs sickly at self-abuse. 'Angel' is Iggy bleeding melodramatically. 'Curiosity' is a sarcastic and swaggering burst of survival. 'African Man' is mechanically primitive, an overlong and poorly focussed parody of grotesque Iggy animalism. 'Billy Is A Runaway' is a solid and certain rock out. Very tidy.

A brilliant balance between the trickily trivial and the uncommonly cerebral, 'New Values' is my favourite record of the year. The album exorcises Iggy's irrelevance, retains Iggy's incisiveness and reveals Osterberg's sentimentality. It's almost positive. It's almost like a debut album — morally dubious, of course, but that's easy to handle. Give it time, look beneath the boogie, and see what you can see. I see a classic.

Paul Morley

Pic: Kate Simon



Reed: "Not mine either, boyo . . ."

No Songs

LOU REED
The Bells *(Arista)*

Ah, the bells, the bells . . . somehow I don't think this is what Victor Hugo had in mind all those years ago. However, what Slick Vic had in mind is currently of academic interest only (pamphlets available on request), whereas what Lou Reed has in mind is, as ever, open to conjecture.

Reed is possibly the most infuriating Major Artiste in rock and roll: so often his work demonstrates either a seemingly total creative bankruptcy or else an almost perverse desire to disappoint. Almost every album he releases makes me swear never to bother to subject myself to another clapped-out insult of a Lou Reed album; every casual play of an old Velvets album makes me realise that this man cannot be written off no matter how lame he seems to get, which is plenty.

Oh well. Lou clearly ain't making records for us duffers who're too stupid to appreciate his titanic talents; he's making them for the hip, aware folks who think he's the Dostoevsky of the overdose: the people who live in the world he describes and thereby substantiate that he knows whereof he sneers, and the ones who don't live there but like to go slutting by dropping in on Reed's freakshow.

Digging Lou is, therefore, an article of faith. If you believe, he's wonderful. If you don't, he's a turkey. Me, I just don't care at all. 'The Bells' is a delusion disguised as an album: I'm not entirely sure whether Reed is attempting to delude his listeners or whether he is himself deluded. Its most immediately notable feature is that our protagonist has — for the nonce — unilaterally discarded his 'Lou Reed' voice, the dry, cracking streetwise sneer that gave a certain credibility to even the duffest of lyrics and chunes. Naturally that isn't why he used it or why he's now dropped it. He now sounds as if he's having a go at Real Singing: a more demonstrative, expressive and black-influenced style. Unfortunately, the quavering, simpering result is reminiscent of someone attempting an impression of David Bowie and failing. Bowie's Reed impression is considerably better than Reed's Bowie — no wonder they came to blows.

The songs mostly attempt to be jolly and vulnerable: two qualities not particularly associated with Lou's past work. On 'Families', Lou casts himself in the role of a prodigal phoning home to explain why he doesn't come back much, why he can't take over the family busines, why he never married. It's oddly affecting (mostly because Reed is making no attempt to sound tough) and by far the best *song* on the album. The other best cut is 'Disco Mystic', a throwaway Modern instrumental with the title chanted in a deep, mock-impressive voice. Light, small fun.

The overall instrumental sound is heavy, turgid, synth-laden, indigestible, lumpy (hi Paul!). The overall vocal sound is quavery, unstable, unsteady, insubstantial (not 'sub-Stanshall'). On the opener 'Stupid Man' — co-written by Nils Lofgren, who is evidently overdue for a check-up — Reed just sounds as if he's burbling. The word 'ninny' ought to fit in here somewhere, too.

Elsewhere Reed appears as soulful seducer on 'I Want To Boogie With You', desperate carouser on 'All Through The Night' (complete with self-consciously sleazy conversation going on in the background *a la* 'Kicks') and bass-voice goon on the Chaplin tribute 'City Lights'. Finally, he falls flat on his face with the title track on which the brilliant trumpeter Don Cherry is hauled into the operation to blow his soul out and gets rewarded by being mixed so far down that Reed might as well have played the part himself on synthesizers for all the audible difference it would have made. Inviting distinguished guests and then debasing their contributions is not the way to happiness, especially when the track in question is so portentious and boring.

'The Bells' are alive with the sound of changing faces. Reed is no longer playing the part of Lou Reed (you know 'Lou Reed': that sneering, mirror-shaded purveyor of Amphetamine Gothick), but he's still stuck with that character's limitations. He's traded 'Lou Reed's'-derision and damnation for a jerky vulnerability that would almost be charming if it wasn't for (a) the lamentable quality of most of the material and (b) the fact that it's Lou Reed and I don't trust the bugger an inch.

After all, Lou Reed pretending to be a Nice Person is almost inconceivable. Isn't it?

Charles Shaar Murray

THE ROYAL RASSES
Humanity *(Ballistic)*

My most persistent memory of Easter 1976 is of two tunes following me wherever I go, from London to Birmingham: Matumbi's 'After Tonight', and The Royal Rasses' paean to humanity's advance, talking 'bout 'Love The Way It Should Be'.

This latter track gives the album its title, though all seven songs preach a similar sentiment. The Royal Rasses music is for the moral upliftment of all humanity, says the group's leader Prince Lincoln, yea and the same may be said for each man of it as well.

Here we have an original talent, accomplished lyricist and unique singer making some of the best music coming out of Jamaica in this time. Indeed, 'Humanity' is the finest reggae LP of 1979 thus far.

It is The Royal Rasses' debut LP. Prince Lincoln's vocal career stretches back as far as 1967, when he sung in a fairly undistinguished rock-steady group called The Tartans.

There are no indifferent tracks on 'Humanity', although I am not personally that keen on 'Henry Kissinger' (who is?), which is a little trite and, besides, no longer relevant. As Yossarian might have said, where are the Lord Snowdons of yesteryear?

If 'Humanity' is the year's best album, then 'San Salvador' is its superior single. Included here replete with extended dub, the song speaks of *"the smaller portion of this population. It is they who rules and controls the whole nation."* Luckily, we do have the choice whether that particular government rests on the shoulders of Jim Callaghan or Keith Joseph. A woman's right to choose.

'Old Time Friends' is another supreme track, a grower like much of the Rasses music. Praise Jah that we do have old time friends in the time of the yellow leaf. The tune is arranged in a modified disco style, upon which Prince Lincoln's airy vocal rides to exhilarating effect.

Of the rest, 'Love The Way It Should Be' is as timeless as its theme; 'Kingston 11' treads the Kingston ghetto *"from up a Cockburn Pen, to dung a Hunts Bay Lane"* to *"even Moonlight City, the heart of iniquity."* Whilst 'Unconventional People' is an anti-war plea already distinguished in these pages through the comments of such well-considered pacifists as . . .

I wanna sing about Jah destruction!

Penny Reel

ART GARFUNKEL
Fate For Breakfast *(CBS)*

The fellow sucking his finger in the cover like a Borowcyk nun and grinning toothlessly on the back is Art Garfunkel, prime perpetrator of Eunuch Rock (Bee Gees aside), sometime actor and all round sensitive. Who else could sing about bunny wabbits ('Bright Eyes') and love (everything else here) in the same virginal chorus boy voice at his age and not be put away?

'Bright Eyes' (theme tune of *Watership Down*, the flick for hip Beatrix Potter fans) has wimped its way to the top of the UK charts and is the only 'British' track, lovingly produced by ex-Wombler Mike Batt and sessioned by such luminaries as Chris Spedding, Ray Cooper and Les Hurdle. The rest of the album is strictly Californian, so immaculately over-produced by guitarist Louie Shelton that the result sounds like an ad for Kotex: soft, sanitary, white and shiny (like Art's pate). All taste and no flavour.

Elissa Van Poznak

THE MINCER

Peabo Bryson

Cool almost rools

Danny Baker stamps his feet in anger and wishes he was in the Navy

PEABO BRYSON
Crosswinds *(Capitol)*
What a superbly executed album. (Upper circle: "And so it should be!"). Peabo Bryson records smooth silky smooch, the kind that Al Wilson recorded once and for all with his 'Show And Tell' album back in 1974. Eight dollops of love delivered in Johnny Bristol on loan from Stevie Wonder tones: the wonder of sweet lerv, we can fly if we try and the sun shines out of her earhole. And every song springs from Peab's very own fountain pen. (Upper circle screams: "Is that why they're so wet?!"). Lush, 'perfect' sound basting the same old MOR corn.

DANA
The Girl Is Back *(GTO)*
From the poster of the same name. Dana — whom, we remember, won't have it in the house — has grown up, or so we are told. Both eyes on Livvy's market, she performs all producer Barry Blue's tricks and misses the mark by the width of the Atlantic though managing to retain the wetness.

THE RITCHIE FAMILY
American Generation *(Mercury)*
Pity that: if only producer Jaques Morali had shown some discipline in the song lengths; if only he'd lost a couple of the orchestras present; if only he'd some better material. As it is, this overblown album will disappoint anyone hooked on the rather demanding "American Generation" 7 inch. Judicious pruning will make some singles of interest, so long as the album's real dog, Bassey's 'Big Spender', stays buried. I expect Morali had his mind on the excellent new Village People album throughout the sessions.

DAVID SIMMONDS
Hear Me Out *(Fantasy)*
This never lives up to the fiery opening 30 seconds of 'Will They Miss Me?'. It then settles into well tried MOR soul like sub-Lamont Dozier. Not a bit like the excellent new Village People album.

LYNSEY DE PAUL
Tigers and Fireflies *(Polydor)*
Ever wondered what happened to all those songs that weren't strong enough to be the Richard Shops jingle? No change for Ms Rueben who, apart from ditching her breathy vocal style for something marginally stronger, is content to sink as far as re-recording material from her first LP. (And we all sing: *"Lyn don't live here anymore. . ."*).

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Disco Inferno *(K-Tel)*
I am glad that compilations are being segued these days. This latest work from K-Tel is a dandy, their best for ages. It even goes as far as running the tracks with common producers together, and the selections are almost faultless: Gene Chandler, Edwin Starr, Karen Young, John Davis Orchestra and the Village People.

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Boogie Bus *(Polystar)*
And this is similar though not quite so hot, suffering mainly from being in the stranglehold of artists from only two companies. Still, despite the clumsy track-joining it gets the thumbs up and the getting down with Gloria Gaynor, Alicia Bridges, BoHannon, Rahni Harris and the Village People.

GARY'S GANG
Keep On Dancing *(CBS)*
Uninspired, unexciting session men taking it in turns to solo above boring, limp rhythms. The title track as a single just about made it — you can find repeats in each of the six hideously over-extended cuts — but to make through a whole album is like a wade through a sandpit in a Sellotape suit.

EARL KLUGH
Heart String *(UA)*
Lots of style, sweet tinkling across the frets, a manifesto of whimsical lullabies. The class oozes forth, although nose-picking and farting were obviously right out during the sessions along with interest and passion. How unlike 'Go West', the excellent new album from Village People. Beside, he's not entitled to be stylish with a surname like that.

MICHAEL ZAGER BAND
Life's A Party *(Private Stock)*
This bloke, who looks like Tony Hatch and often as not sounds like him, had the hit 'Lets All Chant — Ooooh Ooooh!' and has been turning out James Last tat like this ever since on the strength of it. Bouncy piffle that has dry and flat session girl vocals in tow. During the playing of this, the fisherman who lives next door fired off a distress signal.

ANGIE BOFILL
Angie *(GR)*
Angie has a fine voice, but its quirks and atmosphere are a little lost against the type of polite-jazz in evidence here. Admired by both Dizzy Gillespie and Cannonball Adderley, she does manage to hold you for an album though only her own 'Under The Moon' requires a repeat. Still, this is the best solo outing here and you could take the album further than this review.

DOROTHY MOORE
Once Moore With Feeling *(Epic)*
Yeah, Dorothy is worth an album. Best remembered for sublime soul weepies 'Misty Blue' and 'I Believe You', Moore's only defeated by the asking price for albums these days. I couldn't firmly recommend this collection of pretty distractions and still look mother in the eye. As it is, we have a middling to good album to put on the pile next to the butter mountain, the beef mountain, the wine lake and the Village People.

Danny Baker

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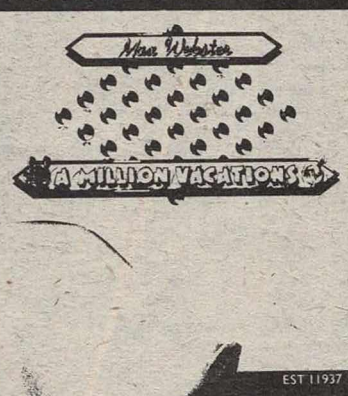

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IMPORTS

When **Randy Bachman** ploughed his way out of Guess Who's wheatfield in the Summer of '70, they readied the band's unemployment cards down at the Winnipeg Labour Exchange. But **Burton Cummings** and his fellow canny Canucks had other ideas and continued to mint more gold than Midas Inc., such singles as 'Share The Land' and 'Rain Dance' selling more copies than Maggie Trudeau's had hot wotsits.

Even when bassist **Jim Cale** quit, after 10 years on the road, Guess Who kept on keeping on, refusing to call it a day until September, 1975, when they completed a lengthy tour by playing an official 'last date' in Montreal. However, the band is once more operational — as a currently rack-stacking album called 'All This For A Song' (Hilltak) readily proves. Jim Cale, it seems, is once more the group mainman, along with singer-guitarist **Don McDougall,** another GW stalwart and, truth to tell, little seems to have changed along the way, even McDougall's lead vocals sounding a facsimile of those offered by Burton C.

The songwriting too, is stylistically much the same as ever, being a fair line in singles fodder — as best illustrated by the album's title number on which the band utilises early, Bachman-era hits as a kind of battle-cry, yelling "Look out, American Woman, I'm shakin' all over, I got no time, so don't give me no hand-me-down world!" Opinion in the City suggests that the latest Wheatfield crop could be worth an investment or two — though real success depends pretty much on the climate.

With past heroes continuing to prosper, little wonder that **Moby Grape** reformed last year, cutting 'Live Grape' (Grape) an album which Pacific Records are now shipping in. Although I haven't yet got within earshot of the disc, the news is that founder-members **Jerry Miller, Peter Lewis** and **Skip Spence** (these Canucks get in everywhere!) are all featured and that the songs include a number of newies by Spence, who was responsible for most of the bands early hits.

Meanwhile, back in the modern world, basketball seems to have splurged into the disc market. A while back we had the *One On One* soundtrack and recently 'My Kids' (Casablanca) a song album by **Meadowlark Lemon,** the Harlem Globetrotters' great player-comedian, arrived in the racks. Also around right now is 'Fast Break' (Motown) the soundtrack to yet another basketball bonanza, this one spotlighting the sounds of **Billy Preston** and **Syreeta.** However, it's nothing to get excited about and a better bet is **The Tapes'** 'You Just Can't Sleep' on the Dutch Plurex label.

If Bryan Ferry had been more Oxo than Martini and if he'd been brought up in clog-land, working nights with a band from Akron, the result might have been something like 'Sleep'. The album has the quality of a demo cut by an outfit who have planned an interesting and scenic route but one which forces them to tread warily. The songs (mainly penned by singer-guitarist Rolf Hermsen) are set simplistically, given space. But there are ultimately quirky and jagged, keeping the ears on a receptive wavelength. In short, The Tapes have that undefinable something — which is why Sire have signed them. Stand by for further communiques on this subject.

Fred Dellar

PETER GREEN
In The Skies *(PVK)*

A sound so sweet, tender, pure and emotive, the tone he coaxed from his Gibson Les Paul, set Peter Green apart from any other '60s guitarist who had been indiscriminately branded a guitar hero. With emphasis on sustained single notes, it was invariably a becalmed and ethereal blueswail, so gracefully and naturally restrained that once, while awaiting Green's late arrival for a record date, a fidgety B.B. King confided to me that "Peter is the only living guitarist to make me sweat. He's got the sweetest sound that I've *ever* heard."

King wasn't being patronising. Green had already defined this particular aspect of his style on such seminal Fleetwood Mac recordings as 'Need Your Love So Bad', 'Black Magic Woman', 'Albatross', and 'Man Of The World', whilst 'Oh Well', and 'The Green Manalishi' had depicted the more frenzied side of his artistry.

Then Peter Green jumped ship. Caught in a dilemma between psychedelic-induced paranoia and a worried quest for spiritual fulfillment, Green made public his disenchantment with the material world and left to seek enlightenment.

It's almost nine years to the day since Green declared such intentions and, save for a thoroughly directionless album in 1970 and a couple of inconsequential singles, Green has existed in what at times appears to have been his own private hell.

It's on the slow-burning 'A Fool No More' that one realises it's been a worthwhile wait. Here Green demonstrates that he's lost none of the qualities that made him a generation's most gifted bluesman. His fingering is as subtle as it ever was, the voice still ultimately world-weary and his

A man and his Gibson Les Paul

More Green Blues

inimitable tone brings a lump to the throat.

The overall mood of the album picks up where Green left off in 1970. It's not so much a grand-slam comeback, but more of a cautious toe-in-the-water. The minimal production aside, this is emphasised by Green's studio cohorts (bassist Kuma Harada and drummer Reg Isadore) striking an unobstrusive attitude; they never once crowd him or attempt to divert attention from him.

Of the nine Green tracks, four are overtly devotional vocals, whilst some of the remaining instrumentals give the distinct impression that the tapes just happened to be rolling whilst the band were getting musically acquainted.

Peter Green, it seems, at last exorcised his demons and one hopes this album will give him sufficient confidence to continue a musical career on his own terms.

Roy Carr

TONY WILLIAMS
The Joy Of Flying *(CBS)*

Suggested sub-title: 'The Fear Of Playing'. Drummer Tony Williams isn't alone among his jazz class in not knowing how to channel his creative energies through the late '70s; the lucrative siren-song of the long, hot fusion siesta obviously still beckons.

Along with Herbie Hancock, Wayne Shorter and Ron Carter, Williams was integral to Miles Davis' '60s Quintet but he hasn't found either the opportunity or the inclination to push himself since the demise of the original Lifetime.

Isolated sessions aside, the only suitable seat he's occupied recently has been in Hancock's reformed (minus Miles) Quintet. The 'V.S.O.P.', 'Quintet' and import-only 'Tempest In The Colosseum' and 'Herbie Hancock Trio' albums all showed Williams to have lost none of his attack or appeal; he remains one of the most imaginative, if not strictly innovative, jazz drummers.

But to hear him methodically funking out here with Hancock himself and such candlelight 'luminaries' as George Benson, Stanley Clarke, Tom Scott and Jan Hammer is as depressing as a death in the family.

The only piece to peel away the marzipan is the token 'jazz' item. Shamefacedly tucked away at the end of the set, 'Morgan's Motion' has Williams actually dusting off that forgotten faculty 'imagination' as he accompanies pianist Cecil Taylor. All angles and long, dark furrows, Taylor threatens to take the Bossendorfer Concert Grand apart; Williams is the spirit level to his urgent necromancy.

Magnificent. Tape it if you can, and treasure it. Ignore the rest.

Angus MacKinnon

Music from the walled city.

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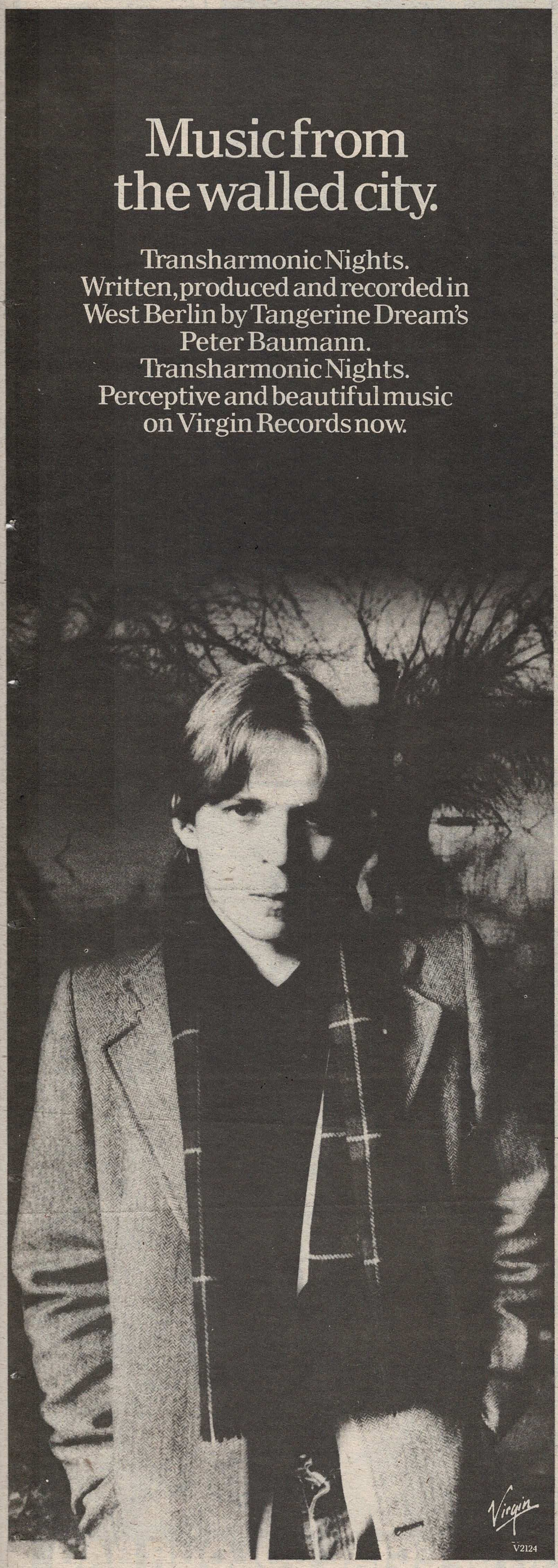

Tanks in Tehran before the recent revolution (AP)

Militant Manoeuvres

Penman points at people pointing at things

THE RED CRAYOLA
Soldier Talk *(Radar)*

1-2-3-4! Ever talk about this space?

This 'space' being *discussion* about beat music . . . as opposed to straight, confident presentation. To write at a tangent to a letter in a recent Gasbag, it's *not* a question of a critic overwhelming the subject with subjective opinion — no, sorry, it's just an attempt to set up a useful dialogue, a conversation, which involves an appraisal of the practices of musician, critic, *and* audience. It's a positive attempt to involve *you*. Just ask a question . . .

The Red Crayola's 'Soldier Talk' is an excercise in rock 'n' roll argument. It has little formal 'grace', maximum pace and space and minimal yik yak (what's irrelevant? it asks).

'Soldier Talk' is everyday argument transferred into an r'n'r context. It isn't 'avant-garde'. Its tightly structured and electic musical stage is inseparable from the ideas and actions which determined both its release and shape (see Crayola feature): the reasoning and rigour swerving the rhythm.

In the imperative categories dustdown — here we go again! — 'Soldier Talk' is — musically — a straight-backed synchronisation of various things Mayo Thompson has probably never heard. What's the point of describing it? I could mention names — Wyatt, Weill, Slap Happy, for

The Red C — J.C. and M.T.

instance — and be confident you'd rise to the bait; but then you might run away . . .

Similarly the lyrical content. I'll throw out impressions, secrets, and subjectivity — because this space is so small. 'Soldier Talk' deals with the consensus which supports various projects and processes, the ways of doing things — arguing, listening, learning — which are 'taken for granted'.

The heading — 'Soldier Talk' — is part of the scheme, one of the (military) metaphors used to probe into attitude. Used to promote conflict and conversation, assessment and resolution, used to analyse ways and mistakes in the business of communication (something I do very badly, so they tell me . . .) The 'personal' is 'political', and disappointment is indexable to both: high farce or high hopes?

'Soldier Talk' is a Red Crayola album, 1979, featuring Mayo Thompson (guitar, organ, voice), Jesse Chamberlain (drums), Christine Thompson (voice), Lora Logic (saxes), Dick Cuthell (horns) — and renowned beat group Pere Ubu.

It is noisey, positive and unpredictable; it isn't reggae or Scritti Politti. Take those r'n'r beats into your confidence, consider them and cross them out, sez Crayola.

Don't let long words oppress you. Get angry, argue, participate in this knowledge dance. And words to that effect.

Ian Penman

DEVADIP
Oneness (CBS)

I tripped into this one without looking. It's in the lower parts of the charts, as if it was pop music or something.

Actually, 'Oneness' is an intense realisation of ol' man Carlos Santana's spiritual pursuits; it betrays a chronic need for the security of a way of thought based on the artificial separation of life as a whole into divided and sub-divided areas. The concept of everyday life embarrasses Santana — this is his way out and shame on the fools who let him get away with it.

Trivia in a void, this is. Negative nonsense. The cover is golden and exotic, the gatefold spread blue and mysterious complete with suitable Sri Chimney quotes, the sentiments sickly delusions.

It will be observed that in this 'review' nothing has been said about the music. This omission is deliberate.

Paul Morley

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MAY 12TH, SAT. STRATHCLYDE UNIVERSITY
MAY 14TH, MON. BIRKENHEAD – HAMILTON CLUB
MAY 16TH, WED. NEWCASTLE UNIVERSITY
MAY 17TH, THUR. LINCOLN – DRILL HALL
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Sunday April 29th 60p
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Monday April 30th Free
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Tuesday May 1st 60p
STRANGEWAYS + THE PIRANHAS
Wednesday May 2nd Free
THE METHOD + THE HET

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Friday April 27th
LAMMAGYRE
Saturday April 28th
EARTHBOUND
Sunday April 29th
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Tuesday May 1st
PRESCENCE

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Thursday April 26th
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Saturday April 28th
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Sunday April 29th
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THE EDGE ARE AT
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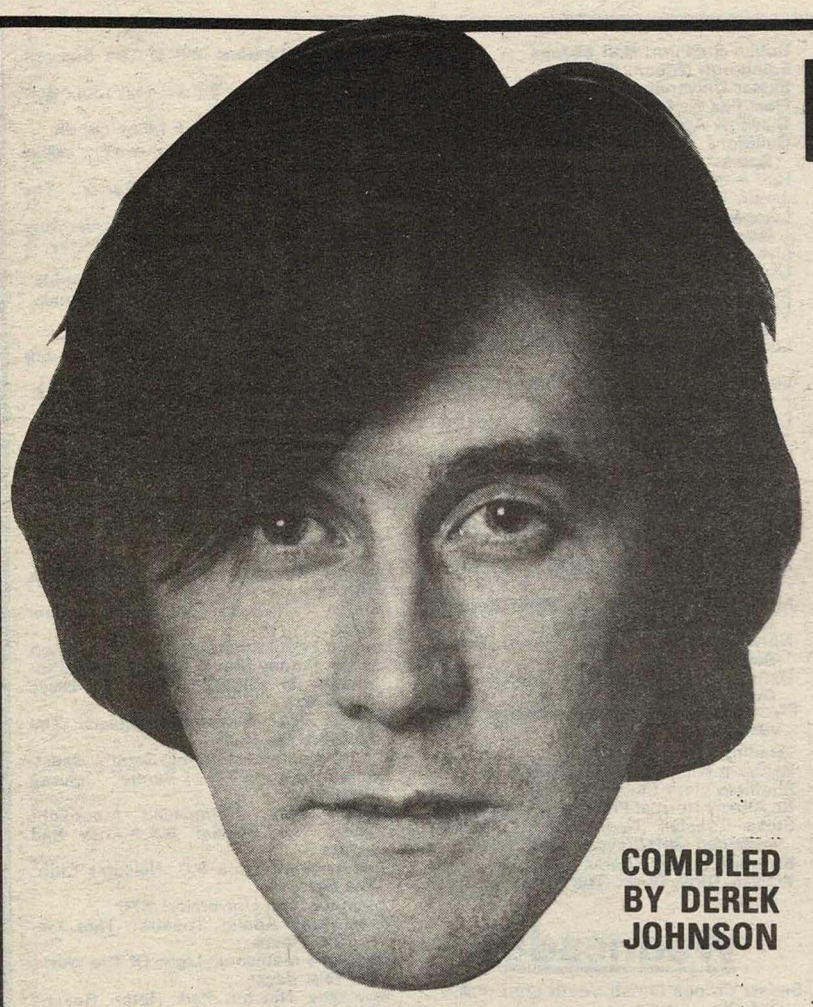


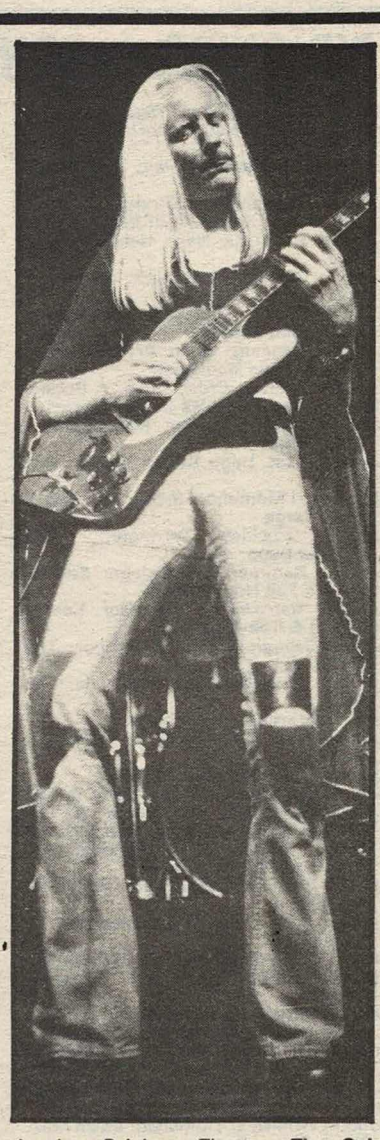
NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

WELL, look who's here! Yes, folks, it's funny-name time again — as Briar Ferntree (or Bygone Ferrari or whatever) prepares to go back on the road. All of which means that ***Bryan Ferry and Roxy Music*** *are embarking on their UK reunion tour, opening at Leicester on Wednesday.*

One of the grand old men of rock, guitarist-cum-singer ***Johnny Winter*** *(right), pays his first visit to Britain for many moons when — together with his current backing trio — he plays two London shows at The Venue on Tuesday and Wednesday.*

Fairport Convention *have, alas, decided to disband — mainly due to the increasing deafness problems of stalwart Dave Swarbrick (below). But first they're doing a farewell tour, kicking off at London (Saturday), Exeter (Monday) and Plymouth (Tuesday), with a further 25 dates to follow.*



Thursday

Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom: **Johnny & The Roccos**
Birmingham Barbarellas: **The Dickies**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Clinic**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Birmingham The Bell: **The Clerks**
Birmingham The Haven: **Reno**
Blackburn Cavendish Club: **Edwin Starr**
Bodmin Jail Club: **Lip Service**
Brighton Dome: **The Spinners**
Buckley Tivoli Ballroom: **Light Of The World**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Burscough Admiral Lord Nelson: **The Accelerators**
Chester Arts Centre: **Punishment of Luxury**
Chesterfield Fusion: **The Thompson Twins**
Clayton-Le-Moors Albion Hotel: **E.T.I.**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **John Miles-/Bandit**
Exeter Routes: **John Otway Band**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Rush**
Glasgow Art College: **The Scottish Monos**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Underhand Jones**
Harrogate The Gallop: **Gerry & The Pacemakers (for three days)**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Take Away**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Red Beans & Rice**
Hull College: **The Soft Boys**
Hull King Edward: **Animation**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Jerry The Ferret**
Leeds Fan Club: **The Defendants/Fan Heater**
Leeds Polytechnic: **XTC**
Liverpool Eric's: **Prag Vec**
London Camden Brecknock: **United Nations**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Young Bucks**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Black Superstition Mountain**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Troggs**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Flys/The Century**
London Deptford Arms: **Stagefright**
London Edmonton Cambridge Hotel: **The Purple Hearts/The Chords**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **Skin Deep**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Veins/Newtown Neurotics**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Agony Column**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Manyana**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Fischer-Z/Medium Medium**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Martin Taylor & Ike Isaacs**
London Marquee Club: **The Records**
London Maunkberry's: **Midnight News**
London Paddington Western Counties: **First Aid**
London Queen Elizabeth College: **Here & Now/Blank Space**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Brian Brocklehurst/Louisa Jane White**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Sleepy La Beef/Matchbox**
London St. Moritz Club: **Red Tape**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Crooks**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **Zilch**
London Victoria The Venue: **Roger Chapman & The Shortlist**
London Walthamstow North-East Polytechnic: **Beast**
London Wembley Conference Hall: **Mike Oldfield**
London Wimbledon Dog & Fox: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **Manicured Noise/Rema Rema/Sneeky Feelins**
Lowestoft College: **Buster James Band**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Elton John**
Manchester Pembroke Hall: **Spookey**
Newcastle City Hall: **James Last Orchestra**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Jean Jacques Burnel**
Norwich Boogie House: **The Press**
Nottingham Clarendon College: **Pressure Shocks**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Hormones**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Lap Region**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **The Damned**
Nottingham The Bodega: **Art Failure**
Portsmouth Locarno: **Players Association**
Port Talbot Troubador: **The Members**
Poynton Folk Centre: **The John Bull Band**
Queensferry Deesside Leisure Centre: **Max Boyce**
Reading Target Club: **El Seven**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Fall**
St Ives Manchester Arms: **Richard Digance**
Worthing The Balmoral: **John Thomas**
York Barge Club: **York Jazz Sextet**

Friday

Aberdeen Robert Gordon Institute: **Turbo**
Aberystwyth University: **Frankie Miller's Full House/Flicks**
Basildon Double Six: **Dog Watch**
Bedford Corn Exchange: **Punishment Of Luxury/Wild Horses**
Birmingham Aston University: **The Special A.K.A.**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Nutz**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **The Traitors**
Birmingham Odeon: **Magazine**
Birmingham Polytechnic: **Fischer-Z**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Spitfire**
Birmingham (Small Heath) The Sydenham: **The Crack**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **EPI-X**
Blackpool Gaiety Bar: **Delegation**
Brighton Cage Skateboard Park: **Dirty Weekend/Chicane**
Brighton Lewes Rd. Inn: **Gina & The Rockin' Rebels**
Bognor Sussex Hotel: **Shakedown**
Bournemouth Capone's: **Thieves Like Us**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **John Miles/Bandit**
Cambridge Corn Exchange: **The Pop Group**
Colchester Disco 3: **Massive Discount/-Receding Columns**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Iggy Pop-/Zones**
Derby Playhouse: **Armpit Jug Band**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Dangerous Girls**
Edinburgh Heriot Watt University: **Chris Rea**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Jean Jacques Burnel**
Ely British Sugar Club: **Rokotto**
Fife St. Andrew's University: **Black Slate**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Child**
Guildford Star Hotel: **Sleepy La Beef**
Harrow The Havelock: **Take Away**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **John Otway Band**
Horncastle Town Hall: **Matchbox**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **The Defendants**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Jerry The Ferret**
Kettering Windmill Club: **The Bearshank Band**
Kingston The Noise Factory: **The New Architects/Magnificent 7/Pork**
Knaresborough Folk Club: **Jenny Beeching**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Lew Lewis Reformer/Spyder Blues Band**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Fumin**
Leicester T.U.L. Club: **Johnny & The Roccos**
Lincoln A.J.'s Club: **The Cruisers**
Liverpool Eric's: **Inner Circle**
Liverpool University Mountford Hall: **Penetration**
London Acton Kings Head: **Paz**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Semuta**
London Battersea Cornet of Horse: **Crisis**
London Camden Brecknock: **Fast Exit**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Cleaners/Tontrix**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **ABC**
London Camden Music Machine: **Wayne County & The Electric Chairs**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Warm Jets**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Robert & The Remoulds**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Noel McCalls Band**
London Deptford Kings Head: **The Void**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Natalie Cole**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Thin Lizzy/The Vipers**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Wall/The Dials**
London Latimer Road Frestonia Community Festival: **Here & Now**
London Lewisham Black Bull: **Little Tony & The Tennessee Rebels**
London Marquee Club: **The Yachts**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night**
London Queen Elizabeth Hall: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Jim Galloway**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Mark Andrews & The Gents/Scandal**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **Local Operator/Zero Zero**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Ojah**
London Victoria The Venue: **Roger Chapman & The Shortlist**
London Wandsworth Lord Westbury: **Stagefright**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Sore Throat/The Q.T.'s**
London Willesden White Horse: **Wild Angels**
London W9 The Chippenham: **The Passengers/The Leopards**
London W10 Ceres Bakery: **Black Space**
London WC1 Architectural Association: **The Passions**
Luton The Unicorn: **Zilch**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **James Last Orchestra**
Manchester Stalybridge Commercial Hotel: **Sister Ray**
Manchester Valentine's: **The Foundations**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **The Symbols**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: Quartz
Milton Keynes Stantonbury Campus: **Richard Digance**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **XTC/Fan Heater**
Newport The Village: **Gary Holton's Gems**
Norwich East Anglia University: **The Soft Boys**
Nottingham Club Malibu: **Pressure Shocks**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Last Call**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **The Ruts**
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: **The Russians**
Paisley The Bungalow: **The Motels**
Ramsgate The Van Gogh: **Gizmo**
Robin Hood's Bay Dolphin: **Mike Absalom**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Press**
Slough Community Centre: **Players Association**
Solihull Golden Lion: **Ocean Boulevard**
Southampton Holbury Old Mill: **The Piranhas**
Stevenage The Swan: **Gypp**
Stockport College of Technology: **Slow Guns**
Sunderland Annabells: **Spookey**
Swansea Hafod Inn: **White Daps**
Uxbridge Unit One: **Agony Column**
Walsall Town Hall: **Light Of The World**
Weymouth Pavilion: **The Spinners**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **The Dickies**
Worthing Balmoral Bar: **Better Looking**
York Barge Club: **Defunked**

Saturday

Aberdeen University: **The Undertones**
Aviemore Centre: **Child**
Aylesbury Friars: **John Otway Band**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Little Acre**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Reno**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Liquid Mirrors**
Birmingham Bournebrook Hotel: **The Soft Boys**
Birmingham Hare & Hounds: **Richard Digance**
Birmingham Hopwood Caravan Club: **Ocean Boulevard**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Strider**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Thieves Like Us**
Blackburn Cavendish Club: **Edwin Starr**
Blackpool Gaiety Bar: **Delegation**
Blyth Golden Eagle; **Anniversary**
Bracknell Bridge House: **Sledgehammer**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Jean Jacques Burnel**
Brighton Alhambra: **Fan Club/Chicane**
Brighton The Vault: **The Chefs/The Accents/Smegma & The Cheesey Bits/Kemptown Rockers/Bo Waters**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **The Wild Beasts**
Bristol Granary: **Quartz**
Bristol Redland College: **Joe Ely Band**
Canterbury Odeon: **John Miles/Bandit**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Sleepy La Beef**
Cheltenham Whitcombe Lodge: **Chelsea/Cuddly Toys**
Chester Albion Hotel: **Vesuvius**
Christchurch Jumpers Tavern: **Tours**
Colchester Essex University: **Penetration**
Coventry Hessel Common: **Belt & Braces Band**
Coventry Warwick University: **Capital Letters**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Rokotto**
Derby Lonsdale College: **High Flames**
Eastbourne Lottbridge Arms: **The Piranhas**
Eastbourne The Cavalier: **Shakedown**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Rush**
Exeter University: **The Members**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Chris Rea**
Greenock Victorian Carriage: **The Motels**
Hartlepool Gemini Club: **Spooky**
Hitchin Bancroft Hall: **Pressure Shocks**
Hitchin College: **The Bishops**
Hornchurch The Bull: **Jerry The Ferret**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Inner Circle**
Keswick Rugby Club: **Max Boyce/Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators**
Leeds Packhorse Inn: **Hot Vultures**
Leeds Station Hotel: **Lies All Lies**
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Spyder Blues Band**
Leicester University: **Iggy Pop/Zones**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **James Last Orchestra**
Liverpool Eric's: **The Specials**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Maranatha**
London Camden Brecknock: **Tennis Shoes**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Noel McCalla Band/The Accelerators**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Tourists**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Troggs**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Inmates**
London Deptford Kings Head: **R 21**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Fairport Convention**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Thin Lizzy/The Vipers**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Nobodyz/The Vye**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Piranhas**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Dickies**
London Lewisham Black Bull: **Gina & The Rockin' Rebels**
London Marquee Club: **Bobby Henry**
London Mile End Queen Mary College: **Black Slate/Capital Letters/C.P. Lee & Friends**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Eastbound**
London N.8 Edison Centre: **Chanter/Amba**
London Paddington Western Counties: **Too Much**
London Rainbow Theatre: **The Only Ones/The Leyton Buzzards**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Packie Byrne & Bonnie Shaljean**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Jim Galloway**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Ojah**
London Victoria The Venue: **Bethnal-/Warm Jets**
London Waterloo National Theatre Foyer: **Pyewackett**
London Wembley Arena: **Mike Oldfield**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Soul Boys/Local Operator**
Loughborough University Towers Refectory: **The Big Jobs**
Luton Kingsway Tavern: **Johnny & The Roccos**
Martletwy Cross Hands: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
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Manchester Polytechnic: **XTC**
Manchester Valentine's: **The Foundations**
Manchester Winsford Civic Hall: **Light Of The World**
Matlock Pavilion: **Strange Days**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **The Symbols**
Merstham Youth Centre: **The Escalators**
Northampton Old Five Bells: **The Russians**
Norwich Boogie House: **Buster James Band**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Outward Band**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **N.W.10 / Lap Region**
Oxford New Theatre: **The Three Degrees**
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: **The Ruts**
Oxford Polytechnic: **Disco Students**
Paignton Festival Theatre: **The Spinners**
Paisley Silver Thread Hotel: **Saffron Summerfield**
Peterborough Technical College: **The Dole**
Ryde I.o.W. Warners Puckpool: **The Damned**
Sheffield University: **The Pop Group**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Magazine**
Southampton Guildhall: **Freddie 'Fingers' Lee/Rockabilly Fever**
Southend Minerva: **Matchbox**
Stevenage The Swan: **Skin Deep**
Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: **Orphan**
Stroud Leisure Centre: **Players Association**
Stubbington Hammond Hall: **The Assassins/The Rots**
Torquay 400 Club: **Soul Direction**
Truro Plaza Cinema: **The Spinners**
Weymouth Cellar Vino: **Interference**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

Sunday

Barrow Civic Hall: **'Up Country' with Alan Ray/Naden Brothers Band/Jacky**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: **The Crook**
Birmingham Star Club: **Life Support**
Bishops Stortford **Triad Leisure Centre: Exit (lunchtime)/Snap Revision (evening)**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Piranhas**
Bristol Hippodrome: **The Three Degrees**
Bristol Locarno: **Inner Circle**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Chelmsford City F.C. Rock Club: **The Outsider**
Christchurch Jumpers Tavern: **Mark Andrews & The Gents**
Exeter University: **Blank Space**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **Penetration-/Radio Stars**
Hornchurch Queens Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Ilford Odeon: **Jean Jacques Burnel**
Ipswich Kingfisher: **Boy Bastin**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

GIG GUIDE — CONTINUED

Islyn Folk Club: **Richard Digance**
Leeds Victoria Hotel (lunchtime): **Best Friends**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **John Miles-/Bandit**
Leicester Syston Club: **Strange Days**
London Acton Kings Head: **Strange Fruit**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Brecknock: **The Small Hours**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Remus Down Boulevard**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Tennis Shoes**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Dog Watch**
London E.1 Montefiore School: **The Resisters/Charge**
London Finchley Torrington: **Noel McCalla Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Frankie Miller's Full House/Flicks**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Robert & The Remoulds**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Resistance**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Ruts**
London Marquee Club: **Fame**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Skin Deep**
London Palladium: **The Stylistics**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Gerry & The Pacemakers/Billy J. Kramer & The Dakotas/Dave Berry/Merseybeats-/Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders-/Fourmost/Tommy Bruce**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London S.E.1 Duke of Clarence: **Belt & Braces Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Stan Barker**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Angletrax**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Members/The Mekons/The Inmates**
London Tottenham White Hart: **Johnny & The Roccos**
London Victoria The Venue: **Supercharge**
London Wembley Arena: **Mike Oldfield**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Ewan MacColl & Peggy Seeger**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Rush**
Manchester Eccles Town Hall: **Sister Ray**
Newcastle Orinoco Club: **Spookey**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Chris Rea**
Newmarket Grand Ole Opry: **Joe Ely Band**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
Oldham Civic Hall: **National Youth Jazz Orchestra**
Oxford New Theatre: **Magazine**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Shirley & Dolly Collins/Mike Canavan**
Reading Target Club: **Double Xposure**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Iggy Pop/Zones**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **The Escalators**
Salford Willows Country Club: **Light Of The World**
Sheffield City Hall: **James Last Orchestra**
Stalybridge Commercial Hotel: **Mistress**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **The Sports**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**
West Bromwich Coach & Horses: **Ocean Boulevard**

Monday

Barnsley Wheatsheaf Hotel: **Pete & Chris Coe**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Freebird**
Birmingham Drakes Drum: **Ocean Boulevard**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Orphan**
Birmingham Nite Out: **The Stylistics (for a week)**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Video**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Headlights**
Boston Folk Club: **Threadbare Consort**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Chefs**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Magazine**
Chester Smartyz: **The Undertones**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **Iggy Pop/Zones**
Exeter Routes: **Fairport Convention**
Ilford Caulflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Jersey Opera House: **Heathcliffe (for three days)**
Jersey West Park Pavilion: **The Drifters**
Kingston Noise Factory: **Deep Throats**
Kirkcaldy Royal Oak Hotel: **Saffron Summerfield**
Lancaster University: **John Miles/Bandit**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Johnny & the Roccos**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Snoots**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Art Failure**
Leicester Bailey's: **Edwin Starr (for a week)**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **James Last Orchestra**
Liverpool Eric's: **Supercharge**
Liverpool The Crown: **The Clerks**
London Camden Brecknock: **Scarecrow**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Red Lights/Local Heroes/The End**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Extras/Warm Jets**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **64 Spoons**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Action Replays**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Bobby Henry**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Interview**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Stan Barker**
London Marquee Club: **Lew Lewis Reformer**

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London N.4 The Stapleton: **The O.K. Band**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Brain Surgeons/The Millionaires**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Lightning Raiders**
Maidenhead Skindles Hotel: **The Three Degrees/Bill Fredericks**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **The Dickies**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Rush**
Milton Keynes Crawford Club: **The Special A.K.A.**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Playhouse: **Inner Circle**
Oldham Civic Centre: **Showaddywaddy**
Oldham Queen Elizabeth Hall: **Light Of The World**
Petersfield White Horse: **Thieves Like Us**
Rayleigh Crocs: **The Cruisers**
Sheffield Hall: **Neil Sedaka**
Stockport Ray's Place: **The Smirks**

Tuesday

Belfast Ulster Hall: **Darts**
Birmingham Barbarella's : **Wayne County & The Electric Chairs**
Brighton Afro Club: **Cygnus**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Chefs**
Brighton Richmond Hotel: **The Dials-/Woody & The Splinters**
Burnley The Hop: **The Accelerators**
Canterbury College of Art: **The Soft Boys**
Douglas I.o.M. Villa Marina: **Max Boyce/Telephone Bill & The Smoothe Operators**
Dublin Stadium: **Neil Sedaka**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Child**
Exeter University: **Magazine**
Fleet Fox & Hounds: **Andrew Cronshaw**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Iggy Pop/Zones**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Rachel Sweet/The Sports**
Hull Arts College: **Mike Absalom**
Jersey West Park Pavilion: **The Drifters**
Lampeter St. David's College: **Here & Now**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Rush**
London Camden Brecknock: **Guess Who**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Jack Lee**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Jean Jacques Burnel**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Brian James & The Brains**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Beast**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus/ **Strangeways/The Piranhas**
London Victoria The Venue: **Johnny Winter**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Cameras**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **China Street**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Thin Lizzy/The Vipers**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Seventh Angel/The Not Sensibles**
Norwich Boogie House: **John Otway Band**
Oxford New Theatre: **James Last Orchestra**
Plymouth Woods Centre: **Fairport Convention**
Reading University: **XTC**
Saltburn Fillmore Disco: **Chris Rea**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Fischer-Z**
St. Albans Horn of Plenty: **The O.K. Band**
Stoke Tunstall Town Hall: **Crass/The Poisoned Girls/Beyond The Wall**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Writz**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**

Wednesday

Belfast Corpus Christi Youth Club: **P.A. / Flicknife**
Belfast Ulster Hall: **Darts**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Quartz**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Beatroot**
Bradford University: **Fischer-Z**
Brighton Alhambra: **Fan Club/The Accents**
Brighton Top Rank: **Penetration**
Bristol Colston Hall: **James Last Orchestra**
Bristol Tiffany's: **The Wild Beasts**
Carshalton St Helier Arms: **Rockabilly Fever**
Cheltenham College of Technology: **The Dickies**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Douglas I.O.M. Villa Marina: **Max Boyce/Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators**
Edinburgh George Square Folk Club: **Saffron Summerfield**
Edinburgh Odeon: **John Miles/Bandit**
Fife St Andrew's University: **Mike Absalom**
Gt. Yarmouth Star & Garter: **The Members**
Hazel Grove Youth Club: **The Accelerators**
High Wycombe Town Hall: **Shirley & Dolly Collins**
Leamington Crown Hotel: **Stuff Movies**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Roxy Music**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Rush**
Liverpool Pickwick Club: **Here & Now**
London Camden Brecknock: **The Young Bucks**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Sports**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Skin Deep**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Agony Column / 2TV**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Magazine**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Shawaddywaddy**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Beer**
London Marquee Club: **Cygnus/China Street**
London Paddington Western Counties: **Zilch**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Method/The Hats**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Beast**
London Victoria The Venue: **Johnny Winter**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Special A.K.A./The Red Lights**
London Wimbledon F.C. Nelson's Club: **The Sinceros**
Loughborough University: **XTC**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Thin Lizzy/The Vipers**
Newcastle Madisons: **Light Of The World (for four days)**
Newcastle Newton Park Hotel: **Roxoff-/Southbound**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Rachel Sweet**
Newport Stowaway: **Wayne County & The Electric Chairs**
Northampton Acne Club: **The Bishops**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **John Otway Band**
Preston Polytechnic: **Violinski**
Rayleigh Crocs: **The Doll**
Sheffield Limit Club: **China Street**
Sheffield Top Rank: **The Undertones**
Solihull Golden Lion: **The Clinic**
Southampton Fawley Old Mill: **Mark Andrews & The Gents**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Usk Stardust Club: **The Drifters (for four days)**

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May
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Sun 6th: Windsor Castle, London.
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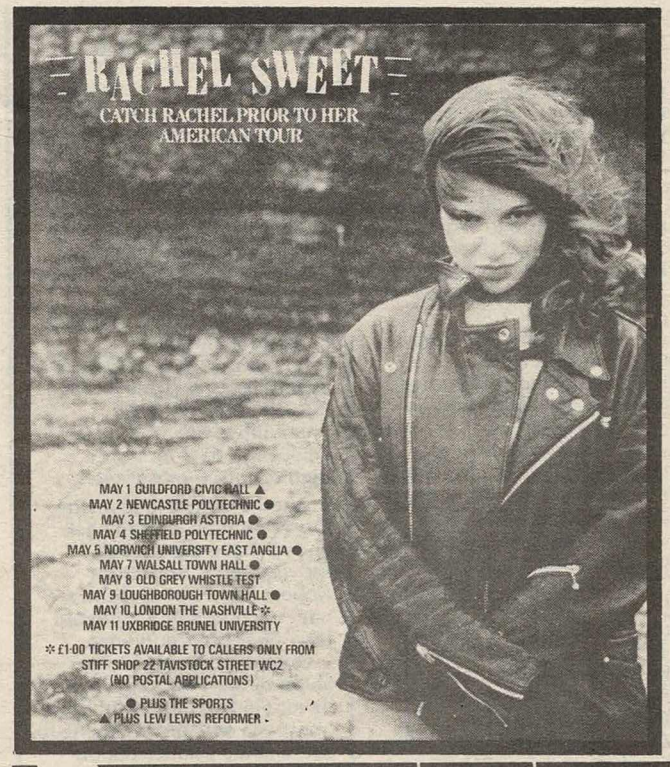

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SCI FI

From page 25

Close Encounters in reverse, while the second attempts to combine special effects with the old disaster formula, i.e. big boulder from space zaps city.

The prize for oddball in the bunch has to go to *Time After Time.* Starring Malcolm McDowell and directed by Nicholas Meyer, who was responsible for *The Seven-Per- Cent Solution,* it tells the somewhat improbable story of how a young H. G. Wells pursues Jack the Ripper into the future via a Wellsian style time machine and rescues a bunch of future damsels from bro' Jack's haphazard surgery.

H. G. Wells crops up again, providing the original idea for *Things To Come.* Originally filmed by Alexander Korda in the mid-'30s, the first *Things To Come* was considered to be a cinema milestone, rivalled only by Fritz Lang's *Metropolis.* Producer Harry Alan Towers hopes, by hiring Frank Wells (son of H.G.) and using the British special effects labs (about the only flourishing part of the domestic film industry), to beat out the 40-year-old classic.

The less promising entrants (only less promising because they don't appear to have the production and publicity budgets of the big studio epics) include a Japanese raygun opera, *Message From Space;* something similar from the USA, *Legacy Of The Stars;* and a future set horror flick, *The Slithis Returns.*

THE EXPLOSION isn't just confined to the big screen, however. With everyone and his uncle talking science fiction, the TV moguls have refused to be shut out in the cold by missing the trend.

For some unknown reason (or is it?), the men who decide what we'll get down the tube seem particularly fascinated with the idea of clones. Out of the three major US TV networks, two, NBC and CBS, have clone pilots in production with a view to an eventual series in each case. The CBS effort has the imaginative title of *Clone,* while NBC tries for more dignity with *Clone Master.*

Another smart idea inside the TV studios is to go back and re-make the old '30s movie serials. Both *Buck Rogers* and *Flash Gordon* are near to completion, updated for a *Star Wars* audience.

One hopeful sign is that some of the TV companies have rejected the campo-junk approach and actually gone to established science fiction titles and writers for their original properties. One of the most ambitious projects is that of a BBC/American consortium who are engaged in the making of a TV version of Ray Bradbury's *Martian Chronicles.* In the States both Ursula LeGuin's *Lathe Of Heaven* and Wells' *Time Machine* are being given the made-for-TV treatment, while Huxley's *Brave New World* is being turned into a four-hour, *Best Seller* style special, again by NBC.

This flurry of activity has been viewed by the more optimistic science fiction writers and fans as a long-needed shot in the arm for a genre that has a terrible tendency to think of itself as under-privileged.

Another school of thought, the pessimists — and science fiction pessimists are a unique bunch, dealing daily with universal disaster — see the sci fi explosion as something that could halt all serious film making for a couple of decades.

Another problem is that the bulk of what's being produced at the moment under the broad category of science fiction is strictly spectacle. Mass media seem to have a built in response that in times of world uncertainty immediately gears up to provide the punters with instant escapist spectacle.

During the Depression days of the '30s, Holywood gave the world Busby Berkley and Fred Astaire. The lavish music provided a few hours of total escape from grim reality. Through World War II, they offered *The Wizard Of Oz, Gone With The Wind* and big band spectaculars.

In the '50s, the dream machine tried to soothe Cold War nuclear fears with the Cecil B. style epics and their casts of millions.

The final third of the 20th century finds the developing countries ploughing through an increasingly uncertain economic climate. The problem may vary, but whether it's feeding the kids, finding a job, keeping the business from collapse, paying the rent or making the mortgage payments, nobody can avoid the fear.

Once again Hollywood seems to be pitching according to the tried and trusted formula of "In times of trouble, give the dummies a spectacle." Somehow they've decided that space is the thing, particularly when the space in question is jam packed with special effects of the third kind.

The trouble with movie spectacle is that it's a palliative. Like all palliatives, its potency rapidly fades. The audience eventually get heartily sick of the wide screen visuals.

The ethics of spectacle are complex. The hard line Marxist would condemn them for blunting the edge on an unendurable situation, and sidetracking the working class from doing anything to bring about a change in the social and economic structure. The liberal would claim that there can be little harm in anything that puts a little escapist pleasure into dull or even brutal lives.

The saddest thing about the entire science fiction boom is that the runaway success of George Lucas has convinced almost the whole of Hollywood that sci fi is the happening thing.

In literature, it's taken almost 30 years for the genre to lose the pulp and sensation tag. It has really only recently managed to gain a measure of acceptance as legitimate, speculative fiction. It'd be a disaster if the movie makers put it right back to square one in one tenth of the time.

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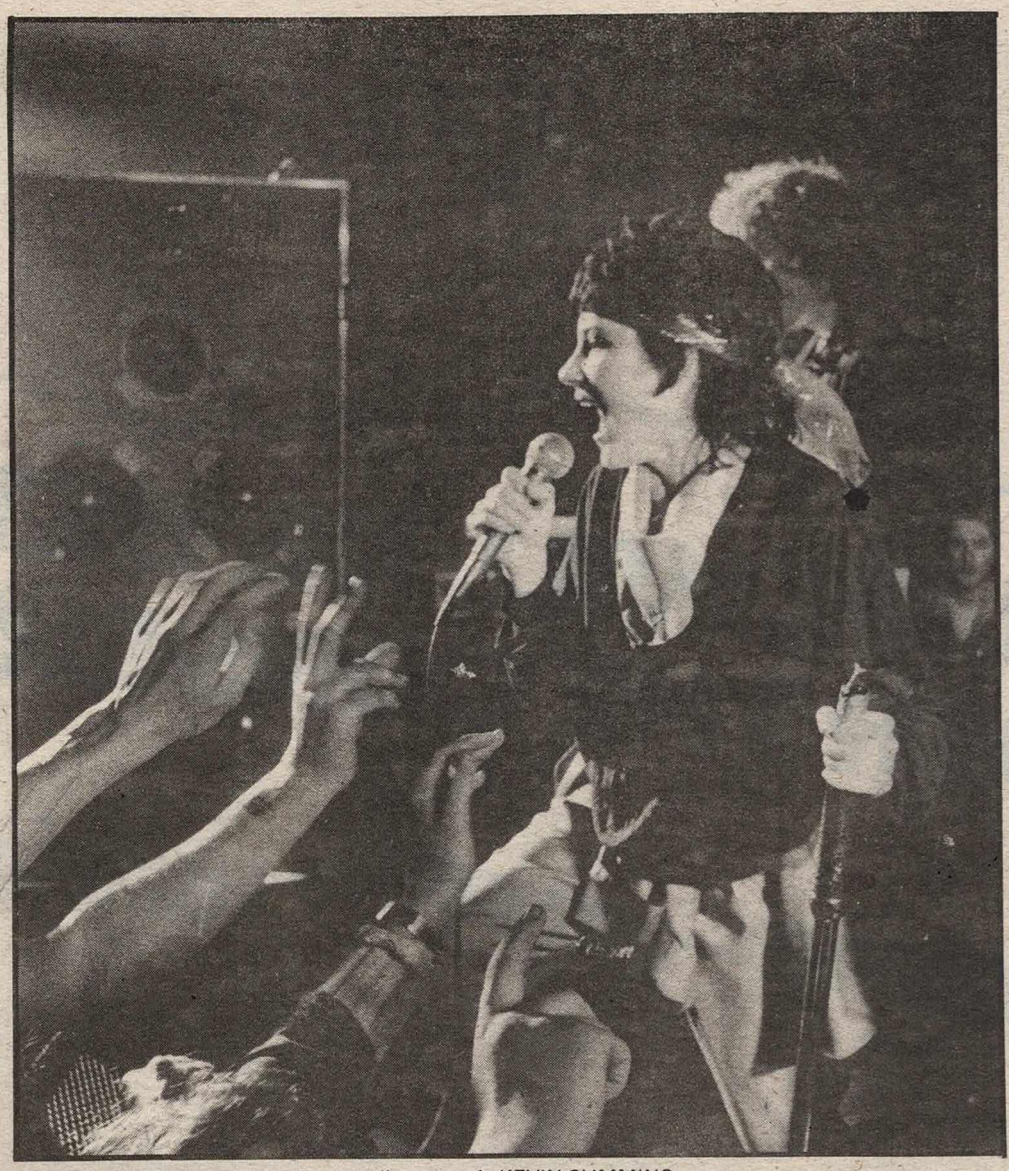
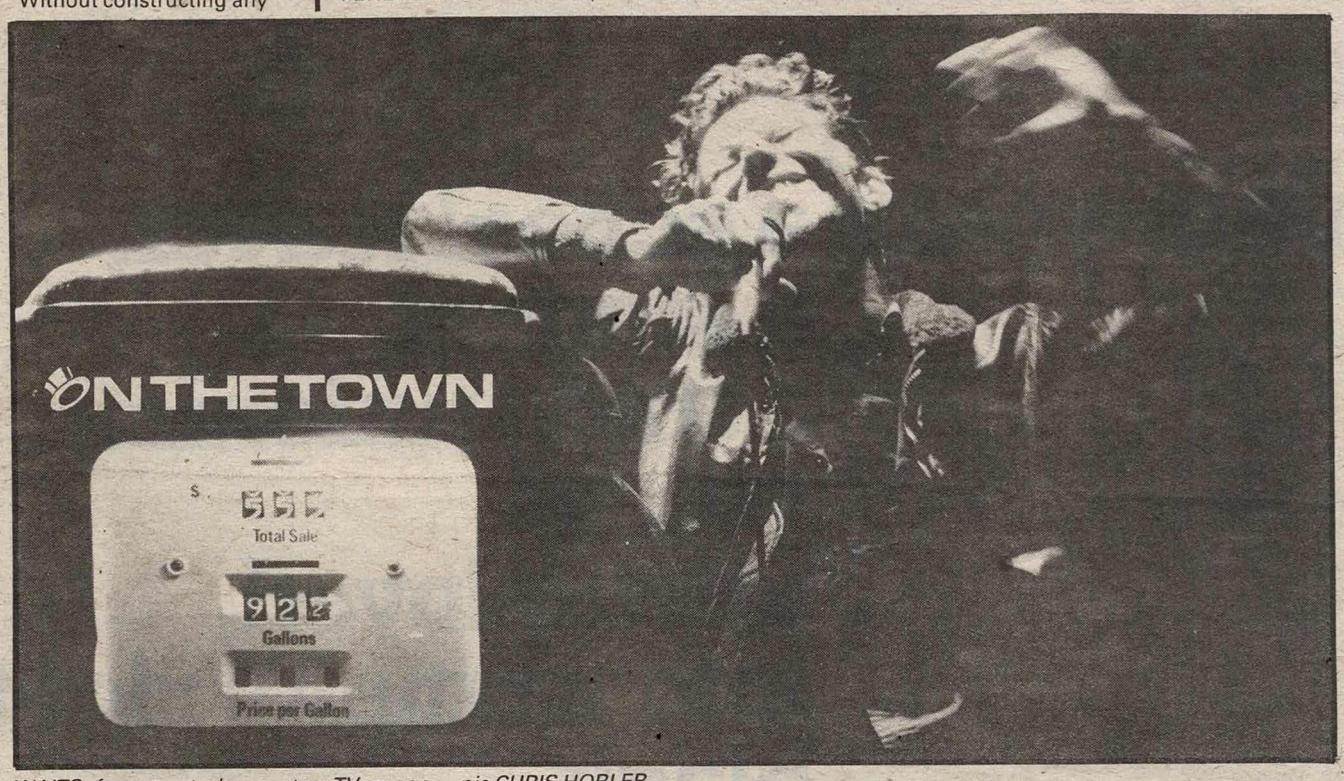


PENETRATION: an earthquake to a climax — pic KEVIN CUMMINS



WAITS: from a petrol pump to a TV screen — pic CHRIS HORLER

Penetration

Middlesbrough

They're a bit good, this band. They're good and they come up with the goods, always and every time or near as damn it. And tonight saw no departures from the rule because Penetration cut no corners and still delivered to popular satisfaction.

Being (shocks and horrors) "punk-rockers", our heroes and heroine are not allowed to play the big 'respectable' joints such as Newcastle City Hall. So they must begin this tour in the best alternative venue their native North-east affords: a slightly-on-the-tiny-side Rock Garden in Middlesbrough.

Consequently it's an intimate, sweat-soaked sort of evening. The atmosphere is thick to start with and grows progressively thicker; the crowd gets down to some serious crowding, begins to bounce as of one mind. And to view, observers must stand on the pipe-work or radiators.

Song one of gig one, therefore, is Buzzcock Shelley's impatient 'Nostalgia' and it's hard to believe it isn't some grandslam finale as so much is given. But you know the old Hollywood maxim: "Start with an earthquake; then work up to a climax . . ."

So to the new single 'Danger Signs', thence to the more familiar 'Movement', full of bustling busy rhythms, and the appealing 'Too Many Friends', reggae the natural way.

Yet all their sailing is not plain. There are certain sound problems, Pauline's voice not always arriving at its appointed destinations. While she isn't unduly flustered, she gives the monitor a kick all the same — an unscientific approach but probably more satisfying — *and* the sound gets better.

Next comes an entirely new number 'She Is The Slave', as are 'Last Saving Grace' and 'Come Into The Open' deeper in the set. On first hearing, these songs suggest that the next LP shall stand unblushingly next to its formidable predecessor.

And indeed it is last year's 'Moving Targets' album which still forms the bulk of their repertoire. 'Future Daze' follows, all paramilitary drums and shivering guitar-runs, and then it's straight into the joyous 'Life's A Gamble'. As others have pointed out, there's a special pleasure in seeing Penetration, namely the sensation of hearing that album really come to life.

After 'Never' and 'Vision' we're given 'Freemoney' — the Patti Smith song and Pauline's acknowledgement of perhaps her only significant influence — a marvellous 'Lovers Of Outrage' and 'Stone Heroes'.

Rock Garden approval is strong; as well it might be since Penetration have done a lot to earn and consolidate their reputation: continually innovative and consistently enjoyable.

The two broad elements of this reputation can be identified simply enough: the bold, imaginative flair of Penetration the band and Pauline Murray's uniquely attractive vocals. Either element alone could guarantee music worth listening to; put together they form something very special and a group it would be stupid to ignore.

From the top, then: Gary Smallman on drums and Robert Blamire (bass) are a rhythm section who have power and subtlety, a determination tempered with sensitivity; guitarists Neale Floyd and Fred Purser flesh out the sound, endowing it with character and individuality.

And there's Pauline. Without constructing any elaborate persona or adopting exaggerated stances, she imprints personality on all that Penetration do. Dancing over the stage in a hat chucked up from the dancefloor, she isn't greatly concerned with image-cultivation or the arts and artifices of cool-maintenance.

They know how to entertain and impress without falling back on all the stock postures of self-glory, without coercion or the subtle degradation of audience which is a hall-mark of most rock'n'roll, new and old wave.

Once this tour is over and after they've sorted out America, Penetration will need to think about the directions they want to move in. It should be an intriguing process to follow.

Finally, a three-point plug for the support band Cowboys International. They've got the best and daftest name I've heard all month; a pretty good debut single called 'Aftermath'; and an act that seemed to lack commitment or feel. But you just can't be that hard on people called Cowboys International, can you?

Paul Du Noyer

Tom Waits

Palladium

The curtain rises on a dark stage, a match strikes and a blue-spot reveals Tom Waits, stage right, dragging on his first cigarette of the evening. Rumpled suit, pointed shoes, tie half-mast, he hunches over the mike, runs his hand round behind his neck and growls out the first line of 'The One That Got Away'.

Waits live is like Waits on record, only better. The same tinkling piano, brushed cymbals, walking bass, dirty-sweet sax and that slurry gravel voice which sounds like it's coming at you from five o'clock in the moring after a long, long night of whiskey and cigarettes.

The difference is that Waits live is a mesmerising performer.

He's a compulsive sight — sidling across the stage like an angular vulture, constantly wrapping his arms around his body, twisting and clutching at himself like an apprentice india-rubber man. And the role of studied casualness is played with such commitment that the sweat is glistening on his face by the end of the third number.

He paces the concert perfectly; sessions at the piano alternate with dramatic set-pieces.

The former are more light-hearted, Waits decorating medleys of his own songs with snatches of jazz tunes and pop standards. But the latter provide the real highlights of the gig as a series of intense, passionate narratives: 'A Sweet Little Bullet From A Pretty Blue Gun', '$29' with 'Burma-Shave' closing the first set and delivered by Waits as he leans nonchantly on a petrol pump.

He shares with Van Morrison an ability to draw the audience *into* the music, to create his own world on stage and make it credible. Songs which on record appear sometimes flawed by sentiment or pretension, those nostalgic visions of a fictional '50s where hoods, bums and broads live out their tragi-glam lives of random violence and fly-blown romance, take on a new depth in performance, become believable flesh and blood.

He ends with two brilliant tongue-in-cheek coups. The second encore has Waits lounging on a sofa, drink in hand, watching TV before he stumbles perfectly through an hilarious story about a blocked saxophonist and concludes with a solo version of 'I Can't Wait To Get Off Work'.

Best of all was the first encore. Waits, beneath a lamp-post tells the story of 'Small Change' accompanied by a lone sax. As the song ends, he turns his back on the audience, opens a pink umbrella and spins it over his shoulder. A shower of golden glitter rains down on him and while the sax player breathes softly into the lowest register, Waits sinks to the floor and the umbrella twirls slowly to a halt.

The lights dim and there's one of those rare, awed hushes while everyone briefly savours the magic — then tumultuous applause.

Waits deserved every last clap — he'd taken us right there, to the heart of Saturday night.

Graham Lock

Linton Kwesi Johnson

Little Bit Ritzy

Linton Kwesi Johnson celebrated the launch of his crucial 'Forces Of Victory' album with an evening of Afro and Afro-Caribbean culture in the unlikely surrounds of a fleapit at the southern end of Brixton Road.

Showcased alongside the talents of the poet himself were a London steelband, two other lesser-known black British versemongers and veteran Jamaican trombonist Rico and his excellent ten-piece band.

Opening the show (late, natch), the vibrant uncomplicated Metronomes — one of the steelbands of last year's Notting Hill carnival — earned themselves one of the heartiest receptions of the night.

An interlude of discs spun by Don Letts ensued before Accabrae Huntley took to the stage. Despite an extreme bout of nervousness and without the taped musical backing which was to later lift Linton's set, the young Ealing poetess made a strong impression. Selecting from her own work, the books of two contemporary JA poets and Johnson's 'Dread Beat An' Blood' volume, she went on to deliver half-a-dozen stark, honest verses.

Less comprehensible was African poet Tiana Jegede, although the chilling serenity of the three musicians who backed him using only tradional African drums and string instruments was something quite unique.

In front of an audience this man is No Fun. His onstage demeanour is that of the most humourless, deadpan performer in the history of reggae. Previous live encounters (the Public Image gigs) had been enough to show that. Him noh funny.

But to make too much of this would be completely missing the point: the life, the barely-suppressed anger, the pressure *and* the humour are all there in the poems themselves. To over-present them would only detract from their quality. Still, aware of the lack of visual excitement and traditional roots-rock-reggae flash in his act, Johnson has four male dancers beside him through most of the seven-song set.

Waving to the mixing desk with inpenetrable zen calm, he sets the tape of Dennis Bovelle's backing-mix into action for 'Doun Di Road', a tirade against futile fighting based on his own experiences of violence in the black community, but it is as equally applicable to white youth gang warfare. "*Brother fighting brother stabbing brother, dem just killing after one another.*" It's all young blood flowing down the drain.

'Want Fi Goh Rave' and 'It Dread Inna Inglan' follow; the latter dedicated to its subject George Lindo, the Bradford man imprisoned on an allegedly trumped-up charge and freed only recently. "*Maggie Thatcher on the go with her racist show, but she 'ave fe go.*" Tell you that!

The backing tape is put into cold storage for the anti-sus poem 'Sonny's Lettah' and 'Independent Intavenshun' before the music and the dancers return for 'Reality Poem' and the ultimate 'Forces Of Victory' with Bucky Marshall joining Johnson on lead vocals.

The night ended stridently as Rico and his band entertained. Their brash, blare'n'stomp assault, which owes as much to Willie Mitchell and Memphis R&B as it does to roots reggae, was strangely at odds with the intensity of what had gone before but hardly that much less impressive. And, even then, no one chanted Roots Rock Reggae!

Adrian Thrills

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J.J.Burnel

Glasgow

The American magazine *Cream,* usually during their ubiquitous Ted Nugent features, are always declaring Detroit to be the ultimate rock'n'roll city. It's a traditional idea, this rock'n'roll city concept. Apparently, the requirements are a large, industrialised city and citizens intuitively attuned to the fundamental pulsebeat of the music; salt of the earth kind of people unimpressed by technical innovation.

In Detroit this means they like Ted Nugent, Foghat, Bob Seger and others, where it doesn't matter if you ignore the stage while dancing, shouting or toking a neutron bong.

In Glasgow, my vote for British rock'n'roll city, it means they like Sham, Quo, 999 and especially The Stranglers.

We've been through a lot with The Stranglers. Their first two gigs here were test cases, attended by local councillors deciding whether to permit this nasty punk junk through the city gates in future.

The first gig horrified the councillors; punk was banned and quotes were printed which showed what our glorious leaders have *really* thought about Bill Haley onwards. The second gig, although The Stranglers made no concessions, reinstated punk.

The councillors, smiling benignly and doubtless thinking of the Sham Armies of imminent voters, claimed to have enjoyed themselves. "Are you going to let a fuckin' bunch of old men tell you what to do?" yells Cornwell from the Apollo stage. "What a bloody great bunch of lads," smile the councillors in their box.

The Stranglers played the official Apollo re-opening too. Considering that half the audience have probably sung into the same microphone as him a some time, Jean Jacques Burnel could probably count on support in Glasgow even if he'd joined the Temple Hill Kazoo Orchestra.

Problems gaining admission prevented me from seeing all but four songs of Blood Donor's set. They sounded like a band inspired to form in Germany after seeing a Stranglers' gig. You'll probably hear of them again when their fire-eating vocalist is killed in a stage accident.

Rapid Eye Movement have three ex-Hot Gossip dancers and a singer who sounds *exactly* like Mike Absalom. They vary from post-punk Gong to very sub-Tubes to a Cambridge review rock band from a satirical musical. After that they get worse.

Burnel certainly has the humourlessness to go with this intense new music of his.

I was half expecting him to appear bellowing "This one's about the economic situation in late-17th-century Italy, combining a brief analysis in the light of Adam Smith's theories with a few retrospective solutions. 1-2-3-4!" Instead he slagged off Thin Lizzy who were playing across the road at the Apollo.

I don't doubt the sincerity of Burnel's project, mainly due to the amount of audience alienation factors it contains. But it is a shame that the experiments of the famous are granted so much attention. Something like this (or 'Metal Machine Music') has to be compared with the best in its field more because of the inevitable high sales than any exceptional merit of the music.

The situation is similar to Rod McKuen being the world's top selling poet.

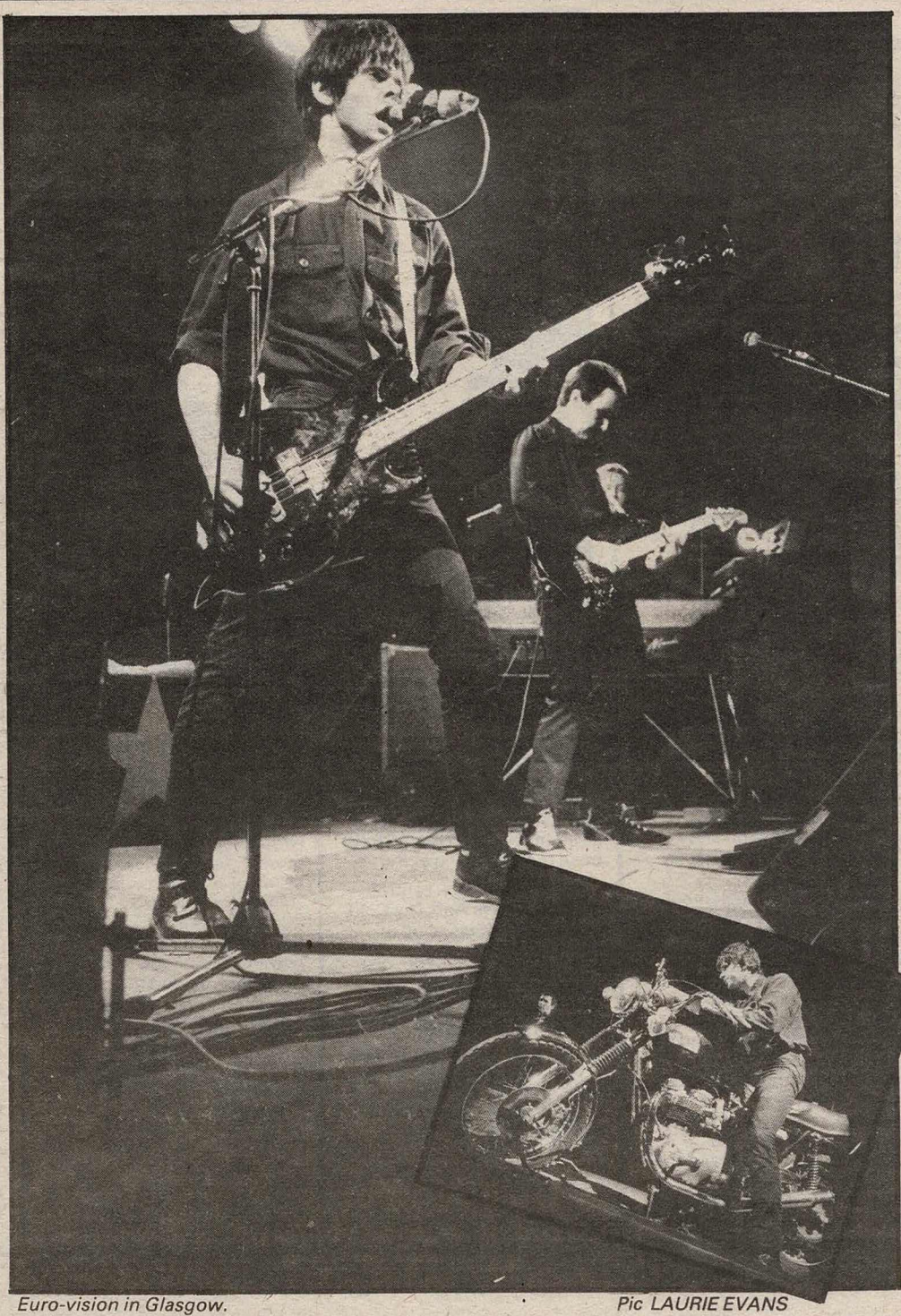
The audience stand, trying to like it all, awaiting any pogoable sections. J.J.'s bass is of use occasionally. 'Freddie Laker' would almost be singable if you could attach a ring modulator to your epiglottis.

The much acclaimed 'Triumph (Of The Good City)' features a real Bonneville motorbike noise. Although intially a welcome relief from the gloomy intensity of the music, the motorbike soon stalled, leaving John Ellis' guitar and Penny Tobin's synthesizers to soar, bubble and slash across the rhythm section to at least adequate but seldom dramatic effect.

The set only lasted 45 minutes, which is probably just as well. The X-Men let Euroman escape due to his idealism and adventurous spirit.

Next month: Magneto strikes back!

Glenn Gibson



Euro-vision in Glasgow. *Pic LAURIE EVANS*

But can a Euroman pogo?

The Jam

New York

The Jam are four stops into their US tour and this is the big one — New York, Media Central.

There's a vague awareness that The Jam are stars back home, but expectations haven't been fuelled by the sort of press blitz that preceded The Clash. Advance reports tell of far less than sold-out houses in other cities but of rousing receptions.

This is the *real* test of how the second British Invasion will fare with audiences without the benefit of a big build-up, with a band that has musical intensity and integrity but lacks the advantage of a flamboyant 'good copy' image.

Meg Griffin, one of the best local DJ's, introduces the band and tells the audience not to stay seated. The encouragement is unnecessary, for as the first chords of 'All Mod Cons' are struck, the entire orchestra section of the Palladium is on its feet. But this leaves the kids up in the balconies and nobody who plays here ever gets much reaction from them.

The Jam have already seen too many halls like this on the tour and they have clearly had enough "We gotta apologize to the people upstairs," Paul Weller tells the crowd. "We don't dig these places in England, and we don't dig them here either."

But they make the best of it. 'To Be someone', 'In The Street', and 'Billy Hunt' come in fast succession and sound marvellous. When I last saw The Jam about a year ago I was impressed by their high voltage performance but thought the songs were blurred by their energy. Now each number is clearly defined. Weller, Foxton and Buckler have each become more inventive players and for a trio it attains an incredible fullness.

But this is also a physically restrained performance. There's no leaping about; Foxton's feet don't leave the floor and Weller sticks close to his mike-stand. It's understandable as this audience is more restained than those they are used to.

The average age of the kids for this type of music is probably ten years older than it is in Britain. The younger ones who would populate a typical Jam show at a large British hall are here found streaming into hockey stadiums for Kiss, Boston and other commercial monsters.

There are no young bodies flying into the air, and that's missed. Instead The Jam have attracted an incongruous mix: there's a smattering of hard-core punks, some SoHo arty types, lots of college students, long hairs and very quiet, normal looking fellows who wear Jam badges.

Straining against the customary 'cool' of this crowd is the contained, highly focused nature of The Jam's delivery. They don't temper their intense earnestness with any kind of clowning or humour. But Weller's tenacity finally connects when he again apologized for the venue — "This place ain't us and I'm sure it ain't you" — and receives warm cheers.

Through 'Butterfly Collector', 'Away From the Numbers' and 'Strange Town' the excitement builds. 'Strange Town' is a high point and by 'The Modern World' (the tenth number of the set) pogoing is spreading from a few loners into a general movement.

Next is a crucial moment with 'Down In The Tube Station At Midnight' — a song of high-drama that's received a lot of attention.

In the middle of it Weller's guitar-amp goes on the blink. He storms off to the side of the stage, knocking over his mike stand as he goes. Rick Buckler fills in with a short drum solo until Weller returns to finish the song without guitar. Leaning close into the mike, he gives the words an extra-forceful reading.

Time out to fix the offending amp and then back with a sharp 'News Of The world'; Weller is now defiant throwing in some offbeat, almost atonal chording. It's now clear that we are watching someone with his own emotional stake in what happens here.

The set ends with 'A Bomb In Wardour Street', but Weller looks pissed off as he exits although it's hard to tell why. The band have gone over a storm, so it's probably that failed amp that's still bothering him. And when they come out for an encore he thanks the crowd for "Putting up with the trouble we've had."

They get a second encore which includes a rave-up version of 'Heat Wave'.

It all proves that audiences here will respond to something like The Jam, a band who seek to be more than an evening's song-and-dance yet refuse to go the simple route with polemic.

There's hope for America!

Richard Grabel

The Resistance

Rock Garden

Lead vocalist and guitarist Mark Damron is one of those arty-farty types dressed in high-collared dress shirt and bowtie, hair combed back neatly, and prettily and discreetly made-up. He sings like Bryan Roxy too, and that can't be bad. But the music fails to give this band an identity of its own.

Sharp and foxy, it lacks definition through the band's efforts to avoid the label 'New Wave', resulting in a dark, underground sound that shows few signs of blossoming out. The one redeeming factor is Ian Reid's frantic attempts to pep-up the proceedings with his keyboard playing; and it works on 'Abstract Man' and 'Anatomy And Stuff', but not enough to save the show. No new manifesto.

Deanne Pearson

The Chords

The Albany

You've seen the parkas, you've heard the rumours and you'd be well advised to catch The Chords.

The recently exposed Mod Revival gathers speed. Initiated solely by a hardcore league of underground bands, its intention (so they claim) is to recreate the spirit of the punk boom and not just resurrect mod music.

Their growing army smitten with anorexia and squarely sheared crops, insist they're new mods whose '60s garb fronts a '79 attitude.

Predictably, there's opposition.

The Deptford punks are lining the walls suspiciously eyeing the mod contingent as they shuffle round the dancefloor. The mods look self-conscious, they tell me; in fact decidedly *posey.*

I approach this gathering with a few reservations.

There's a slight tension that's exhilarating and strangely reassuring. There's also an overbearing reek of contrivance — a sense that it's all just a synthetic context to give a directionless music some kind of immediate significance. But a couple of numbers from The Chords and all such dissent is shown the door.

Young, under-rehearsed and enormously competent, their awareness of detail goes way beyond the sheen of snappy suits, shirts, ties and Rickenbackers.

Individually, all four are in complete control. Bert Scott punches out the offbeats along with Martin Mason's distinctive bass and fills in with some furious and sensitive drum rolls. Chris Pope, who has unnerving cool, plays simple, imaginative, effective lead guitar, and vocalist Billy H assaults each number with an urgency only equalled by Townshend-styled rhythm-chord strut.

Together, they're sometimes loose as hell and wildly out of tune and favour a sound mix that slices across the floor in solid sheets of treble and cymbals. But none of that hides an acute understanding of mod music — its structure, balance and character.

They set the tone by including the obligatory covers — 'Knock On Wood', The Who's 'Circles', an unsteady shot at The Beatles' 'She Said' and a stunning version of The Small Face's 'Hey Girl' to conclude the set.

In the same vein, their own numbers are brash, confident, forceful pop, veering between the deadpan vocal attack of The Jam and those exuberant melodies of the early Who with 'I Don't Wanna Know' as a potentially outstanding single.

With such strong originals and the added capacity of a four-piece framework, they'll soon reduce those inevitable tags. Whether or not the initial sparks of Modrophenia get fanned by the media out of all proportion, The Chords have enough class to survive.

Mark Ellen

THE CHORDS: enough class to survive Modrophenia. Pic KEL EDGE

Kate Bush

Palladium

Something wrong 'ere. Can't put me finger on it.

Two memories: recalled first are the days when rock and roll was swamped with failed classical pianists and violinists who knew that they could make it in rock and roll because certain strata of the rock audience have an inferiority complex about Real Culture and no standards by which to judge it.

Recalled second are all the unpleasant aspects of David Bowie in the Mainman era. Successfully shoved under the cerebral carpet by the passing of time and the ghosts of all those dynamite gigs, it only takes a whiff of Kate Bush's tour programme and the haughty condescension of the little notes from the Kate Bush Club that you find on your seat when you arrive to bring it all back.

No photographers. Stay in your seats and *worship*, you dumb bastards!

The Kate Bush show that's been wowin' 'em (as in "Wow, wow, wow, wow, we think you're unbearable") all over the country is a tribute to hard work, lots of money and the old-style ideology that defines the relationship between artist and audience as purely that between worshipper and worshipped. Described (elsewhere, natch) as some kind of apex in the mating of rock and theatre, it is simply the most complicated and expensive extant collision between theatrics (there is a difference between 'theatre' and 'theatrics', but if Kate Bush is aware of it, she certainly isn't letting on) and MOR pop.

An endless stream of sets, costumes, pantomine-conjuring special effects, back projections sound effects (ranging from wind and rain to her brother's awful crypto-poetry read in a portentous, echoing elocution-competition voice to audible sniggering from people who hadn't paid the statutory fiver for their tickets) and things that would be described as 'gimmicks' if they occurred in the course of a performance with less lofty ambitions as this one, the KATE BUSH (she prefers capitals) experience is an exercise in the time-honoured art of battering an audience to death and making them like it.

Ms Bush herself is the evident product of an awful lot of strenuous self-improvement. One can only imagine all those years of ballet training, mime classes, piano lessons . . . she is Supergirl: the range of her skills aspires to be breathtaking and the end result is that she is capable of doing enough things passably to convince large numbers of people (only a few of whom are equipped to know better) that she is doing them brilliantly.

Her piano playing is competent but characterless: unlike Laura Nyro and Joni Mitchell — whose work she evidently admires — the style is neither distinctive nor expressive. Her songwriting hints that it means more than it says and in fact means less: she hints at mystery and uses it as a cloak whereas true mysteries always stand naked. Her singing is at least unusual: her shrill, self-satisfied whine is unmistakable.

Altogether, a lightweight talent with one good song ('Wuthering Heights') to her credit.

Her dancing is more perspiration than inspiration: completely lacking in sensuality or funk, it relies instead on a supple, well-exercised frame and enough ballet moves to impress people who know nothing about ballet just as the Emersons and Wakepersons of yesteryear were able to bullshit people who knew nothing about classical music.

Her mime is elegant sham: great mime expresses everything, good mime expresses *something* and bad mime expresses nothing other than somebody's been to mime classes.

Backed by a cast of a dozen (seven musicians, two dancers, two singers and the *real* star of the show, illusionist Simon Gray), Bush twirled and skittered and trilled her way through a series of *tableaux vivants* which almost disguised that if it had actually been performed and staged as a straight concert it would have been tedious in the extreme.

Pic by, but not of, PENNIE SMITH.

For the climax — centred around 'James And The Cold Gun' — she dressed up in cowboy togs and methodically shot Gray and the two dancers, complete with fake blood, rimshots and dry ice, before retreating to the stylised womb at the back of the stage from which she had originally emerged, shooting at the audience. It was the first time that she played direct to the crowd and the only emotion expressed was hatred.

It has been pointed out that she's terribly young and oh, *so* talented. She certainly works hard: the show runs over two hours and except for when she's seated at the white piano, she's in constant motion, using a radio mike on a kind of telephonist's headset so that she can move freely the whole time. The trouble is that she's completely entranced with the idea of her own stardom and the concept of presenting an almost superhuman facade.

Tony DeFries would've loved you seven years ago, Kate, and seven years ago maybe I would've too. But these days I'm past the stage of admiring people desperate to dazzle and bemuse, and I wish you were past the stage of trying those tricks yourself.

Sure, what you do takes talent, but it ain't the kind of takent I respect.

Enjoy your success.

Charles Shaar Murray

Jack Bruce

Liverpool

Despite the lowest of low-key advertising, you needed friends on the bar-staff to get inside this tiny and cram-packed sauna of a room. For the attraction inside was an all-too-rarely-sighted Jack Bruce, teamed up for a couple of on-the-quiet gigs with his long-standing accomplice Dick Heckstall-Smith.

Now divorced from the Robert Stigwood Organisation, JB appears to be taking a relaxed re-appraisal of his jazz and R'n'B roots with a loose but coolly enjoyable set, well augmented by the Manchester outfit No Mystery.

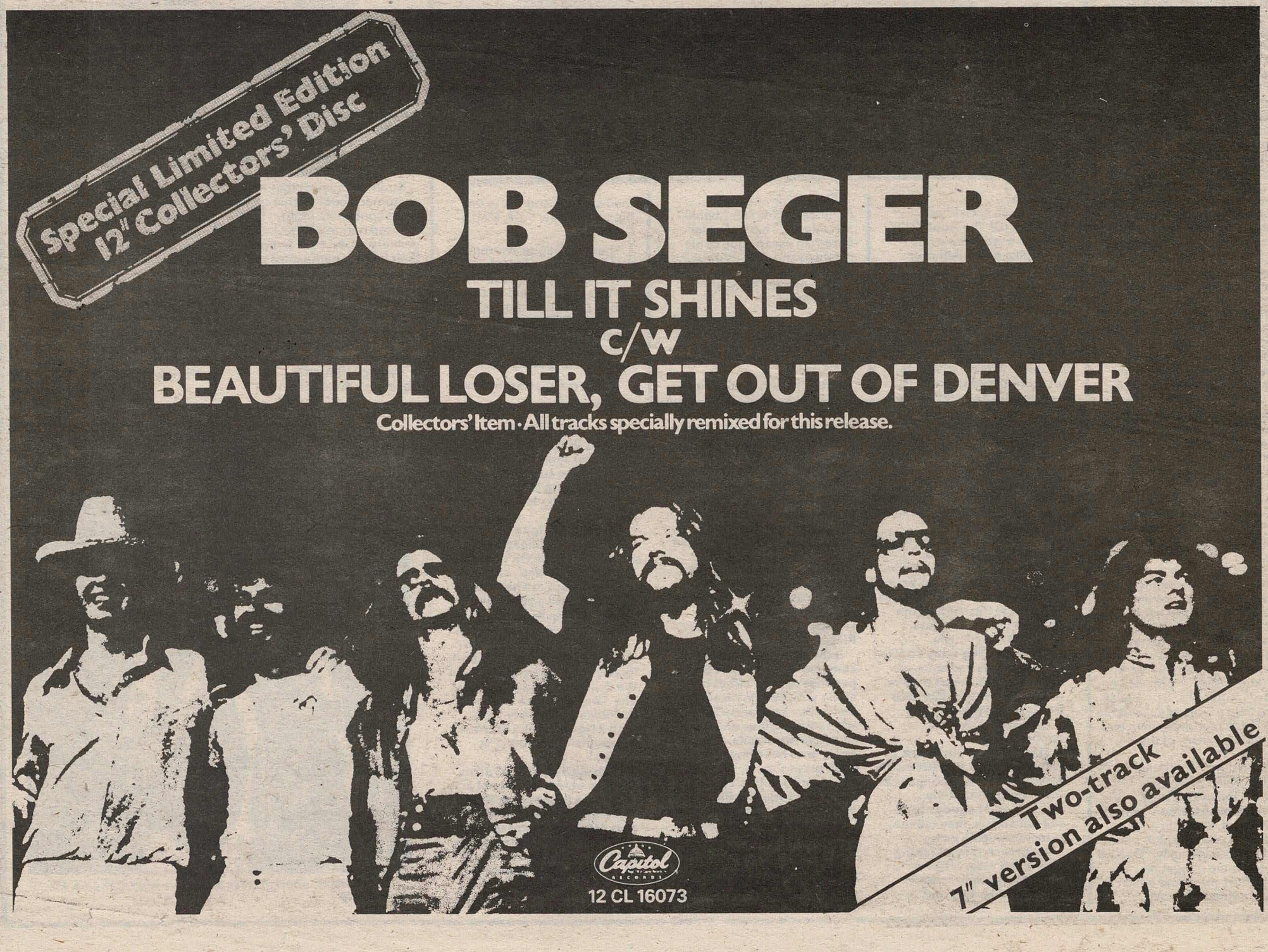
So this evening's numbers comprised a clutch of fluid and accessible jazz pieces, as well as soulfully-rendered blues like 'Third Degree' — funky, supple and a great showcase for the fine yet down-to-earth musicianship of all concerned.

Be that as it may, I won't deny that the most pleasure was to be had from hearing Bruce deliver those R'n'B chestnuts popularised by Cream: 'Spoonful', 'Sleepy Time Time', 'Born Under A Bad Sign'; in addition to his own classic songs 'Sunshine Of Your Love' and 'Politician' and, from the solo days, 'You Burned The Tables On Me'.

Both the famous bass and voice sounded richly inventive as ever.

Heckstall-Smith remarked that it was exactly five years since the demise of Graham Bond; a rolling version of 'Neighbour Neighbour' proved the very best kind of tribute.

Paul Du Noyer



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RAR Militant Entertainment

Alexandra Palace

Good Friday, good weather the day before the culminating event of RAR's rhinoceros roadshow. I'm told that tomorrow will see '79's answer to the Walpurgisnacht of Lake Ingolstadt . . . well, at least some good rocking on the hill as a full moon rises.

Unslept, I faced a good climb and a good queue as over 5,000 arrived for this mammoth celebration of Militant Entertainment.

From the outside, Alexandra Palace looks like a Victorian nuclear plant; the interior resembles a larger version of Waterloo Station both visually and acoustically. The rear of its gargantaun floor-space is occupied by the display stalls of the lumpen Left information, most of which illustrate the porcine nature of the NF. Rock Against Sexism, Legalise Cannabis, The National Abortion Campaign and a plethora of badges, posters and bumph — it's the Ideal Socialist Exhibition.

Crash! The Angelic Upstarts hit the stage with a vengeance (against what I'm not sure) and produce a manic cacophony like an earthquake in a scrap-metal yard. Frontman Mensi launches a caustic tirade of anger, partly through song but mainly by menacing gestures towards the "gormless fuckers" in the audience.

Enter the preposterous and irrepressible Jimmy Pursey dressed like a Spanish onion seller, backed by the armed forces of Generation X. Howling a spirited version of 'Day Tripper' and 'If The Kids Are United' in his best Mr Gumby eloquence, he makes a science out of rabble-rousing. (The Upstarts only made it into an art, but they'll improve).

This is the embittered future of Punk Rock.

Dambala are an Afro-Jamaican combo from Harlesden; they bounce like benign elfins onstage, and set up a hypnotic wall of sound which sustains me nicely on the threshold of collapse.

Any-one got a blue Smarty?

After a strong coffee and a cold splash, I check out The Leyton Buzzards through one eye. You'll believe this band can fly — now read on.

It's night now and Aswad are majestic. I wish I had the vocabulary to describe their sound, but I just squeeze my woman and enjoy it. The Ruts played a good, but not a great set and people pogoed in droves.

I moved down to the front to see TRB and was mangled against the barrier. Tommy cavorted energetically, commanding a great deal of attention. But the PA was behind me and I heard zilch save Kustow's greasy riffing from the monitors. I believe they were playing 'Power In The Darkness'.

I fell on my ass and it was a rare experience listening to '2—4—6—8' from underfoot.

Reviewing the remainder of the show from a distance of 200 feet, I detect that Tony James from Gen X takes over on bass and the guitar muscle of SLF's Jake Burns is enlisted. A lot of people are crowding the stage, I'm getting double vision, cloth ears, my feet are blood puddings and the interest on my sleep-debt creeps into the supertax bracket.

I call it a day. Racism had been duly rocked against, calories were shed, eardrums did overtime.

A success? Well in terms of a political manifestation, (and in light of the imminent General Election), this Rally at the Pally surely overshadows any event thrown up by the conventional, the boring and the just plain nasty persuasions.

Five thousand people turned out and if only three were made aware of oncreeping fascism in our midst then this gig was a success.

In terms of this being just another gig, I have mixed feelings.

Ten hours of attentive pogoing and note-taking is a bit of a marathon, even in a venue where the PA doesn't resemble a Brobdingnagian tranny in an airplane hangar. So it should be noted that my observations were footnotes to exhaustion and that the quality of the music was largely downstaged by the diabolic acoustics.

It might be unfair to moot that RAR is a convenient launch-pad for emergent bands (even if this is to RAR's credit), but I cannot dislodge the suspicion that it might be engendering a fashionable-to-be-political school. But politics shmolitics; as billings go it was a varied and interesting line-up.

Even The Upstarts who sounded awful I'd gladly check out again in more neutral circumstances. The Ruts, even if they didn't Steal The Show, are a bunch of lads who will not be ignored. And Tom Robinson stood out more as an engaging MC at an agit-pop nursery rhyme session than as a top-calibre musician. But

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Cool Ruler Contd.

■ *From page 22*

bredren. I just prefer to do my works as Jah says I must do and just *live.*

"But you 'ave many lickle brothers that deal with that thing. That is why everywhere you 'ave economical enshacklement . . . *These t'ings 'ave to stop.*"

Yet throughout the world — in Asia, South America, Africa even — new countries or new governments emerge and they all go for the same outmoded, imperialist political systems of either the West or the East.

"It is a *long* time," the singer nods, "that wickedness and corruption may last, that I may assure you of.

"It is like *A BIG FLOOD* will have to come and wash away everything."

Or nuclear explosions . . .

"Or anything. Earthquakes. Lightning . . .

"Wipe out all wickedness, seen. Let man get to know themselves. Man have to learn to reason with every man and communicate and *start forward.* All material things just" — Gregory raises his fist and shakes his head — *"GRRRRGHHH . . ."*

Of course, it can appear that there are certain paradoxes in all this anti-materialism discussion: for example, people could well try and hold it on you that it's merely material vanity that makes you like those really nice hats.

Gregory agrees: "I will tell you about I individually: I *love* nice things but I don't check for those little fuck-up things, seen. I just love things that are nice."

Yeah. Just don't let them rule your life.

"Seen. But some man just go for these nice things alone. *Just* for the material things."

They think if they get all the trappings right then that's all there is to it?

"But that alone can't save a man's soul. Because the Father says, *'Wear not your garments but your heart'.* The Father knows a man who goes clean and nice. But you must never put your faith in material things and love it more than just flesh and blood. *Flesh and blood comes before that.*

"It is an in-born conception being a Rastaman. You can't teach a man to turn Rasta — 'im have to see it for himself, seen.

"Sometimes you hear that a man has dreadlocks yet," Gregory laughs, "still he goes up on another man and suffers him and takes away him things. And man say, 'You're false Rasta. You don't read'.

"That's why you find men call some man false Rasta. Some get accused still fe others.

"But I-dividually I not have to judge no man because only Jah can judge people. The Father is ready for judgment upon the face of the earth. So all you can do now is try and live up an upfull way, a righteous way of life. That's when Jah will get ready and say 'You live clean enough for my doings'."

Yeah, you have to be careful who you mix with.

"Yeah," Gregory Isaacs nods almost ferociously and then gives a little relaxed laugh, "Yeah, you have to do that. Because all these things are prophecied and must become manifest still."

ENGAGEMENTS WANTED — 11p per word

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ANDY WITHOUT You Heidi.

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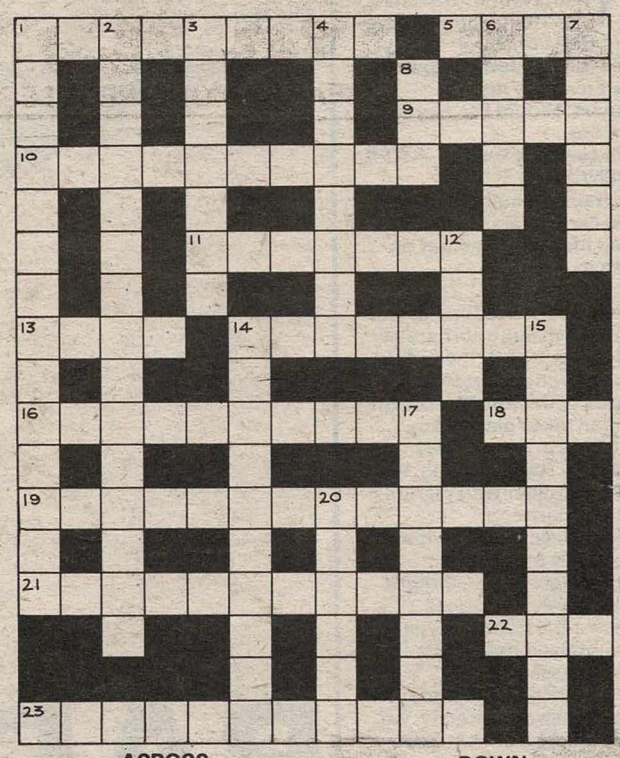
NME X-WORD



ACROSS

1 Chiswick rockabilly outfit with meterological office implications.
5 & 7 He arrived in Caerphilly, Nottingham and other towns by way of Dublin!
9 See 18
10 On which Idol and James paid their respects to the rock'n'roll hall of fame (4,6)
11 A mods' den is the last place you'd expect a Radio 1 DJ!
13 Non-Orson Welles-type Citizen Kane
14 When he was with the James Gang, Pete Townshend called him his favourite guitarist (3,5)
16 Mensa-rating zero but they do care . . . oy oy!
18 & 9 Mother of Hoyt, she wrote 15 down
19 Rumour-monger formerly of Ducks DeLuxe (6,7)
21 R. Sharpe's follow-up to 'Rama Lama Ding Dong'
22 Eel turned up in Dr Feelgood!
23 Nothing up the Harty sleeve? Try again (5,6)

DOWN

1 Defunct deer (mystery), from The Greatest Swindle Ever Sold (3,6,5)
2 Written for them by Lennon & McCartney, The Stones' first big hit (1,5,2,4,3)
3 Rude Leo meet the man from New York! (3,4)
4 Radio 1 DJs' Man Of The Year (must have been Tony Blackburn's casting vote) (4,4)
6 See 15
7 See 5
8 Combative group?
12 Like a one-person-band?
14 'I Can See Clearly Now' is probably his best-known hit; others included a version of Marley's 'Stir It Up' (6,4)
15 & 6 Topical with the holiday season oncoming, classic early Presley million-seller
17 Original recorder of songs such as 'Cupid', 'Wonderful World' and 'Only Sixteen' (3,5)
20 First name of 'What A Difference A Day Makes' person

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS: 7 "Imperial Wizard"; 9 "(The) Locomotion"; 10 (Peter) Asher; 11 Tina (Turner); 12 The Rumour; 14 Leon (Russell); 15 New Orleans; 17 Meat Loaf; 19 Ted (Turner); 21 Alto (sax); 22 Mike Mansfield; 24 Lesley (Gore); 25 "(Up Against) The Wall".

DOWN: 1 "Silly Thing"; 2 "Desolation Angels"; 3 "Divorce"; 4 Elvis; 5 Diana Ross; 6 Edgar Froese; 8 Arthur Lee; 13 "Up Against (The Wall)"; 16 "(Pictures Of) Lily"; 17 "My Girl"; 18 Sleeve; 19 Todd (Rundgren); 20 "Daniel"; 23 Ace.

BAGRAFFIK: some miraculous geezer from Burnley what didn't leave his name.

Unmade Bed at the Controls: CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

RADIO BAG

Your Number One Station that rules the Nation in a state of Botheration is a screwed-up Operation (Stop it. — Ed.)

RE: last week's Bag. Don't worry, we'll nver desert you again. Love *THE READERS.*
This is a real letter. Opened the envelope meself. Honest. Would I lie to you? — CSM.
You certainly would. — NEIL SPENCER.
I certainly wouldn't! — CSM.
You cer — N.S.
Stop bickering and get on with it. — GOD.

It is at about this time of year that, in far-flung corners of the globe, one of the most barbaric and senseless orgies of destruction known to man takes place. I am referring to the sickenly obscene Tsetse Fly cull. We are all familiar with pictures of this charming, defenceless creature, his proboscis quivering appealingly in the sunlight as he stares with those irrestistible trusting eyes at the upraised boot of his brutish assassin.

To mark our indignation at this monstrous atrocity, we are holding a benefit Save the Tsetse fly concert on the forecourt of Anton's Motors, Dalston, on April 28th. Artistes will include Ms. Vanessa Redgrave, The Clash, The Joystrings, Quintessence, and "The Man with the Golden Trumpet," Mr. Eddie Calvert. Comperes for the afternoon will be Mr. Ed "Stewpot" Stewart, and Mr. Plastic Bertrand. Tooping the bill will be Mr. Elvis Costello, who will perform an acoustic set because of the rain. Finally, Mr. David Hemmings will read a poem specially written for the occasion by the distinghuished American poet, Mr. Sky Saxon, as 10,000 of our magnificent golden-winged friends are released by the very lovely angst-riddled hand of Ms Dory Previn into the evening sky. Then we'll all meet up in the Bad Trips tent and it's back to my place for a few stiff quinines and *Saturday Night at the Mill.*
MELVYN FARR (Save the Tsetse Fly), c/o Michael Holliday Trust Houses, Milton Keynes.
P.S. Since the above was written, The Clash have withdrawn. It appears that Mr. Joe Strummer was under the misapprehension that it was in aid *not* of the Tsetse Fly, but of one Mr. Teddy Fly, 'punk' and Clash 'fan,' who fell over in the Kings Road some weeks ago and got a bang on the head which made him forget it was his signing-on day.
Thank you, Melvyn, for saying something that genuinely needed to be said. — CSM.

So Graham Lock didn't like Lou Reed's gig at Hammersmith Odeon. He endured it, hated it and wrote a lot of crap slagging it off in return. So what's new/ Lou has never been exactly popular with the music press, especially *NME*. But of course Graham Lock was only doing his job, as was Paul Morley when he interviewed Lou in Berlin (humble journalist meets vicious rock star, etc). Well, what exactly is your job? Getting paid for doing things that people like me have to save up for out of our hard earned wages /dole money. You get free tickets (good seats too), free LPs and you fartarse around all over the world "interviewing" people who I can't even afford a back row seat to see. Just doing your job, eh? So Lou kicked all the photographers out of his gig, did he? About time too. Too many gigs have been ruined by a herd of photographers obstructing everyone's views, but of course they're only doing their job and this obviously makes it okay.

It's been a long time since Lou last played over here, and it's bound to be even longer before he plays here again, if he does. A lot of people paid a lot of money to see someone they really admire and I don't think Lou disappointed many, just Graham Lock and the woman next to him who walked out — but she probably couldn't stand sitting next to him any longer. The touts outside had a good night too, couldn't keep up with the demand. There were just as many outside as there were inside, they would have given their last fiver for Graham Lock's ticket. When you've had a boring day working in a straight job, or signing on, you need something like a Lou Reed gig (or a Radox bath) to help you unwind. But you journalists wouldn't understand, your work is our play and vice versa. Just as sex ceases to be a pleasure for a prostitute when it's outside work because it is still likened to work. The same applies to you lot with music. You have an overdose of free tickets, LPs and the rest that you can no longer tell the cream from the crap. Ever thought about changing your job, Graham? A change might do you good.

A quick name check for Billy idol who was making good use of his free ticket. Liked the show did ya mate. Better than Generation X rubbish wannit?

And before I go, 'Take No Prisoners' is a mighty fine LP. But then you lot don't know what a mighty fine LP is, do you?
JENNY VAN ZANT, Earls Court.
Look, I do this job 'cos I *like* the music as much as the next person. But surely you need to keep some kind of perspective — it's no good liking a Lou Reed concert just 'cos it was Lou Reed. I know a lot of people who walked out and they'd *paid* for their tickets. Another thing which I didn't realise at the time was that *fans* trying to take photos were getting chucked out with the official photographers. If Lou Reed is *that* contemptuous of his audience, does he deserve your loyalty? — GRAHAM LOCK.
Probably not, but then what do *I* know? — CSM.

Having just read the article on Linton Johnson *(NME* 21st April) I felt I just had to make some reply. Firstly, let me say how much I enjoyed the article. It's about time some section of your paper made an attempt to analyse politics, because music plays a large part in people's lives and in today's world people's lives are affected to a large degree by politics. Reggae and black music constitute a large section of today's music scene and if you are to explain what reggae, etc., are all about it is necessary to analyse the emotions and life of those people from whom the music evolved. But although I agree with LKJ's assessment of the failures of such groups as ANL and RAR let me say that I disagree with his attitude towards the *'white* left' (as he calls such groups as I.M.G. and S.W.P.) he says that such groups are not communicatiing anything to anyone but themselves. In other words he implies that in a sense they are elitist and offer nothing to society as a whole and yet he goes on to say that he concerns himself only with what he sees as "independent and radical and revolutionary organisations of blacks who make 'demands and wage struggles' on their own behalf?"

Isn't this a somewhat selfish attitude to demonstrate for a self-professed socialist? He also discriminates between what he sees as *'white* left' and 'independent and radical and revolutionary organistaions of *blacks.'* Surely this type of radical discrimination is contrary to the principals of true unified socialism? Although I agree that opressed people must determine and secure for themselves their own identity and rights, as members of society they must isolate themselves from the rest of the working class movement which itself is in constant struggle? This comes too close to the type of elitism which results in nationalism and eventually prejudice — which is racialism.
GRAHAM HYDE, Barnsley, Yorks.
You a Commie then mate? — CSM

Just a note to say thanks to Angus MacKinnon for such a sensible and well-wrtiien article on Linton Kwesi Johnson: no jargon or mindless opinionating, just economy and good sense.
J. MINGE, Esq., Knightsbridge, SW1.
Just a note to say thanks to J. Minge for such a sensible and well-written letter about Angus: no nit-picking and misinterpretation, just PRAISE. — CSM.

While the Doors were thrilling audiences in LA I was still running around in short pants. While the film of the Doors was being show on *OGWT* I was still eating my lunch. Tough world, innit?
Monty, with the smarmy new motorbike.
What, nothing about Gillingham? — CSM

Having just read your "Mod Is In" article I decided to tell you that not everyone is into looking cool and smooth. Like many modern 'mods' I too was a punk — and from 1976 (not a later starter) and I also became very disillusioned when the world didn't change and I discovered I was again one of a crowd. Again I find myself buying and listening to many of the same records as before — USA punk circa 65-67 (early psychedelia). A lot of the new bands I really like — Cuban Heels of Glasgow in particular.

However, soon you find your hair creeping over your ears (but no flares) and getting punks calling you a 'hippy' or 'BOF' — and I'm only twenty now. It's laughable when they say "What do you know about punk rock?" — and they've been into it since the Buzzcocks, Jam and Elvis went Top Twenty in February this year. Quite honestly it makes you sick. What I did like was the anti-fashion aspect of punk and the idea of making your own gear, going to see good bands for free or at most 50p or 75p and you knew everyone in the small crowd.

The Real Sex Pistols and Rezillos who split up at a peak were the best, they never let me down and never will now.

My current hero is Bluto from *Animal House* — this is the sort of person that we need — not as a leader (don't need or want them) but as an inspiration. I know you won't pring this since it may be the first criticism of this year's new wave, but I'm not into chaos as first purveyed by Merry Pranksters and '76 Pistols. The image is needed but smoothness attracts categories and the wrong people. You will be hearing of me in years to come. Take cover now.
THE CHANGER, M.F.S.C.Y.W.
What in heck is going on here? — JOHN WAYNE
Don't bust a gut, sarge — SCM
Too Late! — THE STOMACH OF JOHN WAYNE.

So you've decided to devote a five page spread to Mods *(NME* 14.4.79), thereby creating the means of keeping yourselves fairly happy for the next year or so reporting on the antics of the movement that will undoubtably follow. I find the control the music press has on the youth of today quite frightening because glorifying the past will inevitably caused quite a few kids to put their energy and creative force into something which happended a long time ago and the resultant fashion and music will be meaningless. You really are very shortsighted, *NME* (and pop press in general). When will you give so much space, time and passion to futurist bands? eg HNTS, Veins, Prisoners, Kameras, Rema Rema etc.
WL 72 66 68 C xxx
Right string, WL (we can call you WL, can't we?) but the wrong yo-yo. We did the mod spread because a Mod revival was already happening (not because we had a random impulse to try and start a craze) and we wanted to give kids who were into it a bit of background. — CSM.

My friend at work (who's 17 and The Scars' roadie) reads all the music papers on Thursday including yours, and he always tells me when my friend John Cooper Clarke is in. Today he said: "JCC's in Blackmail Corner again." And I looked — but it wasn't, it was the JCC of the sixties — Robert Zimmerman. This caused me to pause and reflect that I'm old and he's young and it's not fair. I wish I was too young to tell Clarke from Dylan.
LYN.
That's okay, Lyn. Think of the people who're too young to tell Rush from bullshit — CSM.

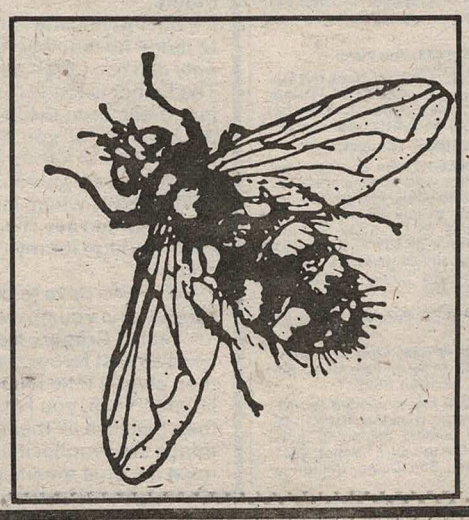
You couldn't afford me anyway . . .
GIOVANNI DADAMO.
Quite right. Due to our tight budget, we can only afford to hire writers.— CSM.

I'm an art school ponce with a skinhead brother, a girlfriend who's in love with Tom Waits and a mate who knows Ian Penman. I like dancing to old reggae records. Can you find me a penfriend? Thank you.
KO-DAK, Newport.
Why are you telling me this? — CSM

Is there any possibility of Art Garfunkel catching Mixamatosis?
PAUL SIMON, Manchester.
Less chance than you've got of spelling "myxynatosis" correctly - CSM

Please print this letter coz I want to cut it out and pin it on the cat.
NSB, Hitchin, Herts.
Waaaauughhh! — THE CAT

This week's Power Plays l. to r.: Linton, Tsetse Fly, Lou.



Above: Tom Waits just can't bear to miss a single election broadcast — even onstage at the London Palladium. Here we see Mr Waits' response to the news that the Con Party is 20% lead.
Right: Apres le gig, support for the party from a Mr Keat. John Cooper Clarke casts his plaster for the good guy in the three-day beard and petunia, Billy Connolly looks for a pressman to hide from. Pix: Chris Horler (top) and Tom Sheehan.

THE trouble is there's no damn respect any more. In an effort to drag things back from decay *T-Zers* will stand for no rubbish this week, and the three dots shall henceforth be known as **Les Trois Dorothys.** OK, sit up straight, take that awful trans-atlantic goo from your mouth and for the sake of England pay attention. We'll be asking questions later ...

All right thinking, decent people will not be surprised to find 'wild man of pop' **Keith Richards** in the headlines again. It transpires that the Canadian gigs Richards had to play in order to fulfil his obligations following a heroin sentence did not come and go without incident. First off, the Canadian National Institute for the Blind were not overly happy at being linked with the dubious hobbies of the one time **Mick Jones** look alike. Then outside the gig it appears that once the ticket price topped £175 with the touts, bartering took the form of drugs and sex.

The two shows consisted of Keith Richards and **The Rolling Stones** with full line-up, and also **Keith Richards and The New Barbarians** which involved Richards, **Ian McLagen, Bobby Keyes, Stanley Clarke, Ron Wood** and **Meters'** drummer **Shigaloo.** The Barbarians went on first each night swiftly followed by **Jagger** and Co. Even though Richards has now officially served out his 'penalty' (though he still has to see his probation officer), some Canadian authorities — namely the Canadian Justice Department — are appealing against the sentence which they claim is too lenient. After the concerts Richards turned up in the law chambers to receive official notice of the intended appeal action. He could face up to seven years in jail if it succeeds. The crunch, however, could lie in the Canadian elections next month. Whatever, the wayward son of Sidcup takes The New Barbarians line up out on a short four week tour starting . . . NOW!

This marathon *T-Zer* continues by scotching reports that ol' Keef (yuk!) has parted from his other half, **Anita Pallenberg.** It turns out Ms P didn't fancy dossing on the tour and has plumped to await the convicts' return at their Manhattan retreat.

Purely by the by, we do hope you saw **Mick Jagger's** pic of his attendance at the Trinidad and Tobago carnival. MPJ came as a Pacific Island warrior complete in hula skirt, flower garland, spear and leopard skin hat. He may have been beaten to the punch though because we hear whispers that **Joe Strummer** was seen in identical clobber at the **Kate Bush** Palladium do's . . .

Clash's Joe Strummer (bet ya didn't notice that join) had a few things to say in his recent *New York Rocker* interview. The former **101'er** appears these days to regard the '76-'78 'revolution' with disinterest. "Even when the **Pistols** were going it really weren't much to write home about," he opines. To which we three dots fancy Joseph was being a little too cool . . .

The **Village People's** movie will be *The Music Never Ends,* shot on Fire Island, New York, and with a strong gay theme. Financing the deal is **Lord Grade** and **Alan** *Saturday Night Fever/Grease* **Carr** (no relation ...

The Bank Of England refused CBS/**Clash** permission to use a £20 note as the label design on their upcoming 'I Fought The Law' EP. Plans are now to feature a speedometer. **Tony Parsons** is 17 ...

Jayne Mansfield's daughter reveals to a snoozing public that her ma had a swift affair with no less than the incredibly late **Elvis Presley,** who sent her a pink motorbike as a gift. Surely, ponders lamour Dorothy's, if all these affairs prove true, the bike would've been essential for the Pelv ...

If you tune to BBC 2 on Thursdays at 11.20 you will have just missed the Grapevine programme which has as it's theme music a version of 'I Heard It Thru The Grapevine' as don by **The Slits** ...

Andrew Lloyd-Webber will not be renewing his contract with the **Robert Stigwood Organisation** apparently. Rumours of his negotiations with Deptford Fun City are still unsubstantiated ...

Frank Zappa has large problems in the small room. The mother's toilet has been exploding of late (© **S. Milligan**), hopefully not whilst Frank has been garnering jokes for his forthcoming LP (face it, his last few must have been written there). Anyrate, Frank whipped in the clean up squad when the pungent overspill threatened to ruin his recording equipment and tape library ...

Just as the **Doobie Brothers** have nicked the number one spot with their single 'What A Fool Believes', **John Hartman** and **Jeff 'Skunk' Baxter** quit the group. PLUS! **Keith** and **Donna Godcheaux** have jacked in the **Grateful Dead,** none of whose records even remotely figure on the singles charts. (Shock, tremor, billions dead) ...

Is **Tom Robinson** really writing lyrics for **Elton John?** I say, blokes, fair play ...

Tom Verlaine and **Richard Lloyd,** both ex of **Television,** recording in separate parts of the same studio. Verlaine working on solo album whilst Lloyd is planning on a three song demo but both will surface on Elektra ...

An accountant writes: **Paul McCartney's** new three album deal with CBS (USA & Canada) allegedly guarantees Macca two million — pronounced mill-ee-on — dollars per album plus another $2m to secure temporary lease rights to a few McCartney featured **Beatles** oldies. Once the albums have shifted a couple of million copies each, Macca / **Wings** are entitled to 22 per cent royalties on all additional sales, roughly a quid per album. Add that to the $40 million publishing rights the doe-eyed one recently shared with his buddy **John Lennon** from the film of Sgt Pepper's. Excuse us, *T-Zers* is just going to remind **Monty Smith** to forget the 49p he owes us ...

'Every City should have a bush doctor': Atlanta has just declared **Peter Tosh** an honorary citizen. Travelling from Oklahoma to Dallas to enjoy Tosh's gig was **Stokely Carmichael,** who since his return from Africa is to be known as **Kwame Toure** ...

At Drury Lane a gay section of the audience would insist on screaming at the gal with mascarra — **Dusty Springfield** — 'Come out Dusty!' even though the lass had been onstage for some time ...

Some cad, bounder and rotter has been pinching the conk and adopting Mancunian drawl in an effort to delude listeners that it is **John Cooper Clarke** who is advertising *Boulevard* magazine on Capital Radio. Nothing could be further from the truth. The bona-fide punster, however, has run into schtuck himself. His application to join Equity, the actors union, has been questioned because of an already existing member who bears the same handle. The drei Dorothy is forced to ask if JCC might not be twigging something here ...

Otis Redding soundalike **Art Garfunkel** is currently in Vienna playing the lead in the latest film by **Nick** *Man Who Fell To Earth* **Roeg,** so we are safe to giggle at his silly record ...

Not only that but **McCartney** holds the publishing rights for both *Annie* and *Grease! (T-Zers* is sorry to labour this point but it's a sore one with us) ...

Are this man's tastes eclectic or what? (shouts of "or what! Or what!" from the gallery). When famous person **Ian Dury** graced the airwaves of Radio 1 to share his personal choice of recorded stuff with the world, among his selections were contributions from such folk as **Charlie Parker, Bunny Wailer, Count Basie, The Clash, Hank Williams, Parliament, Roland Kirk, Tommy James And The Shondells, The Fugs, Elvis Presley, Mose Allison, Smokey Robinson, Sir John Gielgud** (making a welcome return to T-Zers by weighing in with a speech from *Macbeth),* **Lenny Bruce** (prefaced by I.D. with "And there's no swearing, Mary"), **Prince Buster, Aretha Franklin, Eddie Cochran, Charlie Mingus, Dr. John** and — this is really gonna come as a shock, possums — **Gene Vincent's** 'Woman Love.'

"This was banned by the BBC when it first came out," pointed out Mr Dury with some asperity. "My my, how times change."

They certainly do, Ian . . .

And now T-Zer Prop presents a new and worthy organisation, Rock Against Bloodsports, who are in need of high power amps and scaffolding, not to mention bands, to make a success of their proposed open air festival in Southampton. Phone Totten 4010 . . .

More on **Meatloaf's** starring role in upcoming flick *Americathon* (which also features **Mr E. Costello).** The Loaf frothed: "I fight a car — it's a serious role — and I kill it. Also I have a Volkswagen roll over my head for a hundred dollar bet". Latest odds: Meatloaf 6/4on, Volkswagen 3/1, Sherman tank evens . . .

Wife swopping latest! Having left rock — though some of these never went further than holding hands — the latest names in the disco bed include **Steve Miller, Art Garfunkel, Cheap Trick** and, of course, **Lou Reed.** And then we hear that **Donna Summer** will include some rock'n'roll on her new album. Where does all this leave **Tom Waits?...**

John Entwistle's gold metallic case containing money, credit cards, family photos and lyrics was stolen from a white Cadillac outside the University College Hospital, writes **Shaw Taylor.** John is mainly peeved at the loss of photos and lyrics, both of which are irreplaceable. So did you notice anything suspicious during Thursday at the UCH? Anything strike you as odd or vaguely suspect? Any thoughts on that one? The number to call is 01-734 0796, where **Chris Carr** is waiting with a possible reward. We'll see you next week and ... keep 'em peeled ...

BETTER BADGES TOP TEN

This week		Last week
1.	Stiff Little Fingers	(2)
2.	Jam Tube Station	(8)
3.	Mekons	(10)
4.	Jam Mod Cons	(7)
5.	Clash Police	(1)
6.	Jam (red)	(3)
7.	Gang of Four	(—)
8.	Siouxsie Gauche Girl	(9)
9.	Stiff Little Fingers (Alternative Ulster)	(—)
10.	The Ruts	(—)

NEW RELEASES **25p:** Destroy All Monsters, D.O.A., The Pretenders, T.V. Personalities, Dodgers, Bette Bright, The Fall. 20p Scars, Stiff Little Fingers, Nicky and the Dots, Teen Beats, Throbbing Gristle, ATV Vibing, Les Feles.

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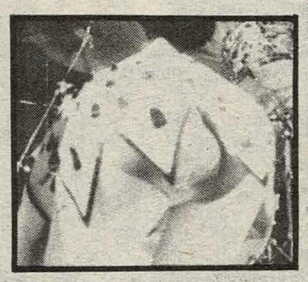

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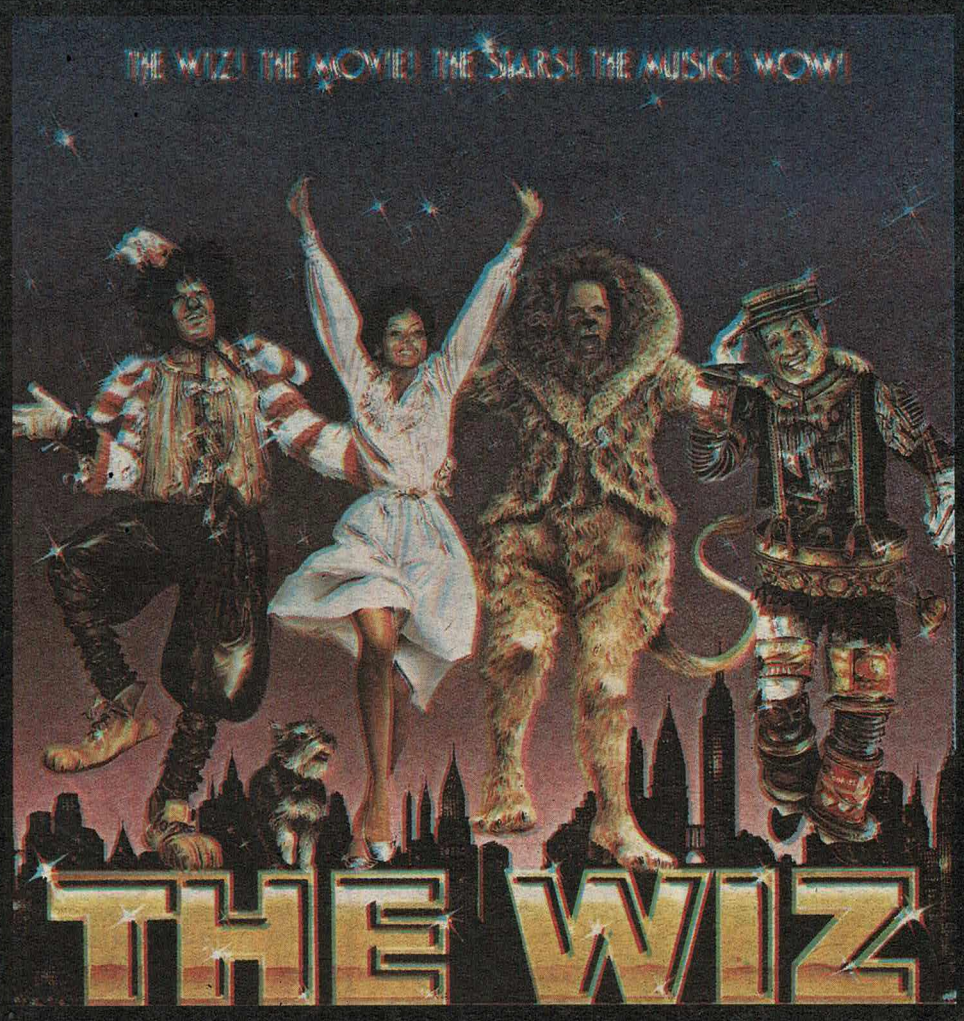

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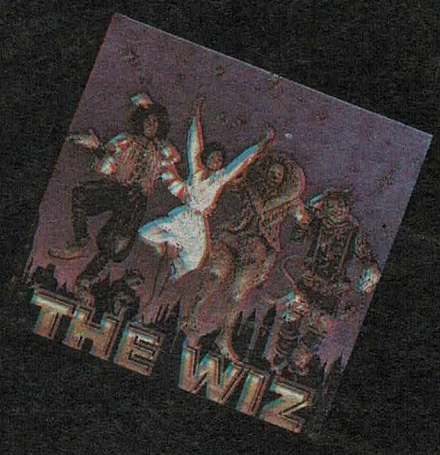

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